CORONET

ANUARY

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WITHDRAWN

I NEVER LEFT HOME by Bob Hope

. . . a condensation of the year's laugh-riot

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CORONET

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Cover Girl Your personal usher into the bright New Year is cover girl Shirley John, whose sweet, sparkling, fresh good looks seem to symbolize the fond hopes we harbor for '45. She's 17, comes from down Iowa way, and since she now lives near Los Angeles, California, is the world's best reason for bringing up that antique adage—"Go West Young Man, Go West." Photo by Mead-Maddick.

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Remembering a battle, the little things come to mind—the Marine who reads the comic book, the dead man on the beach

The Nightmare of Palau

by SIDNEY CARROLL

PALAU: I am in a hotel room now, thousands of miles from Palau. I have clean sheets to climb into at night and plenty of hot water at my beck and call. The battle of the Palau Islands is far behind me. Clean and comfortable, living in the glory and the ecstasy of such things as white sheets and hot water, I have been trying to remember the battle of Palau.

A battle is a big thing and a battle is many little things. A battle is a grand plan on paper, and many men and many ships, and a long technical account in the official reports. But when all is said and done a battle is what you, the survivor, remember of it. Now that Palau is over and done with, the things I remember best, the things that are sharp and clear, are these:

On the transport ship going to Palau we carried over 1000 Marines. On a ship which carries them into battle there is very little for hundreds of men to do but eat, sleep, and keep out of the sun. They play cards, they play checkers, they talk, talk, talk. If it weren't for the ever-present factor of the battle coming up, it would be a very boring life.

But one Marine seemed to have found his own perfect way of defeating the boredom. He stood at the rail of the ship all day long, sharpening his Marine knife on a small whetstone. He always stood at the same spot on the rail. For six days, any time of the day, whenever I looked down at the deck I saw that Marine pushing his knife back and forth across that whetstone.

Most Marines are yellow—a yellow color. They get that way from the atabrine pills they take to ward off malaria. The atabrine turns their skin into a dull, and sometimes a bright yellow. The Marine with the knife was a bright yellow.

As far as I know all he did for six days was eat, sleep, and push his knife back and forth across the whetstone with his yellow hands.

It was the morning of D-Day for the island of Peleliu, and about 10 minutes before H-Hour. I was in a Higgins boat with about 10 men, sailing up and down the reef.

All the men in our boat were

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veterans of Saipan. This Palau business was nothing new to them.

The island of Peleliu was one mass of flame and smoke. It was under terrible bombardment from ships and planes and rocket guns. This was the height of the bombardment, for in another 10 minutes the Marines would make their landing. Up to that point we had been killing Japs. In another 10 minutes the Japs would be killing us.

All of us in the Higgins boat were lined up against the rail looking at the fantastic spectacle of flaming Peleliu. There was so much to see: the planes in the air; the fire and smoke on the island; an armada so big and mighty all around us you couldn't see the horizon for the ships. And it was then I noticed that one of the men in our party was huddled up in a corner of the boat, oblivious to everything, paying no attention to the smoke, the island, the planes, the rockets, the ships. I thought he was sick and I went over to him.

I bent over and tapped him on the shoulder. When he looked up at me, with the slightly annoyed look of a man who has been disturbed at his work, I saw that he held a book in his hands. He was reading a copy of "Mammoth Comics."

WE WERE bouncing around in the Higgins boat just before the landings began, riding up and down the lines of amtracs which held the waiting Marines. It was one of the jobs of the men in our boat to look for mines in the water around the reef. Lieutenant Bryant, who was in charge of our party, a short dark man who had a spare pair of eyes in the back of his head, suddenly pointed and shouted, "What's that?" There was something small and round floating in the water about 30 feet from us. Our coxswain immediately headed for it.

When we got closer to it, he slowed the boat down. This was the moment for caution. Then we saw what the thing was:

It was a bird, absolutely clean of her feathers, as naked as a baby, floating on its back with its claws together as though in prayer, dead.

ABOUT 20 minutes after I got on the beach at Peleliu the Japs started throwing mortars at us. At first the Marines laughed at the exploding shells, but when they started coming thicker and faster and with an accuracy that wasn't funny, the men started to duck for cover. I found a place under a large tank that had been stalled on the stump of a cocoanut tree. There were six of us under that tank and we stayed there for about an hour, listening to the mortars come closer, then fade away, then come closer.

There was a very young, very blond, very plump Marine lying next to me. It turned out that he came from Louisiana, and there under that tank we had a long argument about Huey Long.

All the time we talked the Marine kept holding his right hand over his right ear. I kept thinking that he was trying to drown out the sound of the mortars.

After an hour a Marine major popped out of a foxhole about 20 feet from us and shouted, "First Marines, form lines!"

My plump friend said, "That means me. So long." He had to

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take his hand down from his ear in order to start crawling out from under the tank. I saw then that he had no ear, only a clotted bloody semicircle where his ear had been. Sometime during that day the ear had been blown off his head as clean as if it had been sliced off with a knife.

He crawled out from under the tank, brushed the coral sand off his pants and jacket, put his right hand over his ear again, and formed in line with the First Marines.

I WAS ON the beach at Peleliu, the white beach that was closest to the now celebrated Bloody Nose ridge. For days we had been fighting for the air strip that was just above the beaches. Our beach was loaded with casualties and we were helping load them onto the amphtracks which would take them out to the hospital ships. I looked up and saw one grimy Marine come down from the wooded area just above the beach. He was carrying another Marine in his arms.

He brought the wounded man down to us and dropped him gently on the coral beach. A corpsman came over to the wounded Marine and started to give him first aid. The first Marine, the one who had done the carrying, stood there until he was sure that his friend was being properly taken care of, then he looked up and saw me. He must have seen the insignia on my shoulder. He said, "Hey, correspondent —what's going on?"

I knew what he meant. A man in battle knows only what is going on in his small sector of the fighting. He hungers for news of what is happening to the battle as a whole. Luckily, I had come off the flag ship that morning and I had all the latest dope. So I told the Marine all I knew about the all-over fight for Peleliu.

He was as dirty as a man can be. There were powder burns around his eyes and he had a thick growth of beard and he looked tremendously tired. While I was talking to him all hell began to explode on the air strip above us—the Japs starting another counter attack. I finished telling him what I knew about the situation and I had to shout to make myself heard.

When I finished, the Marine hiked up his pants and ran his hand across his mouth. "Okay," he shouted back to me. "Thanks. I just wanted to know what was going on." He bent down and took a long look at the sleeping face of his wounded friend. Then he stood up and turned and walked back up the beach towards the air strip.

I WAS back on the transport ship, which was now operating full blast as a floating hospital. The ship was loaded with wounded men and our five doctors were working frantically. A couple of the pharmacist's mates carried one badly wounded Marine into the operating room.

He had been stripped naked, but he was clutching a Japanese rifle which he had taken off the island of Peleliu. He was only half awake, half delirious; he didn't have strength enough to lift his head. But his grip on that rifle was the grip of a maniac. The doctors could not pry it loose from him. And as long as he continued to hold it they could not work on him. It was his, he kept crying, and nobody

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was going to take it away from him.

Finally, the Chaplain of the ship came up and bent over him. The Chaplain started stroking the boy's forehead and telling him that the rifle was his, sure, and nobody wanted to take it away from him. If he would hand it over, the Chaplain said, the Chaplain himself would swear by everything holy that nobody else would touch that rifle. The Marine looked up at the Chaplain and said, "Your word of honor?" The Chaplain said, "My word of honor." The Marine handed the gun over.

There were eight or ten pharmacist's mates working in the sick bay on the ship. One of them, one of the most efficient, was a youngster who was stripped to the waist and perspiring like a prizefighter. He was an expert in giving blood transfusions. He had hard bulging muscles but he had the touch of a woman. On his left arm he carried an elegant piece of tattoo work. It was a picture of two fat juicy hearts. A dagger was sticking through both hearts and drops of blood—tattooed, of course—were trickling down the length of his arm. Underneath the hearts, in fine Old English script, was the legend: "Good to the last drop."

There was a Marine who had been badly wounded in the thigh. When they got him aboard he had lost a great deal of blood, and they started giving him plasma. But there was no improvement in his condition. The only alternative was to start giving him straight blood transfusions.

The pharmacist's mates and one of the doctors prepared him for the first transfusion. They inserted the needle into his arm, but as soon as the first drops of blood entered his veins he turned his head to one side and he was dead.

The doctor told me about it later.

"The man was allergic to blood transfusions. It's an extremely rare kind of case. You find it, I think, once in every 20 thousand people. Has something to do with a protein reaction, and there's no way of telling beforehand if the patient is one of those cases or not." The doctor looked at me. "That's one for you to figure out," he said. "The man needed blood. It was the only thing that could have saved him. But it was the blood that killed him. Either way, he didn't stand a chance. *You* figure it out. I'm only a doctor."

THE FIRST thing I saw on the beach at Peleliu was a dead Marine. Somebody had covered him with a poncho, but one of his hands was sticking out. This dead Marine hadn't gotten more than three feet across the beach; he hadn't even begun to fight.

His hand was a brilliant yellow. Perhaps death had intensified the hue of the atabrine in his system, forever immune now to malaria or anything else. The hand sticking out from under the poncho looked like one of those bright yellow hibiscus flowers that grow in such profusion on the beautiful islands of the South Seas.

Beneath the hand, lying on the edge of the beach and the lapping water, was a glistening, highly polished Marine knife.

I suppose it would be a nice piece of staging at this point for me to say that I went up and uncovered

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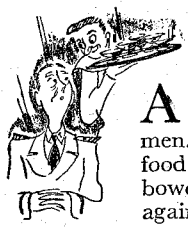
the face of the dead Marine, and saw that it was the same man who had been polishing his knife so relentlessly on board ship. But I can't say that. I can't because I never did see the face beneath the poncho. The face had been blown off.

A battle is a big thing and a battle is many things to remember. There are other things, many other things, I remember about Palau, but none as clearly as these—for remembering a battle is a peculiar process.

While the battle is going on, like a nightmare of running dogs all around you, everything that happens, every little thing, is big and impressive. You will be crawling on your stomach towards the enemy, and you will stop for breath, and you will see a pebble right there under your nose. For some reason, that pebble looks like the most important thing in the world. You will stop and study it for a time, as though this pebble, out of the whole horrible mess, is the one thing you will long remember.

When the firing stops and the battle is over and you find a place to lie down on, to close your eyes and take a deep breath, the machinery of the memory breaks down. Everything in your brain blurs out. Nothing is important. Not even the fact that you are still alive.

But when the battle is a long time behind you and you are a long way from it, and you realize that you are both shocked and proud to be one of the survivors, things stand out clear and sharp again. Certain things.



Flattop Fables

A CHAPLAIN, serving his first day on an aircraft carrier somewhere in the Pacific, sat down for mess with some enlisted men. The speed with which the Navy men stowed away their food intrigued him. His own account of what happened was: "I bowed my head to say a few words of grace, and when I looked up again, a waiter asked me what I wanted for dessert."

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

FROM INFANCY ON, whenever he was under any emotional strain, a certain young sailor was plagued with the hiccups. Happily he survived boot camp without any flareup, and had begun to think he was well rid of them.

Then came a day, deep in the South Pacific combat zone, when his carrier was attacked by the Japs. Planes zoomed and dived overhead and bombs crashed into the sea just a few feet from where the sailor was manning one of the ship's guns. Suddenly it came—the worst case of hiccups he'd ever had. He tried to stifle them, but they were getting worse by the minute. In desperation, just as his ship sent a mighty salvo at the enemy, he turned to a buddy:

"Hey, fellow, I've got the hiccups," he shouted. "Do something to frighten me!"

—GRACE V. GUINAN

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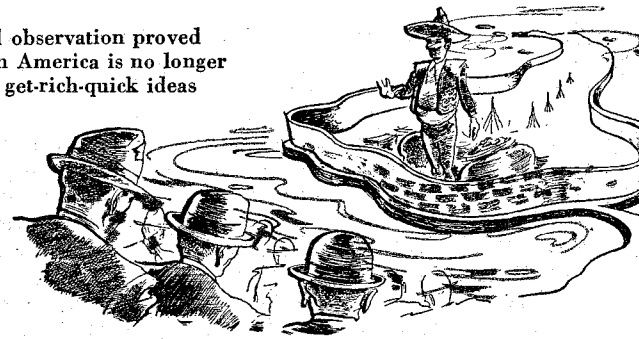
Five years of first-hand observation proved to this writer that Latin America is no longer a Mecca for those with get-rich-quick ideas



Don't Go South, Young Man

by RAY JOSEPHS

LISTEN IN at any bull session today when the talk gets down to post-war plans and you'll hear at least one man say, "I'm going to South America when this is over. I'll get me the representation of something, and give those Latins a little of the old *Americano* salesmanship. They're just waiting for us with open arms. I'll clean up in a couple of years and then come back home and enjoy life."

The same thought—with variations—is being expressed in directors' rooms where U. S. big business charts its courses.

"That's where we'll expand," say Washington bigwigs, pointing the way.

Aviation and steamship companies already report they're turning down reservations from those who want to be on the first southbound plane or boat after "unconditional surrender."

Now, I hate to toss a nice brimming bucket of ice water on this great American pipe dream; but having lived in, worked in and covered almost every republic in Latin America for the past five years, I must report that this—as the Latins put it—is *una macana*. Which translated into plain American means—*the bunk*.

Just because the Latins don't have some product made in the U.S.A. is no reason to assume we can sell it to them. Maybe they just don't want it.

Reading glowing accounts in books and magazines of rosy prospects South of the Border makes Latin America sound like another gold rush. But profits often fade when translated into *pesos*, *bolivars* or *milreis*. There are fabulously rich people in Latin America, but

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Ray Josephs is the author of "Argentine Diary," written mainly from notes that he took in 1943-44 while he was Argentine correspondent for PM *and* Variety. *Arriving in Latin America on what was to be a six-week, hop-skip-and-jump journalistic tour, he found so much to write about, and so many U.S. and South American papers and magazines to write it for, that he stayed for five years and married a charming señorita he met in Buenos Aires. He left only when Fascist military authorities in the Argentine capital learned of his tell-all "Diary" and prepared to take him into custody.*

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average buying power is way down.

Life in Latin America may be easy—in the movies. Servants are cheap and so is other labor. However, many a businessman with long experience swears it takes twice as much work to get half as much done down there.

Individual opportunities in Latin American stories always have been exaggerated. I know of only two Yanks who ever made a million on their own—Marshall, the five-and-ten king in Brazil, and the Tow brothers, who developed a number of department and shoe stores in Argentina. And they probably could have done that anywhere.

Any *Americano* who heads into Latin America will not only have to compete with Latin Americans but with British, German, French and Italians, many of whom know a lot more about the lower half of the Western Hemisphere than we do.

True, there is plenty of post-war opportunity in Latin America, but its citizenry isn't any too anxious to start handing it to us on a silver platter. In fact, it's becoming more evident daily that the other republics of this hemisphere may, before long, post a sign on the banks of the Rio Grande reading: "No *Norteamericanos* wanted except well-to-do *turistas*." And a footnote may add: "Only well-behaved spenders will be welcome."

Argentina, run by a Fascist-minded colonels' clique, makes no bones about its anti-American sentiment. Mexico, hundred per cent cooperative in the war effort, has just passed a law barring foreigners—that's us—from buying into any local business, selling any product, obtaining work or otherwise doing anything without special, and almost unobtainable, permits.

Bolivia and Chile, with large British and U. S. mine holdings are trying to find some way of squeezing both out. They would have done it already were it not for the fact that, currently, no one else can buy their copper, tin and silver. Brazil now requires that everything in Brazil be Brazilian. And that's only a start.

This doesn't mean that the Good Neighbor Policy has suddenly collapsed or that Latin America is getting ornery. It's simply that our neighbors have, as a result of the war, begun to feel their industrial muscles. Formerly, for instance, most of the big construction jobs were run by outsiders. But for the last five years Latin Americans have been building on their own. Maybe the work isn't up to our standards, but they have done it themselves. And they want to keep on doing it.

From necessity, too, there has been a swing away from the one-crop or one-product program—meat from Argentina, silver from Peru and coffee from Brazil. Latins have entered new occupations like textile manufacturing, acquired new skills like movie-making, and opened a vast field of industrialization. In so doing, they have concluded that if there are opportunities to be cashed in on, they want to do it, and that now is the time. Latin Americans in every country I've visited say they're tired of being run by outsiders.

Formerly, the Latins gave little thought to the fact that an American company operated their telephone system; that subway cars in

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Buenos Aires were built in Berlin and tracks in Madrid. There were no complaints about their railroads and gas companies being British controlled. Nor did they seem to mind that when they shopped at Harrod's—Latin America's largest department store—they were buying British.

Rather, they were content to provide raw materials or produce the agricultural products the world needed, and import everything else. Outsiders, finding the pickings easy, moved in. The British built many of the utilities. The United States developed many of the mines and oil fields and made the banana republics practically their own. The Germans were right in there pitching too. They still are.

Since "dollar diplomacy" was the rule, it didn't make much difference how things operated so long as the profits piled up. The outbreak of war ended this. When the Nazis found their Latin enterprises being limited by the Allied blockade and by the Pan American commitments which pledged the Americas to stick together against the Axis, they didn't base their counter-attack on boosting Hitler. No, indeed! Instead, they broadcast a special kind of nationalism propaganda—Argentina-for-the-Argentines, Boliva-for-the-Bolivians— to the citizenry. Often, I found, they were leading the parade against the "new foreigners" who are accused, sometimes openly, sometimes covertly, of refusing to give Latin America back to the Latins.

How have they been able to do this? For the simple reason that Germany, long ago, sent her people to Latin America to learn its history, language and culture. They were sent to stay, intermarry and raise families. In short, to get a real "in," which fitted admirably with the long-range German view.

Anticipating war, many of their big companies had long before been converted into what, for purposes of superficial examination, could be classed as local concerns. Many of these Germans have got away with the ruse and are burrowing in for a second try. They also had another big advantage in the fact that Berlin had for years paid the bills and taken the losses in Latin America in order to develop markets for Germany's cheap-labor products.

Some of the German companies have been spotted and blacklisted by Washington and London. In many countries their enterprises have been expropriated by local governments and sold to the highest native bidder. Getting the seized Nazi properties so easily gave many Latin Americans the idea that maybe all foreign concerns ought to be taken over. In many places they've followed up with nationalization laws. The Germans in Argentina have managed to hold on to their stooge-fronted companies by shifting the spotlight onto the Americans and British.

IN OTHER Latin republics the move is toward getting rid of outside ownership in every field. Generally the start has been made on transportation, communications and public utilities. A typical case is the British-owned Primativa Gas Company in Buenos Aires. The Argentine government confiscated the property and paid the owners of course. But payment was based on

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the value of the plant and installations as junk. Elsewhere, similar cases have been reported—cases that make Mexico's seizure of U.S. and British oil properties a few years ago seem like child's play.

Expropriation of other essential industries in "foreign hands" is bound to follow. Some American officials told me they were so reconciled to this prospect that there was no longer a question of whether or not they would be taken over—the only issue was how much they would get for their properties.

Not so long ago, any American doctor or dentist could go to Latin America and start a practice. Today, it's more difficult for a foreigner to get permission to practice than it is for a Latin to get a certificate in the States.

When I went to Argentina, anybody who wanted to work and almost any business that wanted to start operation could, with hardly a question asked. At present, that's all but impossible, and I found the same situation in almost every other Latin country.

The young man, or young company, that turns Horace Greeley's, "Go West" advice southward is likely to find the going even more difficult after the war. They'll discover that those Latin countries which are most desirable from a business point of view are also the most crowded and the most restricted. Those who expect tax troubles and labor problems to be lighter will learn that, while taxes are under those in the States, the Latin government's role in business is increasing all the time.

They'll also be informed that local industry and native talent are going to be protected. And, as foreigners, they will be taxed accordingly. Hiring men for 20 cents a day in U.S. money is a thing of the past. Long ago, *Americanos* in Latin America discovered that it was necessary to pay reliable workers and skilled hands well, if they could be found at all.

What Latin America wants from the States is machinery which it can't make, but wants to buy and use herself. Latin Americans also want trained technical help—chemists, engineers, mining and geological experts—and that only long enough to teach their own people how to do the work themselves.

ONLY THOSE countries which can't supply their own, want capital. And even those want it with the *proviso* that from now on all outside-financed companies be joint efforts with 51 per cent of the stock in the hands of the nationals. Small plants, whenever possible, will be financed by local money instead of larger foreign establishments. Whatever they want, and make no mistake about it, they will want on their own terms.

With surpluses earned during the war, many countries have been buying up foreign-owned stock in native concerns and getting control back that way. The excess money—about four billions, no less—will also be handy when it comes to buying needed things abroad, instead of borrowing as in the past.

Some of the big U. S. companies have already made their Latin American affiliates real native concerns, employing less than one per cent of their help from the States. This means fewer and fewer jobs

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for pipe-dreaming *Yanquis*, and less and less chance of realizing the get-rich-quick vision.

When it comes to selling new products to Latin America, it's pretty certain you'll find some local distributor who knows the local ropes, and the local way of presenting it, in there before the *Americano* can get his sample case off the boat or plane.

Those who want to go to Latin America to seek their fortune had better keep these things in mind:

1.—A knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese coupled with a spirit of wanderlust are definitely not enough.

2.—Know your own profession or business well, then be sure it's wanted in Latin America.

3.—If you have capital to invest or a new idea to put over, don't think you can clean up and run. Better decide to live permanently in the country you choose. The days of absentee owners are over.

4.—Companies with long experience in Latin America are still sending down some men. They will send more after the war. That's the best type of job to get, for it gives a chance for experience if you want to branch out on your own later.

5.—Another good way to learn the know-how in Latin America is to enter the U.S. Consular or Diplomatic service. If you make it and get a Latin assignment, you'll get the training and background without risking your own capital. The richest *Americano* in Mexico was formerly a U. S. consul there. When he saw a good opportunity, he resigned and went into private business.

6.—Most of all, don't go down on a hop-skip-jump visit, spot what you think is a golden chance, then rush home to put everything in hock and go back. Chances are you'll lose your *camisa*.

A Colombian, sitting in the ornate lobby of the Hotel Granada in Bogotà, put it to me even more directly.

"We Latins," he said, "have an attractive *casa*. We welcome you to our house as guests and we may even do business with you. But it is *our* house and from now on we propose to keep it so."

Ladies in Waiting

♛ In a letter to her flier husband, the young war wife wrote: "When I hear a plane overhead, my heart runs to the window."

—Cpl. John A. Phillips

♛ Recently I was seeing my husband off on a Navy transport plane for duty in the Aleutians. Among the passengers was a little black cocker spaniel. Bemoaning my fate at being left behind, I said to the officer in charge:

"A fine thing—letting a dog have passage aboard the plane when wives must stay in the United States."

"After all, Madam," replied the officer, "*all* the men can pat the dog."

—Shirley H. Crawshaw

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A dramatic moment in a hospital elevator is one this doctor will not soon forget

I'll Always Remember

by DR. A. J. HODGES

IT'S A DOCTOR'S business to save lives—sometimes in a hurry. Every physician and surgeon has given treatment or operated in cases calling for special skill and knowledge, and been justifiably proud of success in these instances.

My best experience in this line was the hastiest, crudest job I've ever done, but it worked. And therein lay the satisfaction.

It happened one autumn day several years ago while I was making my routine calls on patients in a hospital on Chicago's West Side. I was wearing a regular business suit and feeling pretty good about the world in general.

I got in the elevator at the first floor, as two nurses followed, wheeling a white cart. On it lay a man being taken to the operating rooms on the eighth floor. As we began the slow trip up—most hospital elevators are maddeningly poky—I sought to relieve the tension I knew the man must be under by talking casually with the nurses. He was not my patient nor had I ever seen him before, but anyone on his way to an operation prefers conversation to silence.

We were at about the third or fourth floor and rising slowly when I noticed the man's face was reddening fast. His chest began to heave convulsively, and conversation stopped short.

That is what I remember most clearly now—the awful silence as we watched a man in the process of strangling to death.

In a few seconds his face was purple, the contorted features growing darker. The muscles of his chest jerked violently trying to draw into the lungs the air that could not get through.

Then his face became black, and death had him by the hand.

I took a desperate chance. There was a penknife in my pocket, unsanitary and not very sharp, but the only thing available. I broke it open and cut the man's throat. The incision made a slit just below his Adam's apple, and the air rushed in immediately. The breast heaved deeply as the lungs gulped in the necessary oxygen.

His breathing was almost normal by the time we reached the eighth floor. He was rushed to the operating table where a tube was inserted through the slit and the edges sewn up. It was there we discovered that giant hives, an allergy, had caused a sudden, quick swelling that had completely closed his windpipe.

Several hours later I learned what had been the matter with the man in the first place. He had chronic appendicitis.

I am sure that the fine doctor who performed the appendectomy did a skillful piece of work. But of the two operations, I shall always believe that mine was the better.

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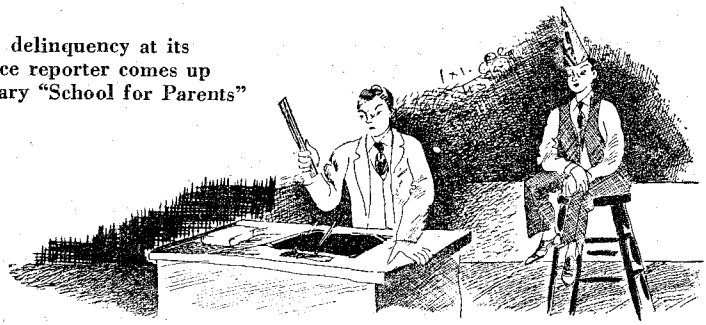
Tackling juvenile delinquency at its source, an ex-police reporter comes up with a revolutionary "School for Parents"



School for Spoiled Parents

by DEAN JENNINGS

THERE WAS once a police reporter on the San Francisco *Examiner* named George "Jerry" Jarrett.

He was a fabulous character, endowed with all the doubtful virtues of a cinematic front-pager. He could cuss a managing editor with vitriolic beauty, and he knew to a decimal the exact amount of graft paid by every villain ever sprung on a writ.

In fact, when it came to covering courts and jails, Jerry Jarrett was the five-star final.

One dull afternoon Jerry wandered into court while a judge was handing out a 30-day jolt to a middle-aged woman for being chronically drunk and disorderly. There was no story there. But Jerry hung around long enough to learn that the woman had three children.

"Who takes care of her kids while she's in the clink?" he asked.

"Aw, they're used to it," a cop shrugged. "We've had them on the books, too. And anyway, it's no skin off you."

"Yeah," Jerry returned, and absently considered the crack.

Then something happened. Any good brain specialist with an encephalometer could have heard the pop in Jerry Jarrett's mind.

Exit Jerry Jarrett, police reporter.

Enter George Albert Jarrett, a man determined to do something about juvenile delinquency at its source—adult delinquency.

And as a result, 52-year-old George Jarrett today is the director of a unique and inspirational project—San Francisco's "School for Parents." J. Edgar Hoover has hailed it as "the best approach ever devised for safeguarding the future of children."

In looking back on his years of experience reporting crime in the courts, George Jarrett discovered two things. First, that delinquent children invariably had irresponsible parents. Second, that the parents themselves were frequent offenders. Jarrett studied the problem for some time and came to the conclusion that parents were the worm in the delinquency apple.

What to do? He needed no crystal ball to know that fines and county jail cells were not the answer.

Why not make these delinquent

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parents go back to school, he reasoned. Tell them something about a kid's hidden hopes and worries. Find out what makes children tick; learn how to spin that delicate but strong thread in a united family and home. Then teach the parents to prepare a youngster for a place in the world—how to get a job, how to keep the doctor and the wolf from the door. In short, teach the parents how to be adults.

Soon after Pearl Harbor Jarrett completed the first draft of his plan. Delinquent parents would be compelled to attend an eight-week course that would offer mental and moral help and sound advice. He called on the then Juvenile Judge Tom Foley, the district attorney and police chief. He badgered lawyers and reformers and clubwomen and politicians and teachers. He joined the city's official coordinating council on delinquency, and talked about his idea until he was hoarse.

After 12 months of knocking down the fences of prejudice and ennui, he persuaded the Juvenile Probation Committee to sponsor the school. There was no city money available, but he "borrowed" the Health Department auditorium, signed up the first dozen volunteer teachers and asked an enthusiastic school principal, Jay Minkler, to work out the curriculum. Judge Foley agreed to "sentence" delinquent parents to the school, and the probation department promised to help.

The first class was called to order in May, 1943, with a half dozen resentful parents. There was one man missing when Jarrett called that first roll, the father of a boy who had been arrested several times for minor infractions of the law. When Jarrett phoned him, the man said angrily:

"Listen, you've got things balled up. It was my kid that did it, not me. You can't make me come."

"But you're equally to blame," Jarrett said. "The court gave you probation on condition that you come to the school."

"I got my rights, and I'm not coming." The man hung up.

Here was an unexpected crisis, but Jarrett's confidence was not misplaced. He reported the incident to Judge Foley. The following morning, considerably cooled off after a night in jail, the man called for Jarrett.

"You win," he said wryly.

"In the long run," Jarrett replied, "you'll be the real winner."

Since that day this father has become one of the school's stoutest boosters.

TODAY there are often 50 parents in a class. Sessions are held each Monday night for eight weeks. Some of the mothers ride the streetcar and come in slacks; some wear furs and drive good cars. Some are parents whose children have never been in trouble, but who have been arrested on charges of child neglect, failure to provide, or being drunk in public places. Others have committed no crimes themselves, but their children have been brought in for truancy, immorality, stealing cars, shoplifting and other charges.

Only one subject is discussed at each session, and Minkler encourages frank questions and open discussion. There is none of the humiliation of a courtroom lecture; there

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is no county jail atmosphere. It is more like a town hall forum, and the volunteer instructors are careful not to suggest that the parents are being punished.

One of the key subjects covers the emotional life of children, how to understand their complex personalities, how to make friends with them. And there is one phrase the lesson emphasizes: "A family that plays together stays together."

The courses developed by Jarrett and Minkler cover a wide range of subjects affecting parent and child.

One night the speaker might be District Attorney Pat Brown pleasantly discussing the legal responsibility of parents for maintaining proper homes, adequate food, clothing and schooling for their children. Another night it might be kindly Policewoman Kate Sullivan, who has learned much about wayward girls in 30 years of giving them a strong but gentle hand. When the subject is health and diet, there is no more fervent teacher than Dr. J. C. Geiger, San Francisco's Director of Public Health. One of the eight nights is devoted to the church and its relation to family life—and Minkler has drawn distinguished volunteers from all faiths.

The course includes a session on child aptitude tests—how to train for and hold a job. Jarrett's "students" have an average of three children, and scores of those boys and girls have since earned money on part-time jobs which prepare them for future careers.

Even sports are not overlooked on the curriculum. Instructors from the city Recreation Department, high school coaches and occasionally professional players from the San Francisco ball club tell the parents how to develop a healthy interest in the many sports activities available around town.

One father, whose son repeatedly played hookey to go to the ball games, was not convinced.

"I don't want my kid hanging around the ball parks," he said sullenly. "It's a lot of foolishness."

"Did you ever go to a game yourself?" Jarrett asked.

"I haven't got time."

"They have games at night, too. Why don't you go out some evening and take Jack with you?"

"Well, I might try it. But it won't do any good."

In two months Jack and his father were the noisiest rooters in their neighborhood. Today the father is a walking record book on baseball. And Jack has discovered that his dad is a pretty swell guy.

JARRETT keeps in touch with each of his graduates. He sends out an occasional questionnaire asking for suggestions. He eliminates dull subjects and speakers if a majority of the parents complain. He has invited them to repeat the course if they missed something the first time, and already some 50 men and women have voluntarily returned for post-graduate studies.

In the 21 months Jarrett has operated this unique school, not one parent has failed the trust. Even more remarkable, not one of more than a thousand children in these families has ever come into court again.

The taxpayer who foots the bill for crime can find pleasant food for thought in the fact that George Jarrett's project has not only re-

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duced the number of court cases, arrests, jail terms and relief cases, but, outside of salaries, costs the city less than 500 dollars a year. Minkler is the only paid member of the school staff, there is no rent expense, and the only other item is the cost of the electric lights in the auditorium.

And incidentally, the school contributes to domestic relations problems generally. At least 20 impending divorces have been cancelled because couples found out how to live happily with their children.

One couple, compelled to attend the school together, bickered and snapped at each other during the first two sessions until Jarrett took them aside and let them talk.

"I can't put up with it any longer," the father almost sobbed. "We fight over our boy all the time. My wife babies him."

"Yes, and you're too hard on him!" she retorted.

Jarrett soon located the flaw in this sputtering domestic engine. The boy couldn't adjust to his school subjects, and the parents blamed each other. Jarrett arranged to transfer the lad to a school where the courses were more suited to his natural aptitudes. And that did it. His parents regained their sense of humor and a new perspective on married life.

George Jarrett is almost embarrassed by the singular success of his plan. He saw the first seeds sprouting when parents began arriving at the school without a court order or any other introduction. They just heard about it in their neighborhood. Several FBI agents showed up at the meetings and took voluminous notes for the boss. Judges, district attorneys and social workers from other cities and states announced.

The trickle became a torrent. Jarrett was soon swimming in letters and wires, and has already heard from officials in all 48 states.

Sometimes, despite the pressure of a 50 to 60-hour week, George Albert Jarrett drops in at the press room in the Hall of Justice, where he worked so many years. They still call him Jerry there, and occasionally he strolls into the familiar police court where the calendar digests the unending flow of little human miseries.

But now the routine vagrants and drunks strike his ear with a different pitch. He doesn't say: "Yeah?" He says: "We can do something for you."

And he does.

Anger of the Scorned

RETURNING TO CAMP after a hard morning's workout, a platoon of soldiers was taking it easy before starting on the last lap. As they lolled comfortably along the roadside, a column of Italian prisoners marched briskly by, and from the corner of his mouth one prisoner muttered with undisguised contempt: "Golda bricks!"

—PFC. WILLIAM G. SEARS

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Out of this World

How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

K.P. Hound

IN A LETTER home, a strangely satisfied GI reveals the secret of his contentment:

Dear Folks:

K.P. is my favorite detail. It all started about a month ago when I was in a crap game. A corporal in the game ran out of funds and offered to shoot an outboard motor he owned against 25 bucks. Which explains how I became the owner of an outboard motor.

Well, a few days later I was on K.P., and we were mashing potatoes with milk bottles in the usual GI manner. This produces slick, flat mashed potatoes, with none of the fluffiness so desired by gourmets.

Suddenly I recalled my outboard motor, and five minutes later I had adjusted it on the inside of the potato container.

When I pulled the cord, the motor started to hum, and those potatoes were whipped to fluffiness never before achieved in our division.

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It just happened that the Commanding Officer himself was eating in the enlisted men's mess that day. The C.O. is very fond of mashed potatoes and had long been saddened by the way GI potatoes appear when beaten by bottles.

The C.O. was so pleased with the potatoes that the mess sergeant took advantage of his unusually good humor and asked for a three-day pass. He got it.

Naturally, the mess sarge was a grateful man, and now, whenever I am on K.P., I do nothing all day except run my outboard motor in the potato pan a few minutes before each meal.

So now you understand why I like K.P. —Pfc. Joe Peirsol

May I Present . . .

Professor Frederick Klein, Director of Aviation, Franklin and Marshall College, was master of ceremonies for a program given before an audience of Naval Cadets.

"As an added feature to our entertainment this evening," he began, "I am happy to say that we have with us a renowned woman musician. She is an accomplished violin soloist, has played with the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra and recently has appeared at innumerable USO entertainments. Unfortunately, a few years back she had the misfortune to meet and marry a man who shortly thereafter took to drink and became in effect a cad and a bounder. However, she has stuck loyally by him and for years has been practically the sole support of him and their two children. I know you will be happy to throw a few coins on the stage at the end of her performance out of sympathy for this courageous woman and her destitute children.

"Gentlemen, may I present—my wife." —Edward C. Stermer

Juggling with Fate

The scene was China in 1927. An American newspaperman, covering the Chinese Revolution, was captured by a gang of bandits and held for ransom. The deal moved slowly. The bandits became impatient and threatened the correspondent with death.

Suddenly the victim recalled that during his school days he had often put on a juggling act. Picking up some rubble from the ground, he astonished the brigands with his clever juggling feats. They were so fascinated and pleased by his performance that they permitted him to go free.

The ingenious newsman returned to America, where today he is known as the dean of the news commentators. His name is Hans Von Kaltenborn.—Irving Johnson

On the Record

Since its 1940 files were opened recently for public research, the Census Bureau has been bombarded with 3,600 letters a week—most of them bona-fide requests for data necessary in applying for old-age pensions, birth certificates and citizenship papers. But others are downright wacky.

Take for instance the letter from

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a lad named Junior Senior, Jr., saying, "My father, Junior Senior, Sr., has the same name as mine, but is not related." Or the note from Mrs. Robert Pfg asking help in "obtaining old-age passion."

Orange Grove dropped a note saying that he now had two children, Lemon Grove and Dill Pickle, brought into this world "by a middle-wife," and to please change the records accordingly. The bureau cannot do this and merely amended the data.

Letters also arrived in rapid succession from parties called Ax, Ak, Uk, Brr, Mid, Puh and Zyzz, and from Shirley Kikianapuaononalsni Sheldon.

The Bureau is now microfilming its records—the largest compilation of human statistics in the world—to save wear-and-tear and as much space as possible in its new quarters at Suitland, Md., just outside of Washington. It is also developing a "Sound-ex" system which classifies all names according to pronunciation rather than geography, so that if someone writes in and spells a surname incorrectly, the record can still be located.

The present mail is heavy, but officials say it doesn't approach the 1933 all-time high of 17 thousand letters in one week which came from heirs and would-be heirs to the 20 million dollar Garrett Schaeffer estate. Schaeffer, a snuff manufacturer, died in Philadelphia, leaving a portion of the estate to a servant and making no disposition of the vast residue. Even today, five to ten letters arrive daily asking the Bureau to verify claims through family records, for the matter was never settled to the satisfaction of all concerned.

The Bureau rejects thousands of questions that zealous citizens feel should be included in the general Census. These range from attempts by cosmetic makers to determine the number of the nation's blondes, brunettes and redheads to cemetery operator's efforts to ascertain how many people own burial plots. A religious group once even asked the Bureau to determine the number of people who believed in God.

—HARRY LEVER

Newcomer

IN A LITTLE hamlet in Maine, an issue was before the city council. Almost everyone seemed in favor, with the exception of one middle-aged man who kept protesting. Finally the council chairman asked the protestor if he were a resident of the town and a voter. In reply, the man stated that he was both resident and voter, and, to clinch his case, added that he had lived in the town for 12 years.

"Twelve years!" roared the chairman. "Sit down and keep still. We don't want any tourist telling us what to do!" —JOHN BAKER

Prisoner's Song

WHEN I WAS new to this prison I was placed in a cell with three fellow-prisoners and two canaries —Adam and Eve. They were a sweet bird couple, full of gay divertisements and pranks. Adam used to hover like a hummingbird two

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inches from my nose and beat his wings furiously until I stopped reading to play with him. Eve used to scold to be taken into my hand and petted. They were good to live with.

You become attached to a prison canary because, like you, it is caged and against odds making the best of things. It seems somehow to know that you too are in prison. For on mailless days when the taste of life is brown, it scolds you out of bitter reverie to smile and rise from your cot. And the hard feeling leaves you.

It needs you. It depends upon you for its care. It keeps alive in you sentiment you must never lose. Its gaiety gives you the courage to begin another dull day.

And it is something fine to remember all the prison work day that when night comes you have someone waiting. It is good to enter the bleak block of cells and hear the rapture of the sweet sad song of the canaries welcoming the prisoners back, and know that merged in the medley is the warble of your own little friend.

—Larry Farrar

Forgotten Experiment

On a day in 1920, chemist Walter Beckmann placed a beaker containing a colorless, sweet-smelling liquid on the desk of Richard Schaefer, head of Germany's important chemical industry—*Brennerei und Chemische Werke Tornesch.*

"What is it?" asked Schaefer, well aware of his chemists' proclivity for concocting compounds.

"Ethylene dibromide," replied Beckmann.

"What's its use?" Schaefer asked.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

To find out, the firm offered it in chemical journals. Mysteriously, an unknown customer began buying eight tons a month at 5000 dollars a ton — a few times its actual cost.

In 1924, after inflation had subsided and the mark had been stabilized, Schaefer received a caller who identified himself as the buyer of ethylene dibromide.

"Can you tell me, Herr Schaefer, what this material is used for?" asked the buyer.

"This is amazing," said Schaefer. "You've bought all we could make, and yet you have no use for it?"

"Why, no. I assumed it had a value. I considered it a safe commodity for investment."

"My dear sir," said Schaefer, "I am terribly sorry. We developed ethylene dibromide, but we don't know its use. Your purchases were the only ready market for it." In desperation, the purchaser tried to dispose of his hoard. Finally, he sold a portion back to the Tornesch firm, which stored and forgot it.

Shortly after, a new and unexpected demand developed, this time in America. Not eight tons, but 100 tons a month were needed.

Thanks to an inflation fluke, Tornesch was the chief world source of an essential ingredient for anti-knock gasoline, a new American development. This business poured a fortune into the German firm for years, ceasing only when American chemists succeeded

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in extracting bromine from sea water, cheaper and in greater abundance.

Today, *Brennerei und Chemische Werke Tornesch* is rubble, blasted by Allied bombs. The Schaefers have been refugees from the Nazi regime since early in 1939. Richard Schaefer's son, Erwin, has been assisting our own government in war-born chemical developments.

—CHAPIN COLLINS

Say It with Cards

GREETING card manufacturers like to tell the story of the several unsmiling scientists who worked for months over heiroglyphics carved on some Egyptian clay tablets. They came out with a translation which read, "Happy Himmarabi's Birthday."

Whether such sentimental missives pre-dated the pyramids is a moot question, but somewhere along the line the idea gained sufficient spark to skyrocket greeting cards into big-time industry with some three billion cards produced and sold last year.

Yet even working at full speed, manufacturers have been unable to keep up with the demand for personalized messages. Encouraged by the fact that there is a congratulatory card on the removal of an appendix, a Michigan man demanded one entitled, "Thank you for the Blood Transfusion." In the late lamented '30's, there were requests for "Sympathy on the Closing of Your Bank," which have now been changed to "Sympathy upon the Paying of Your Taxes."

A lady who had quarreled with a friend asked for an appropriate card which would indicate unmistakably that she was still angry. So many requests were received for "Thank You for Being a Pallbearer" that such a card was finally issued. But the demand which still has the industry talking to itself was for a graduation card to be sent to one who missed getting his sheepskin.

As a tie-in with the coronation of Edward VIII, one publisher got out a batch of Bon Voyage cards with the new king's picture on them. When Edward took a powder, the publisher was stuck—but not for long. He found he could paste a picture of George VI neatly over the picture of Edward and thus salvage the entire batch.

Missing from Christmas cards for the past two years is the traditional theme of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." But come next Christmas — or the next — when peace is no longer a hollow term, its message and symbols may again festoon the holiday cards.

—KENT RICHARDS

Sea-going Tractors

ON THE NIGHT OF November 19, 1943, a Japanese officer on Butaritari Island, Makin Atoll, studied the breakers on the outer reefs with satisfaction. Then he went to bed, confident no U.S. commander would be fool enough to attack through that treacherous surf.

A few miles over the horizon, a U.S. task force plowed towards Butaritari. Aboard the ships were 48 strange looking vehicles, resembling overgrown, old-fashioned bathtubs with elongated paddle-

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wheels alongside. Actually they were amphibian tractors, the only vehicles in the world that can climb hills and hunt submarines.

The plan of operations was to attack before dawn. Major General Ralph C. Smith, commander of the task force, placed his 48 amphibian tractors filled with assault infantry in the first three waves—16 tractors to the wave. Having an extremely low silhouette, each amphibian looked like just another whitecap from a distance.

But when the amphibs struck the reef-line, they reared up out of the sea like prehistoric monsters. Here they balanced precariously for an instant, swaying and rocking. Then the motors roared and they chugged defiantly up and over the coral barriers and through the breakers toward the beach, their machine guns beating down enemy fire.

Now the impossible happened. Waddling out of the water, they kept right on going—and the Japs, astonished beyond belief, abandoned their guns and ran.

So successful were these amphibians that General Smith now states repeatedly, "If we hadn't had those amphibian tractors, we would never have gotten a single man ashore."

Officially known as LVT's—Landing Vehicles Tracked—the "amtracs" move like ordinary bulldozers on continuous deep-treaded tracks which cut firmly into earth, mud or sand. But there the similarity ends. For on the sea the deep treads act like a waterwheel and the tractor becomes a boat, as maneuverable as small craft. When it hits the beach, the vehicle is a roaring, plowing caterpillar that can move right on to enemy positions, climb low walls, knock down hostile installations and push through jungle brush, all the while laying down its deadly spray of machine gun fire.

The amphibian tractor and the newly-developed amphibian tank—essentially the same as the tractor only more heavily armored and equipped with a 37 mm. cannon in a revolving turret—are one of the greatest technical surprises of this war. As General Smith remarked when he first saw them in training, "With this group I could take any island in the Pacific!"

—Robert Clark

Two Deep

One of the best of the war-at-home incidents took place aboard a train speeding through the Middle West. Returning to their base camp, a group of soldiers were relaxing on the cushioned seats of the day coach after a gruelling field training trip.

Into one car, after the train had stopped at a way station, walked a little old lady, apparently as exhausted as the soldiers. There were no seats left, and seeing her plight one big six-footer offered:

"Mother, if you want to sit on my lap, you're more than welcome. I'm so tired I can't move, but if you'd care to, come ahead."

Two hours later the little old lady was still on the soldier's lap, and both she and the boy were sound asleep.—A. K. Chenoweth

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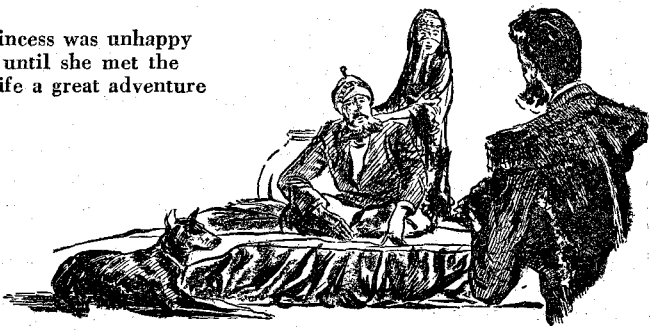
This little Moslem Princess was unhappy in her father's harem until she met the American who made life a great adventure



Princess in Pants

by RICHARD SHARPE

THE LADY in question was in her fifties—with a fine record as a nurse and doctor's assistant behind her—when she gave her story to the papers. And not one of her fellow protagonists, all of whom were still living, arose to say that her fabulous career had been other than she had told it.

Known as Doctor Kamou by the time the reporters caught up with her in 1867, she had been living a completely improbable existence for a full 30 years.

According to her—and she had the bearing, intelligence, appearance, jewels and money to corroborate her claim—she was Princess Kamou of Tunisia, daughter of the Bey of Tunis, who had started her career in her father's well-watched harem. What's more, she didn't care a Tunisian fig for the parade of Pashas, Sultans and Princes who were drawn slowly, like matrimonial red herring, across her path. She didn't like her slaves, her clothes, money, or anything at all—except the poor. And she was so sorry for them that she spent her time bedeviling her father to let her do something for their betterment.

Naturally her father, the Bey, thought she was crazy. But she also was the pearl of his existence, and she was extravagantly spoiled.

There was no way, of course, for an Oriental Princess to display such humanitarian impulses as she might have developed. She was forbidden by custom, precedent and law from going out into the market places and distributing largess and medicines. Nonetheless the young and beautiful Kamou set her heart on becoming a doctor, and ministering to the health of suffering humanity.

But that, too, was out of the question. There was no education available for women in the Orient, much less a medical course. Even worse, women doctors were equally scarce in Europe and America. Actually there was no college anywhere on earth where she could gratify her curious whim.

However, in 1831, the hero came upon the scene, and what a hero! From 1831 to 1833, the toast of the whole United States Navy Mediterranean Squadron was

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Commander Matthew Calbraith Perry, of the U.S.S. *Concord*, popular everywhere for his magnificent presence and manners, good looks, and dashing Oriental sword. Wherever he went, United States stock went up. The Khedive of Egypt enjoyed his company so much that he presented him and his officers with 13 Mameluke swords, which ever thereafter became regulation equipment in the American Navy. Everyone was predicting that Perry would certainly end up at least a Commodore, if not an Admiral.

He was the logical champion for the Princess Kamou. He came from the New World of freedom. So, muffled up to the ears but still beguiling, she went to work on the Commander to see what he could do toward getting her a medical education.

Perry was not only flabbergasted, but shocked. Even American women didn't go to universities and study medicine. And as for a Tunisian Princess doing it—unheard of! But her father, the Bey, was willing. Anything, then, to gratify his mighty friend the Bey.

THE FINEST medical schools in the early 19th century, so Perry informed them, were in Germany. The Princess, with her brains and her money, would naturally want to go there. But coeducation was as eccentric in Germany in 1831 as it was in Tunis.

Perry, however, had influential friends in high German academic circles. He would write for their advice and help.

On his regular patrol around the Mediterranean, he came to the Austrian ports of Trieste and Fiume. At both of them he found important German professors setting out on scientific expeditions, and involved them in his plot.

It tickled their pedantic fancy. It would give them a chance to hoodwink the very strait-laced German academic authorities. Among them all, under Perry's leadership, they decided the Princess must dress as a boy and go to Heidelberg. Royalty or not, she could not go as a girl.

Through scientific friends in the United States—to whom he told his whole proposal and who were as amused as their German colleagues—Perry obtained the necessary academic credentials for an Albert Kamou, brilliant young American student recommended to the authorities at Heidelberg for studies in medicine.

Thus, through the conniving cooperation of famous scientists in the United States and Germany, a dreamy youth turned up at the ancient German university, and was enrolled and accepted without question. For four full years, she lived and studied in the halls of Heidelberg. An excellent scholar, she did not hide herself behind her books. She joined the drinking clubs, and took on her tubs of beer. She learned to fence and had a duel or two. She became a pet among the students, and for four whole years avoided rousing suspicion in anyone. So, 40 years before co-education ever became accepted generally in the world, the little Moslem Princess, through persistence, turned the trick.

She went back to Tunis to say goodbye to her father and family when schooldays were over. The

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poor old Bey, beholding his modest Mohammedan daughter returned unveiled, with short clipped hair and in men's attire, was certain she was headed straight for hell. She explained that her destination was America, but her devout old parent couldn't see much difference, despite his respect for Perry and the modern American ships of war.

Young Doctor Kamou arrived in the United States and was received with merriment and kindness by the American scientists who had helped her with her hoax on Heidelberg. What's more, they provided her with a series of jobs.

To have practiced medicine openly as a woman would have caused too much talk, perhaps exposed the fraud of her false enrollment in Heidelberg, her faked American passports, and caused trouble for a number of important people. She became, therefore, head nurse and superintendent in a hospital.

Here again, her enterprise made her outstanding. She introduced hygiene and sanitation unknown in those days in the treatment of the sick. Her reforms were copied widely, to the great advantage of the poor and ailing. Her desire to help her fellow men found complete fulfillment. In the Civil War, she distinguished herself and was cited for bravery and devotion as a nurse on the Northern side.

She took no pride in her royal blood or in her extraordinary position as the first coed. She died a spinster, and there was no romantic interest in her life.

Perhaps she felt she'd had enough.

The Long and the Short of It

WHILE A MEMBER of the Massachusetts legislature, Calvin Coolidge served with another representative noted for his long-winded speeches. He would address the House for an hour in support of a measure, constantly repeating the affirmation, "It is . . ."

At length Mr. Coolidge arose to speak on the question. "Mr. Speaker," he began. "It isn't"—and sat down.

—JEAN TENNYSON

HERBERT BAYARD SWOPE, the noted editor, raconteur and nonstop talker, who for years has dominated every conversation in which he participated, was stopped short on one occasion. He was in an elevator with Irvin S. Cobb and several others after a social gathering at which few had been able to get a word in edgewise because of Swope.

"That man Swope," Cobb remarked loudly to a companion, "seems like a nice enough sort. It's too bad, isn't it, that he has that impediment in his speech."

—EVELYN DOBBS HYND

Three of a Kind ➡

To wear this feline trio down to a languid state took an hour of antics and a quart of warm milk. Snuffy of the starched whiskers and drooping eyes was a reluctant model. Once she disappeared to be fished gingerly out from behind a high tension meter box. Still suspicious, Blackie kept a watchful eye on the man with the camera, while Patience maintained her name by eluding her frisky offspring in frequent cat naps. A cozy family group no less appealing because of their mixed ancestry, they're California kittens, belonging to the Warwicks of Los Angeles

KODACHROME FROM SHINEY WRIGHT

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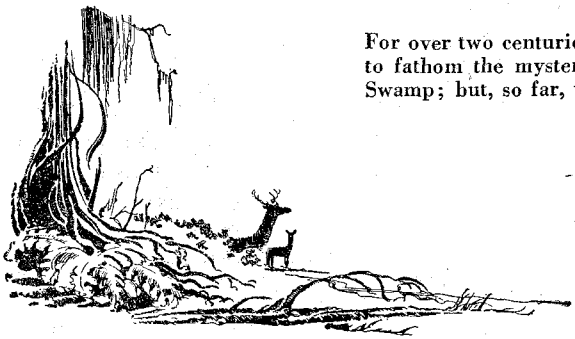

For over two centuries strong men have tried to fathom the mystery surrounding Old Dismal Swamp; but, so far, they've been unsuccessful

The Great Dismal Swamp

by CAROL HUGHES

"THIS AIN'T a fit place for man, beast or bird," said William Byrd, way back in 1710, when he came to the edge of the Great Dismal Swamp in the eastern part of what is now the state of Virginia.

When George Washington saw it, he said simply, "I must have it." He got it, and spent years trying to conquer it; but in the end it conquered him, as it has all those who have tried since.

Today, as in Washington's time, the dense jungle of Old Dismal spreads across six counties of North Carolina and Virginia, and encompasses, according to its few historians and surveyors, about two thousand square miles.

An impartial host, the Great Swamp has harbored savages, slaves, law-breakers—and ghosts—for centuries. Then, as now, her weapons for their defense were quicksands, thick undergrowths, poisonous plants and reptiles and fierce bears. The same terrors that kept the hunter from seeking the hunted there in past centuries keep everyday folk from venturing far into the Swamp today.

But for the strong-hearted, in search of ageless beauty, Old Dismal offers the warm hand of friendship, and gives a million-dollar performance at every season of the year. Her ground, which is a strange quagmire, trembles beneath the traveler's feet. Lake Drummond, in the very center, is colored like old Madeira wine. Beautiful deer come down to the banks for water, and a fortune in mink inhabits her forest.

Entrance to the Swamp can be made only by boat through one of its four canals. As you set out on a

← Grand Old Gal

". . . the clouds were hanging pretty low over Manhattan as we came in. And it was a tremendous thrill to break through the overcast and see the New York skyline and that grand old gal standing there in the harbor carrying the same torch that those half million men we had played for and talked to in Europe were carrying . . . the Torch of Liberty. What she stands for is what they're battling for . . . and they know it. When they come back they expect to see the same old girl in the harbor and the same old girl at the station waiting for them." —BOB HOPE

KODACHROME FROM INTERNATIONAL

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three-mile journey through a twelve-foot-wide canal, imagination leaps ahead as the jungle closes in, and nerves grow taut. Overhead in the low-hanging boughs, snakes curl themselves and peer down with glittering eyes on your craft. Muskrats scamper along the banks and majestic blue heron stand poised on one foot. A stately buck deer stands motionless in the dark shadows of the trees. When you hear a raucous barking, it tells you that you have arrived at the interior and are nearing the Swamp home of Harry Jackson and his 23 dogs.

All visitors to Old Dismal know Harry. For 55 years he has been a worshiping inhabitant of the Swamp. If anyone can be said to know the place, it is Harry, an expert woodsman who can repair an outboard motor, skin a bear and shoot straighter than a Daniel Boone. His castle, known as "Jake's Hotel," is a two-room shanty which he built himself.

When the United States government took over the Swamp back in 1929, Harry was taken over with it. For without him Old Dismal would be even a greater mystery. The old woodsman sometimes ponders his relationship with the government. He says he's never looked at the checks it sends him, so he doesn't know whether he's over- or underpaid, or who's getting the best of the deal.

Harry's money, checks, and letters from folk who have visited his hotel are piled on the one wood stove in his cabin and left there for days at a time when he's off on a jungle safari. "Don't make no difference where you put it," says he. "Ain't nobody comin' in to get it."

Harry's shack is situated but a few feet from the banks of Lake Drummond, the five-by-seven-mile body of water that takes one's breath at first glance. Mysteriously temperamental, its red waters are sometimes smooth as a mirror. Then, without warning, they suddenly start to roll and boil with giant waves that rise to a height of 10 and 12 feet. Venturesome fishermen after silvery, speckled perch, when caught in these upheavals, either make a dash for the shore or "ride it out." An old veteran like Harry has been trapped for hours while the wild demons underneath the lake waters have tossed his boat around like a pebble.

MANY ARE the stories that Harry tells about the weird sights and sounds he has seen and heard on Lake Drummond during the nocturnal hours. If you ask for an explanation, he shakes his head and says, "All I know is that I have seen things I can't explain."

Other witnesses verify his statement. They tell of bizarre and mysterious lights that appear on the surface of the lake; the swish of canoes and the soft plop of paddles they have heard when no human being is out there during the dark hours. The ghosts of Lake Drummond have been glorified in the world's most beautiful legends.

One of the loveliest is Thomas Moore's *The Lake of Dismal Swamp*, written after a visit to the spot where he witnessed weird manifestations and saw mysterious lights. Standing on the shores of the lake at midnight, he saw what he thought was a beautiful beam of light streaming from a star-studded

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sky to touch the center of the lake.

When the light faded, Moore went back to his cabin and wrote his memorable poem of the Indian maid and her lover. The beautiful maid, on the eve of her marriage, disappeared. The lover, unreconciled to her death, knows that no cold grave could hold a soul so warm and true. Giving voice to his thoughts, he says, "She's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp, where all night long by a firefly lamp she paddles her white canoe."

The poem goes on to tell the story of the lover's flight through the swamps to find his sweetheart and his dismay when he reaches the jagged shores of Old Dismal. How he whittled bark for a canoe and the way the wind blew dark clouds across the sky as he set out from shore, never to return.

To the sensitive Thomas Moore, the ghostly swish on Lake Drummond at midnight was the white canoe of the Indian maid reunited with her sweetheart, as they crossed the waters by a firefly lamp. And many an old-time native will testify that they have heard the soft swish of the white canoe, felt the wind of its passing, as they stood on the shore at the witching hour.

ANOTHER legend of the lake is the tale of the frustrated witch, whose delight it was to bedevil the hounds of the daring hunters that came to Old Dismal. When the hunt began, she would turn herself into a beautiful, fleet-footed doe and lead the dogs on a chase through morass and jungle until they died of exhaustion.

One day a wise hunter took along an old Indian guide, said to be possessed of a devil. When the witch appeared, and the dogs gave chase, the guide skillfully arranged their course straight to the lake. When the witch reached the water, the hounds were too quick for her and she had to turn herself into a cypress stump or be drowned.

Then the old guide took a mysterious powder from his pocket. He poured it on the ground and while a bluish flame curled upward from it, he began a weird chant and dance. At the end, he muttered, "Now she will never again roam the forest." Today, near the east shore of the lake, there stands a witchlike cypress stump in the form of a graceful doe—mute testimony to the old legend.

More the huntsman's delight is the lovely ghost of a beautiful girl who appears daily in the misty dawn of the five o'clock fishing hour. Fully dressed, she appears at the south side of the lake, walks sure-footed out on a log about 20 feet into the water, calmly baits her hook and casts her line. Many a hunter has sprinted around the shore for a closer view; but when he arrives there is only the mist and lapping waters—not even a log.

Some people who live on the fringe of Old Dismal say these figures may not be ghosts at all, but very much alive people. No one to this day knows just *who* or *what* lives in Great Dismal Swamp.

Common notices in the 1800's were those posted in the vicinity of the Swamp, describing runaway slaves who might be heading for sanctuary in its jungles. For centuries the place has harbored those seeking refuge from pursuit. Even today, fleeing figures dart deeper

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into its jungle when surprised by a hunter stalking a deer.

There is an old native saying that runs: "He whom the Swamp owns, it loves; and whom it loves it holds." Certainly it's a fact that Old Dismal provides ample food for those with the courage to come and get it. The fruit that grows there is the world's finest, and game and fish are to be found in abundance. Wherever a small piece of land can be cleared, corn will grow from 10 to 17 feet high.

The surface of the Swamp is covered with peat. In some spots, it goes to a depth of 10 or 12 feet. Throw a match on it and a flame springs up. It has been known, in some instances, to burn steadily for five years. But even as the flames receded the jungle grew again through the ashes.

Waters of the Swamp are famous, and tradition says, "If you drink the Swamp water, you will always return." There are several springs. One on the west shore of the lake flows the round of the seasons and has the flavor of juniper. The most amazing thing about all the Swamp water, even that of the lake, is its purity, and the fact that it never spoils. Placed in a bottle in the sun or taken on shipboard for months, it still retains its pure sweet flavor. It is a well-known fact that many old-time ships, in the days before refrigeration, always stocked up with water from Old Dismal.

Historian W. E. MacClenny of Suffolk, Virginia, is of the opinion that Perry, when he made his famous "Open Door" trip to Japan, took aboard his ships enough Swamp water for the entire voyage.

MacClenny has been an observer of the Swamp for many years and lectures widely on the subject. In his opinion, Leif Ericson was probably the first white visitor to the Swamp in 1000 A.D.

When the government took over the Swamp and dredged some of the ditches, strange looking hulks of ships were found sunk in her marshes. One, a large Chinese craft, had to be cut through. Sunk in her quagmires are the skeletons of other ships that now belong to the ages—all bearing silent testimony that Old Dismal's rule stretches far down the corridors of time.

At present, seven hundred miles of Old Dismal's two-thousand-square mile area have been drained by various lumber companies. Agriculture is the second largest industry. The average humidity of the region is 73 per cent, the normal annual rainfall 52.08 inches. Entrance is gained only through four ditches, one of them dug by George Washington.

The only published explanation of Old Dismal comes from Ivey F. Lewis, Professor of Biology at the University of Virginia. According to Professor Lewis, Dismal Swamp was once a big, grassy meadow. As a forest was becoming established at a level eight feet below the present surface, some great catastrophe overtook the vegetation, possibly owing to the submergence of the land.

One of the famous landmarks of Great Dismal is Halfway House, once a stagecoach stop on the Virginia-North Carolina line. Dukes, dudes, slavers and murderers once sat before its great stone fireplace and quenched their thirst with ale.

Notorious as a duelling ground,

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its quiet murders were not widely heralded. But one old historian says, "Many a skull lies rotting there, and many's the body that was dragged into the Swamp. Here, legend has it, Poe wrote *The Raven*."

Today there are a few scattered shacks around the lake. There is one bona fide Sportsmen Club with 12 members. A single construction company still operates, just outside of Suffolk, sending little trains into Old Dismal for loads of lumber. The U.S. Government cleared a plot of ground in the heart of the Swamp, near the lake, and built a picnic pavilion. One small house was erected at the same time for an attendant who keeps a lookout on the water controls for the major entrance-ditch.

With the nation at war, the Swamp is a prohibited area, and Lake Drummond is used as a bombing target for air cadets. Carriers send their planes from far out at sea to practice strafing and low-dive bombing there.

In a brighter tomorrow, the brooding Swamp may be conquered. New and gayer trails may lead through her stout old heart. Airmen who have hurled their death-dealing bombs into her depths may want to see the magic spot at close range.

World air travelers who now fly over Old Dismal and exclaim, "Why this looks like Africa," may make a safari there in future. But until the day when its terrain becomes a common stamping ground for jaded tourists, the majestic splendor of Old Dismal, filmed with an aura of mystery in which death still lurks, will remain one of America's greatest treasures reserved for the strong-hearted few.

Growing Pains

LINDA WAS ATTENDING church for the first time. As the sermon wore on, the seven-year old began to squirm with restlessness. "Sit still like a lady," whispered Linda's mother, "and I'll buy you an ice cream cone."

Like a little queen Linda endured the sermon, and when the collection plate came around she dropped her nickel in as though she had been to church a hundred times. But before the hour passed, she again began to fidget.

"Mama," she piped up at last, "the service is lousy here. Let's forget it and go someplace else for that ice cream cone."

TWO NEIGHBORS had come to call on Junior's mother. She was momentarily busy upstairs and sent Junior to entertain them until she put in an appearance. Junior tried faithfully to amuse the ladies, but his antics only brought the spelled-out remark:

"P-r-e-c-o-c-i-o-u-s little b-r-a-t, isn't he?"

Junior continued his self-styled entertainment until his mother at last arrived, when he sighed gratefully:

"Okay, Mom, you take over. I'm tired of being a d-a-m-n e-x-t-r-o-v-e-r-t!"

—RICHARD NOSSAMAN

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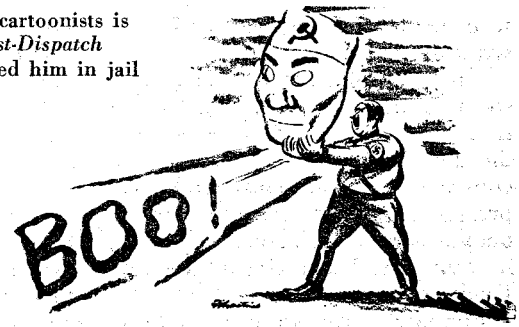
Outstanding among newspaper cartoonists is Fitzpatrick of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* whose crusading pen once landed him in jail



Crusader with a Crayon

by ROBERT W. MARKS

ALTHOUGH EIGHT Fitzpatricks hang in the Moscow Museum of Modern Western Art, and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* is known in India, England, Argentina and Eire as "Fitzpatrick's paper," pull-no-punches cartoonist Daniel Fitzpatrick complains that: "The trouble with my job is that I have no friends."

Fitzpatrick is the only editorial cartoonist on a big-time American newspaper who has consistently and aggressively slugged for the liberal temper, and slugged from the shoulder for three solid decades. What is amazing is not only "Fitz's" singular dedication of himself to the fight against privilege, power-politics, and reaction, but his ability to hold his job.

At 22, during his first week with the *Post-Dispatch*, he attacked the generously-advertising railroad interests for running wooden coaches. An attack on the public utility corporations for holding up low-cost power in the Missouri Valley cost the paper the cancellation of a fat advertising contract. Cauterizing a Missouri court for its collaboration with local racketeering interests won him a neat jail sentence.

All of these crayon-jousts might be written off as good journalism, journalism in the old muck-raking tradition. But another angle appeared in the picture when his boss, publisher Joseph Pulitzer, came out for Landon. His daily cartoons still on the editorial page, Fitzpatrick backed Roosevelt.

Not so many years back, this country boasted of three liberal cartoonists: Rollin Kirby, of the N.Y. *World-Telegram*, Ed Duffy, of the Baltimore *Sun*, and Fitz. Kirby, never over-militant, gradually lost his slugging stance—first, breaking with Roy Howard, as the *Telegram* and other Scripps-Howard papers changed their policy; then, for other reasons, parting company with the N.Y. *Post*. Duffy, too, has quieted down to a degree with the years.

Tall, bony, soft-voiced Fitz has been left without sharp competition. He has come to represent for America what Low does for England. Sure of his hand, and without extravagant tastes, he enjoys a unique privilege: the opportunity

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to draw what he pleases and print what he draws.

The quintessence of Fitzpatrick's social point of view is compressed into his famous depression-days dictum: under a Rube Goldberg contrivance, which employed giant presses, cogs, and conveyor belts to deliver microscopic pieces of fruit, he quipped: "Our Great Machine Produces—An Apple."

Fitzpatrick acquired his education the sane and easy way. He was kicked out of high school. This was in Superior, Wisconsin. "You won't accept any discipline," his mother said; "you won't conform in anything. What do you think you're going to grow up to be?"

Sixteen-year-old Fitzpatrick had a ready answer. "An editorial cartoonist."

Clearly determined to be precisely what he became, and not a comic strip artist, hobo, or anarchist, Fitz, who had spent his academic days doodling, parked his elbows on easels of the Chicago Art Institute. Living on beans and dreams, he picked up odd dollars doing comic-page drawings for the Chicago *Daily News*. This was around 1911.

The *News* had a standing bonanza offer. It would buy cartoons on the open market, paying ambitious students the ceiling price of one dollar. Fitz was ambitious.

He showed an early talent for saying much with little—condensing mountains of expression into a molehill of drawing. His stuff clicked. One day, when the *News*' editorial cartoonist was sick, Fitz was jumped to a front-page job. For weeks his drawings harangued the people of Chicago, shouting under the screamers. His remuneration stood constant: one dollar per diem. On this he married.

When the grapevine of the Fourth Estate brought word that the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch's* cartoonist, Robert Minor, was resigning, fledgling Fitz bid for the job. One of those strange upheavals in the range of chance then occurred. Fitz, at 22, became cartoonist of one of the country's leading newspapers. Bob Minor became editor of the *Daily Worker*.

Steadily, doggedly, Fitzpatrick plugged and slugged. He fought Prohibition. He fought big business high-handedness. He fought appeasement, political indifference to the war realities, and the sundry forces that chiseled the various faces of international aggression. He became, in the best sense, a "Pre-Pearl Harbor Anti-Fascist."

On these pages is a history of the second World War, as seen through Fitzpatrick's eyes. If you will follow the cartoons in sequence, you will see the crystallization of the liberal spirit, as it faced, from Manchuria on, the coming struggle. Fitzpatrick went all out for China, for Ethiopia, for Republican Spain.

Inventing the symbol of the swastika-as-juggernaut wheel, Fitzpatrick hinted that fascism, like some black form of Ole Man River, just keeps rollin'. He crystal-gazed in crayon and limned stark facts.

The Pulitzer Prize was tossed him in 1926. This laurel had no special charm for him. His eyes gleam, however, and his chest rises in pride, whenever he recounts how he was sent to jail in 1940.

Beginning in 1931, when Fitzpatrick was convinced that certain

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St. Louis racketeers were boldly obstructing justice, he began to publish a series of cartoons satirizing extra-legal influences and pressures on the whole local setup.

In the footsteps of Hogarth and Daumier, he called on his imagination and conjured up a new symbol —"Rat Alley." This was a kind of American Casbah. Here "Shakedown and Co." adjoined the "Receivership Racket Club," and abutted the "Thieves Market."

"Rat Alley" became a symbol for what the *Post* called "The failure of the law to produce justice." Fitzpatrick pulled it out each time a new issue came up. "Rat Alley" appeared for nine years. At the end of that time, the target of his insistent tilting had had enough. It arrested not the St. Louis racketeers but the St. Louis Don Quixote.

It follows, in this latter-day Miracle Play, that virtue eventually triumphed. Fitzpatrick has a golden touch: backed by good editors and sound lawyers, the case was fought through the higher courts. Fitzpatrick eventually came out with stars instead of stripes.

A lean, lank, doughty man, Fitzpatrick takes life easy, collects paintings and Persian rugs, and invites his soul to rest. Metropolitan by temperament, he nonetheless revels in many small-town genialities, and speaks of St. Louis as a kind of Paris-on-the-Mississippi.

Fitzpatrick is a social contradiction, at one and the same time open and reserved; mild-mannered and diffident; one-of-the-boys and a recluse. His fellow newspapermen call him "The Lone Wolf" because of his unwillingness to go to parties or have friendly relations with anybody representing influence, machine-politics, or social-register wealth. With people he trusts, he is high-octane hail-fellow-well-met, an enthusiastic poker pal, fellow fisherman, hunting companion.

His great loves are dogs and painting. His several dogs are the warp, if not the woof of his free hours. When he is depressed, he turns to his painting.

Some time back, Fitzpatrick had an exhibition of his cartoons and paintings in a New York gallery. So taken in by other paintings that he saw there, Fitzpatrick, instead of selling, bought. He came back with his own collection unsullied by commerce, yet richer by a Joe Jones and two Raphael Soyers.

Fitzpatrick wears his face masked. No hint of his thinking creeps into his classic, complacent features. His wit, which is searing, is cushioned softly under a Milquetoast personality. A person meeting him for the first time is inclined to want to help him across the street.

Yet Fitzpatrick is well-equipped to defend his emotional equity. His saw-toothed comments, like his cartoons, are likely to lash out at the least expected moments, cutting sharply into the hide of the unsuspecting offender. A more succinct parallel was the boutonniere worn by certain patriots in occupied Holland. Seize it roughly and you bled from the razor blade nestling under the petals.

Cartoons by Fitzpatrick ⟶

The special four-page section which follows contains ten cartoons which are among Fitzpatrick's best. With one exception, all of them have appeared in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. The cartoon on social security appeared first in the May 23, 1943, edition of Collier's magazine.

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WE'D BETTER BE PREPARED FOR THIS LANDING

Domestically, Fitzpatrick cartoons have long dealt with plans for the post-war America. Again and again he has pounded home the message that the giant issue of the coming years is full employment.

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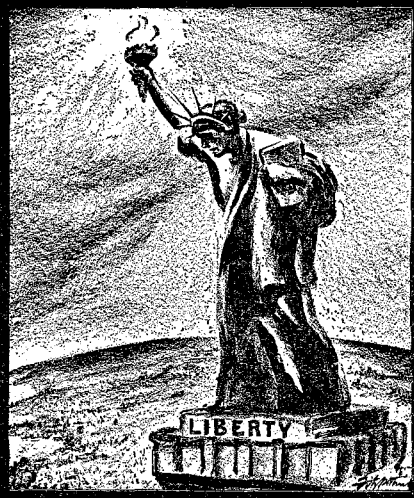
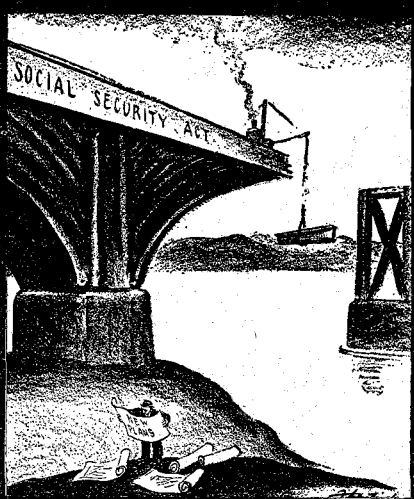


"My sons, look to our defenses."

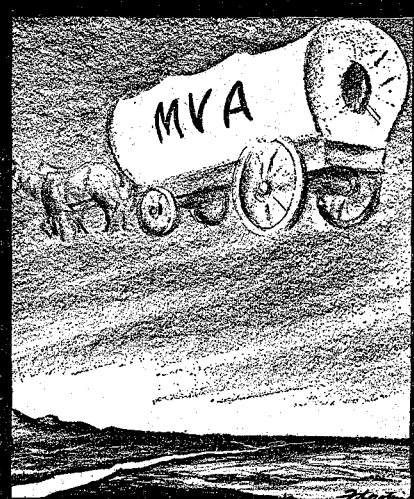
In May, 1940, when too many Americans said we couldn't be attacked, he plumped for a strong defense.

NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM

Once the war was under way, he took a wicked wallop at pressure blocs who threatened inflation.



And pled for social security to cover millions now exempt from the Social Security Act.



MODERN PIONEERING ON A GRAND SCALE

He waged the long, bitter battle for the TVA. Now he's doing battle for a Missouri Valley Authority.

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Known as "Giving 'em the works" in some circles

In matters of foreign policy, he fought the sell-out of Ethiopia to Mussolini's Legions.

THE LITTLE WORLD WAR

And in the Spanish Civil War, foresaw the bigger war to come—Witness this cartoon of Jan., 1937.

"I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little umbrella"

In the Nazi-Soviet pact, he saw the fruit of appeasement of Germany and snubbing of Russia.

"ON THE ROAD TO ROME"

When he thinks America has behaved undemocratically, as in its support of Italy's King, he has said so.

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LET NO ONE IMAGINE AMERICA WILL ESCAPE

On October 6, 1937, four years before Pearl Harbor, he executed this cartoon, pointing up the menace of Hitler, Mussolini and the Jap to American freedom. Fitzpatrick has been proved a prophet with honor—by the march of events.

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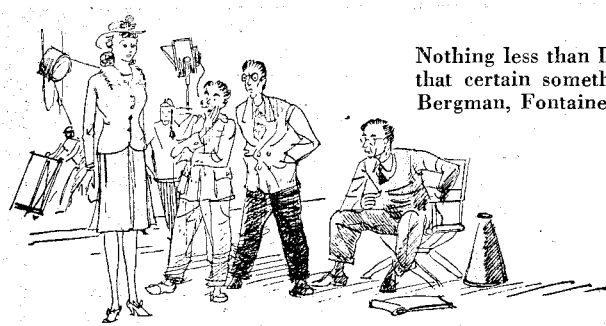

Nothing less than David Selznick could spot that certain something about la Bergman, Fontaine, Temple and Jones

Selznick's Stable of Stars

by MONA GARDNER

THE USUAL HOLLYWOOD formula is this: make your millions, then blow them sky-high on a stable of race horses which rapidly eat their way into plughood by running in the wrong direction. Page Bing Crosby, Louis B. Mayer, or 50 other penitents.

But the fey and unpredictable David Selznick operates just the reverse: first he acquires a "stable" of two-footed thoroughbreds, then he lets them run up his millions for him. In his plush stalls he has a racing string made up of Ingrid Bergman, Joan Fontaine, Vivien Leigh, Alfred Hitchcock, Jennifer Jones, Dorothy McGuire, Shirley Temple, Gregory Peck, Joseph Cotten, Alan Marshal, plus a half dozen foals and yearlings you'll be hearing about next season or the one thereafter, or maybe even five years from now. Selznick plans things that way.

This is how his formula works. Joan Fontaine, for instance, receives a salary of more than 50 thousand dollars a picture from Selznick. By renting her out to other studios he gets maybe 100 thousand dollars, perhaps even 250 thousand dollars, on occasion.

Every Saturday, regular as clockwork, Selznick pays Alfred Hitchcock his weekly stipend which, whether the outsize director works or not, mounts up to something over 250 thousand dollars a year for the use of his directorial chills and thrills. In the course of that same twelvemonth Selznick may collect 500 thousand dollars on Hitchcock rentals. It becomes apparent that the formula does not leave Selznick with any deficits.

This, however, doesn't make him a mere peddler of flesh. He just happens to be an uncanny picker of winners. It is entirely problematical how near the ribbon-takers on his string would have gotten to the ribbons without (a) his careful and highly intelligent grooming (b) his expensive selectivity in allowing them to idle—sometimes for months at a stretch—on the payroll until their particular kind of story comes along.

Last year three of the five actress nominees for the Motion Picture Academy award were from the

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Selznick stable: one, Jennifer Jones, won it.

In a very open market, Joan Fontaine had been labeled a washout at RKO. Her brightest hope was a featured part in a thriller-diller at Universal. But Selznick went against the caustic advice of everyone from Alfred Hitchcock down to studio typists and signed her for *Rebecca*. Jennifer Jones wasn't even Jennifer Jones when Selznick gave her a contract. She was Phylis Ilsey, a tent-show performer who played Bernhardt to get by the reception clerk on the Broadway circuit of managers' offices.

The gap between this and the beautifully simple peasant girl Bernadette? Selznick bridged it with a flock of lessons in acting, posture, carriage, grooming, diction, and more acting. And how did Selznick know that this chasm could be spanned? "Well," Selznick explains, "I just saw a *something* quality about her." There isn't a producer in Hollywood who isn't secretly praying Selznick will explain this *something* in a few terse words one of these days soon.

LOOK WHAT happened when he applied this *something* business to a little Swedish movie!

Selznick's New York office sent him the film and merely asked: did he think the story had possibilities for Hollywood? Selznick ran the film, walked straight out of the projection room and wired New York: "Take first boat to Sweden and sign actress playing leading role. Don't come back until you do." It looked for a while as if that order might turn out to be a life sentence. The actress, who had some Swedish name like Bergman, didn't want to leave her husband and baby and she was sure neither of them would like Hollywood. But, needled by unconditional orders from Selznick, the contract was finally consummated.

When the gal arrived in Hollywood—five foot eight, and a little gawky—the town broke into guffaws, saying: "Dave, you're insane. There are a thousand just like her in Cincinnati, and they speak English." Selznick put her to work on an English grammar, let her feel her way around in a couple of little numbers called *Intermezzo* and *Casablanca*, and then started gunning for the part of Maria in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Paramount said a loud no. Sam Wood, the director, said this Bergman person didn't have the figure for pants and that he didn't want the bother of testing her. He cast Zorina for the part, and forthwith moved his company up into the High Sierras.

Any other man might have thought this meant no. Selznick merely patted the Bergman hand and said: "You'll play Maria yet." He spent some 50 thousand dollars warming up public interest in her doing so. After a month's shooting, Sam Wood phoned staccato orders down from his Sierra camp: "Send Bergman up tomorrow. Zorina isn't right." Oddly enough, the rental price on Bergman had doubled in that month's time. But Paramount snapped at it, afraid an hour's delay might treble it.

He fought like mad to get Jean Arthur out of westerns and into her first grade A role. It was the buccaneering Selznick who trans-

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formed Myrna Loy from an Oriental peril into the perfect wife, helped convert Bill Powell from a rakish villain into a rakish hero, snatched Mickey Rooney away from a ping pong tournament for his first feature role and nagged the bosses into signing Fred Astaire —Fred Astaire, mind you—for such an unlikely thing as romantic leads.

Last summer Selznick went to a China Relief show at the Hollywood Bowl. It was a rich melange of sentiment, diamonds, furs, orchids and 60-foot banners. In the midst of all this a young girl in a simple white dress walked out and handed someone a bouquet of flowers. A lump rose in David's throat—she was so wholesome, so obviously young and unspoiled. Next day he offered her a whopping contract. Her name was Shirley Temple. For two years Hollywood had decreed she was all washed up in movies now that she had outgrown kiddie roles. From that night on David disagreed. What with all the 38-year-old debutantes rushing about on the screen, mightn't it be sort of refreshing to see the real, youthful McCoy? Three studios went into crescendo bidding for her services when word of her work in *Since You Went Away* got around.

And then there's the case of Alan Marshal. Eight years ago David signed this young and gangling unknown to a seven-year contract, informing him that he wouldn't be a star for 10 years. That is, until he grew old enough to be a second Ronald Colman. During this aging interval Marshal has had a few unimportant roles, but most of the time he's just been marking time at home in his chemical laboratory or puttering in his garden. Last year Selznick signed him to a second seven-year contract. When raves came in recently on Marshal's performance in *The White Cliffs of Dover*, Selznick felt in no way vindicated. "No," he said, "it'll take two years more. Marshal will be 38 then, graying a little at the temples, and just beginning to be a Somerset Maugham character—the strong silent man from distant places with the air of having ventured about much and often."

DAVID'S FATHER was the zestful, rollicking Lewis J. Selznick who, in a fabulous industry run by fabulous people, easily became the most fabulous of them all. A one-time Pittsburgh jeweler, the elder Selznick pyramided a handful of diamonds and an instinct into 23 million dollars and virtual leadership of the whole movie industry. He died 11 years ago, quite penniless, leaving a rich heritage of daring and high intelligence.

Lewis' credo for living was passed along to his two exceptional and supremely self-confident sons, Myron (who died this last spring) and David. "Live expensively, far beyond your means," he used to tell them, as he gave schoolboy David a 350 dollar a week allowance. "Then you'll have to work hard to catch up. That's the only fun there is—hard work." At first David disappointed his father by banking a large portion of his income, but in time he did credit to his upbringing.

After an expensive and careful schooling, David at 21 was put to work as prop boy at 15 dollars per in his father's studio. Straightway

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he borrowed 2,000 dollars, paid Luis Angel Firpo 1,000 dollars for one day's workout in front of a camera (cameraman and camera 250 dollars; film 500) and thereby shot a one-reeler he entitled *Will He Beat Dempsey?* He sold it the following day for 3,500 dollars.

In three years he was second in command at Paramount, but he felt he was getting nowhere and so moved over to RKO and 2,500 dollars a week. By galloping stages this led up to the present David O. Selznick Productions and quarter ownership of United Artists. It has also led, in 10 successive years, to motion picture exhibitors voting him the number one producer of box office successes. Remember *David Copperfield*, *Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *Gone With the Wind*, *Rebecca?*

Right now, in addition to grooming his stable of stars, making two pictures simultaneously in England and in Hollywood and having served as a delegate to the Republican national convention last summer, Selznick is nursing along a little idea that has all the innocence of a booby trap about it. It is to make three film anthologies—a series of the world's best short stories of mystery, adventure and romance. It's revolutionary, yes—but then when isn't Selznick?

Beyond the Pearly Gates

CARL VAN DOREN TELLS A STORY about Sherlock Holmes' arrival in Heaven. The angels turned out en masse to meet him; the Lord Himself descended from His throne to bid him welcome. "Holmes," He said, "to be perfectly frank, We have a little mystery up here which you may be able to help Us solve. Adam and Eve seem to have disappeared. Nobody has been able to locate them for aeons. If you could possibly uncover them for Us—"

Holmes darted to the fringe of the assemblage and hauled two frightened and surprised angels before the Lord. "Here they are," he said briefly.

Adam and Eve readily admitted their identities. "We got tired of being stared at and asked for autographs by every darn new angel who came up here," they explained. "We assumed aliases and these simple disguises and got away with them for centuries until this smarty-pants ferreted us out."

"How did you do it?" marveled the Lord.

"Elementary, my dear God," said Holmes. "They were the only two who had no navels."—BENNETT CERF in *The Saturday Review of Literature*

IT SEEMS THAT THE GATE between heaven and hell had broken down. St. Peter appeared at the opening and in a nice way called down to the devil, "Hey, Satan, it's your turn to fix it this time."

"Sorry," replied the head of hell, "my men are much too busy to worry about fixing that little old gate."

"Well, then," said St. Peter, sternly, "if you won't keep your part of our agreement, I'll have to sue you."

The devil laughed long and loud. "But where are you going to get a lawyer?"

—*Oklahoma Aggievator*

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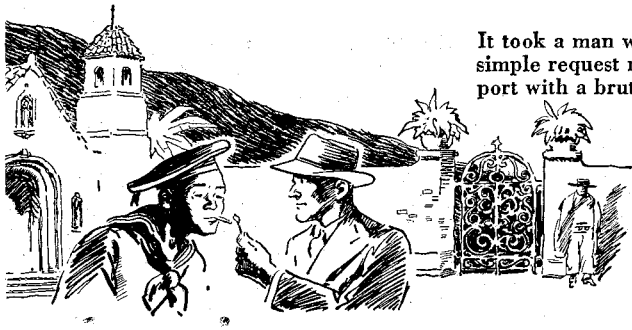

It took a man with camera eyes to tie a simple request made in a South American port with a brutal homicide in Brooklyn

Case of the Camera Eyes

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

ON A MOONLESS night in the winter of 1917 a blond, square-faced young seaman from the U.S.S. *Frederick*, at anchor off shore, stopped a stranger on a dark street in Montevideo, Uruguay, and asked for a match. The man who supplied the light for the sailor's cigarette happened to be, of all the people in the world, Detective Henry P. Oswald of the New York Police Department, in South America on an extradition matter. The fates were to dance madly about this particular sailor and detective in the time that lay ahead.

Detective Oswald—a mild-mannered, scholarly man of about 40—was known in police and underworld circles as Camera Eye because he never forgot a face. That night in South America he took a mental photograph of the sailor's features, through force of habit, as he held the flickering match to the tip of the seaman's cigarette. The sailor mumbled his thanks and something about always running out of matches, then he and the detective proceeded in opposite directions, to traverse widely divergent paths until they met again.

Two years later—on March 11, 1919—a pair of stick-up men, one of them blond and square-faced, walked into a little candy store on Wyckoff Avenue in Brooklyn. The blond one shot and killed the proprietor—a man named Samuel Wolchock—during the course of a hold-up that netted exactly $4.67. As the pair fled they were closely observed by several persons, including the murdered man's wife, who had witnessed the crime.

Two days after the murder, detectives picked up a couple of unemployed neighborhood youths named William Hyde and Conrad Trupp, the former a square-faced blond. Both were quickly picked out of a police line-up by witnesses who had seen the killers. The victim's wife was particularly positive in her identification of William Hyde.

Hyde, even more than his friend Trupp, seemed bound for the electric chair. He was, like Trupp, unable to account for his whereabouts at the hour of the murder. Bloodstains were found on the collar of a shirt in his room, and similar

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stains had been observed on the blond youth's shirt collar, which, witnesses insisted, got there during a struggle that immediately preceded the homicide.

Hyde claimed that the incriminating stains, and scratches on his throat, were the results of a faulty razor. Even so, other physical evidence against him was overwhelming. Witnesses had described the blond killer as having been attired in a tight-fitting Chesterfield, a derby hat worn at a rakish angle, maroon tie and highly-polished, sharply-pointed black shoes. Hyde had been so attired when arrested.

Hyde and Trupp were promptly indicted for the murder of Samuel Wolchock and held without bail for trial the following November. In September, Hyde made an unsuccessful attempt to commit suicide by slashing his wrists—further proof of his guilt in the opinion of detectives who worked on the case.

In late October, as the trial of Hyde and Trupp was approaching, a young man was arrested in Chicago after trying to pawn an expensive fur coat that had been stolen during a hold-up in Mattoon, Illinois, about 175 miles south of Chicago.

The arrested youth, who gave his name as Jesse Reklaw, had in his possession a diary that forthwith became of intense interest to the police. Reklaw had stupidly made entries in the diary that referred to stick-ups he had perpetrated in various parts of the country. One entry read:

> Let that guy in Brooklyn have it with a 32 and got away through Bleecker Street.

The Chicago police forwarded the intelligence to New York and Detective Oswald, who had lighted the cigarette for the sailor in Uruguay two years before, was assigned to get at the bottom of the diary entry. At first Oswald was puzzled, for investigation showed there had been no unsolved murders or shootings in the vicinity of Bleecker Street in Brooklyn during the period covered by the diary.

Then Oswald saw by the Homicide Squad's records that one of the killers in the Wolchock murder case had made his escape through Bleecker Street. Moreover, the Wolchock crime had been committed by a weapon of .32-calibre—the same calibre referred to in the diary entry—but the firearm had never been found by detectives who handled the case.

Oswald had a talk with the Brooklyn detectives who had built up the case against William Hyde and Conrad Trupp. "It's an open and shut case," the Brooklyn sleuths told Camera Eye. Oswald, not so sure, decided to have a talk with William Hyde.

The blood ran faster in Detective Oswald's veins the moment he laid eyes on William Hyde. He had, he told himself, seen Hyde's face somewhere before. He unreeled the film of his memory until the incident on the dark street in Montevideo flashed in his mind. The picture of the sailor whose cigarette he had lighted was as clear to Camera Eye as if he had seen the man only the night before. William Hyde had the same blond hair, the same square face, the pudgy nose and the China-blue eyes of the seaman who had stopped and asked for a match.

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"When did you get out of the Navy, Bill?" asked Oswald, a genuinely friendly man who frequently had great sympathy for murderers he had been instrumental in sending to the chair.

"I was never in the Navy," said Hyde doggedly.

"Come now, Bill," said the detective. "I'm here to help you if I can and it's not going to do you any good to lie to me."

"But I swear to God that I'm not lying," Hyde began to sob. "Nobody believes anything I say. That's why I tried to kill myself."

Oswald's knowing blue eyes were suffused with sympathy. "By heavens, Bill," he said thoughtfully, "I think you're telling me the truth at that."

Camera Eye paused to again view with his mind's eye the face he had seen that night in Montevideo. He was in a quandary. That face was the face of William Hyde, yet William Hyde was telling the truth when he said he had never been in the Navy—and if William Hyde hadn't been in the Navy he simply couldn't have been the youth who had asked for a match. Either, Oswald told himself, his singular memory was beginning to play tricks on him or he had lost his faculty for divining when a man was telling the truth and when he was lying.

Oswald checked the past of William Hyde and corroborated the prisoner's claim that he had never been in the Navy. Then, talking to himself, he went to Mattoon, Illinois, the point to which Jesse Reklaw, the diary-keeping criminal, had been removed to stand trial for the robbery that proved his undoing.

When Oswald went into Reklaw's cell he thought he was seeing double. For indeed he was looking at the double of William Hyde, the Brooklyn boy who was on his way to the chair.

Murder had worn two faces—the face of an innocent man and the face of a guilty one. Jesse Reklaw looked enough like William Hyde to have been not only Hyde's brother but Hyde's twin. The resemblance, in fact, turned out to be one of the most singular in all the history of American criminology.

IF OSWALD was startled at the caprices of fate when he looked at the prisoner in Mattoon, he was all but stunned when he examined Reklaw's clothing. The prisoner wore highly-polished, sharply-pointed shoes, just like Hyde's, and he had a tight-fitting Chesterfield coat that was a duplicate of the Brooklyn youth's, even to the point of having been made by the same manufacturer. A necktie among Reklaw's effects—obviously, Oswald decided, the tie he had worn during the commission of the crime—was almost the exact shade of the cravat Hyde had been wearing when arrested. Moreover, Reklaw, like Hyde, not only wore a derby but when Oswald had him put the hat on, he saw that Reklaw wore it at the same angle as Hyde had worn his.

Little wonder, then, that the wife of the murder victim and others who had seen the killers had picked William Hyde out of a line-up. Oswald was forced to admit that had he been one of the witnesses at the scene of the crime, he would have done the same thing.

Although he had not yet ques-

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tioned Reklaw about the Brooklyn murder, there was no doubt in Oswald's mind that this was the killer. There was one difference between Jesse Reklaw and William Hyde; although their features were the same, the face of one reflected innocence and the face of the other reflected guilt.

CAMERA EYE studied Reklaw for several minutes before beginning to question him about the Brooklyn murder. He pegged the prisoner as a calloused criminal who was not likely to make a confession unless he was either startled or trapped into it. And a confession in this case was of vital importance. If Hyde were innocent, so was his co-defendant, Trupp. That being so, Reklaw had had an accomplice and only Reklaw would know the identity of the fugitive murderer and his whereabouts.

"When," Oswald began, with the fate of four young men riding on every word and inflection, "did you get out of the Navy, Walker?"

The prisoner stiffened. "My name's not Walker," he said.

Oswald just smiled. "Spelling a name backwards is old stuff, Jesse," he said. "Tell me, were you in the Navy long?"

"I just told you, I was never in the Navy."

"Only a man who has spent long days at sea would ever have eyes as light blue as yours, Jesse. Didn't the officers in the Navy ever explain to you that human eyes eventually take on the color of the sea and the sky?"

"No, they didn't."

"Oh," said Oswald, "so you admit you were in the Navy. That's what I wanted to know." Oswald's improbable fiction about the relationship of the sea and the sky to human eyes, thought up as he went along, had worked.

"Tell me, Jesse," the detective pursued relentlessly, before Walker had a chance to recover from the shock of having dropped into the trap, "are you still always running out of matches?"

"Whad'ya mean?"

"Well," Oswald replied quietly, "you were out of matches down in Montevideo when you were on shore leave from the *Frederick* one night a couple of years ago."

"I don't get it. An' say, how come you happen to know I was on the *Frederick?* You a mind reader or somethin'?"

"Think back, Jesse. Remember a man lighting your cigarette for you when you were on shore leave from the *Frederick* in Montevideo one night two years ago?"

Presently Walker's features mirrored a recollection. "How do *you* know about *that!*"

"I was the man who lit the cigarette for you, Jesse."

Walker was on the ropes mentally from the shock of coincidence and Oswald followed through on this surprise attack. "Now suppose you tell me," he urged, "who was with you when you killed that storekeeper in Brooklyn last March."

"A fellow by the name of Nichols—Guy Nichols."

"Do you know where Nichols is now?" asked Oswald.

"Back in the Navy."

With Walker's confession in his pocket, the man with the camera eyes returned to New York with complete exoneration for William

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Hyde and Conrad Trupp—victims of one of the cruelest pranks the fates had ever chosen to play.

On the night that Jesse Walker and Guy Nichols died in the electric chair in Sing Sing, Camera Eye sat at a battered desk in the Homicide Bureau, pondering the eccentricities of destiny.

Walker had been doomed to discovery two years before he had committed murder and then, as if further to aid justice, he had kept a diary. And, as if not content with having two men who looked like twins placed on the very same spot of the globe at the very same fateful hour, nature had added an anti-climax. Not only had Jesse Walker and William Hyde looked like twins; *Guy Nichols and Conrad Trupp had looked like brothers.*

Not in the Script

"LET ME KNOW when you're all set! Remember, we can only shoot this once!" The famous Hollywood director, Jack Ford, was preparing to shoot the scene of the blowing up of a huge fort. Rafts of skilled workmen had spent weeks and thousands of dollars in building the set. Powder men had carefully placed the charges of dynamite and inspected the hundreds of feet of wire which ran out to their plungers.

The signal to set off the charges was a specified bugle call to be made by a soldier-actor working in the scene. Suddenly there was a terrific detonation, and before the eyes of the director and its creators the fort crumbled to the ground—without one camera turning.

The soldier-actor had taken a practice blow at his bugle.

THE VERY FIRST *Frankenstein* picture made was previewed at Santa Barbara, California. On the first preview, pictures run long. Later they are edited according to public reaction. Well, the folks really reacted to Frankenstein. It was a gruesome affair, and droves of horrified people left the theatre before the picture ended.

At home, that night, the theatre manager's phone rang until dawn. Each time he answered it, the party would slam down the receiver. About four a.m. the manager shouted some unprintable words into the telephone. This time he got a response.

"Listen you dirty so and so," said an angry voice. "I saw that Frankenstein picture at your show tonight and I can't sleep a wink, so I'll be darned if I'm going to let you sleep."

NORMAN TAUROG, well-known M-G-M director, started his career by making two-reel comedies. On a Lloyd Hamilton two-reeler, the script called for a small town theatre. When built, two things were wrong. One: it had a seating capacity for two hundred people; two, the budget allowed for only 30.

The producer refused Taurog's request for more people, but the resourceful director not only turned defeat into victory, he also got a good laugh for his picture.

A sign outside the small town theatre read, "Here Tonight. *The Plumber's Wife*. Prices—First 18 rows, $2.00. Last two rows, 50 cents."

Inside the theatre the first 18 rows were empty, and jammed into the last two was Taurog's 'budget allowance.'

—ROLAND HILLIARD ASHTON

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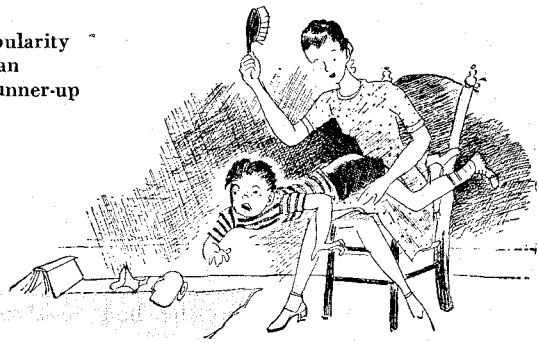
Stepmothers may never win a popularity contest, but a battle-scarred veteran gives you some tips on being a runner-up



My Life as a Stepmother

ANONYMOUS

THE REALIZATION that I was a stepmother came to me as a shock. I had always heard about stepmothers. Those scheming, selfish women, jealous of their husbands' children and secretly intent upon their misery, are characters familiar to me ever since I first read *Snow White. I* a stepmother? Yet when I first connected the word with myself, I had been just that for over a year.

In six years at the job I have by no means licked the problems which make stepmotherhood so unenviable. In fact, I have decided that they can't be licked. Certain unbeatable elements are with you when you inherit the hateful role, and will be with you until the end.

For example, your stepchildren either have a real mother someplace, whom they probably visit for definite periods each year, or they have the memory of a mother who has died. In either case "Mother" is a very real person whose special rights and functions they are not inclined to honor in another. No one else can be so good to them as Mother. And no one else is ever allowed to be as hard on them.

Everytime the stepmother does something "motherly" she is subject to the child's unrelenting and analytical eye. The first time she checks to see if her stepchild really brushed his teeth or just dampened the toothbrush, she's stepped into the part. Yet a stepmother's job is to take a mother's place.

A second unbeatable factor is that the children, no matter how warm your sympathy for them nor how responsive they are, just aren't *your* children. They don't *look* like you; they don't feel or act like you.

And third, there is the children's mother. A stepmother is foolish if she expects to win her over. The best she can hope for is an armed truce. But whether or not the real mother is alive, the stepmother *must* win her stepchildren. And therein lies the heartbreak.

At the offset, you are in a category with the hired maid. The first thing stepchildren notice is that you cook, keep house and clean up after their father. And you are judged according to benefits received.

After all, why should they "love"

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you? Children love those things which are familiar, and you are strange. So you must win their affection, and the battle is hard, since it opens simultaneously with your campaign to teach them what they have to know.

The first spanking I gave my stepson hardly warmed his spanking area, but it hit me hard. He had done something I considered inexcusable, and I laid him across my knee for a spanking which, by the standards of my childhood, was hardly more than a caress. Back on his feet he sobbed, "I hate you!"

Later I discovered that he had learned to say that to anyone who punished him. I realized, too, that he didn't mean it. But at that terrible moment I was defeated utterly. I felt as every stepmother must have felt at one time or other.

Now, as a battle-scarred stepmother of six years, I have learned a thing or two. I've studied the attitudes and methods of other stepmothers, even to the point of interviewing them formally. I've made stepmotherhood my favorite project. And I believe that any stepmother who will put half as much thought into getting along with her husband's children as she does in getting along with her husband can avoid these classic boners:

1. Don't force yourself onto your stepchildren by insisting you are a "mother" to them. You *aren't*, and they know it and feel it more keenly than you do. I've throttled many a well-meaning neighbor or friend who insisted on referring to me as "your mother" when talking to my stepchildren. There are plenty of nicknames full of respect for one's elders which may be substituted. If the children have never known their real mother, or if they themselves wish to call you "Mother," that's a different story.

2. Don't play psychological tug-of-war with the children's mother (if she is alive) by running her down in order to build yourself up.

When her children quote her words as gospel, or criticize your actions because they aren't like hers —watch your tongue. Proving yourself right and their mother wrong is a game she can play, too. And remember, they are *supposed* to think their mother is wonderful. You want your children to feel the same.

Divided families, with their extra sets of mothers, fathers and children, are bound together by complicated ties. In the process of making your stepchildren "see things your way," you will harry them with adult problems which they can neither understand nor solve. The emotional turmoil you create will boomerang in other directions. Their nervousness, instability and divided loyalties will make them much more of a problem for you than they were in the first place.

Your stepchildren will love you if you make their lives easy, pleasant and carefree. They won't if you confuse them with unasked for discussions and explanations.

3. Don't attribute all your difficulties with your husband's children to the fact that you are their "stepmother."

You may find your stepchildren are jealous of your own children. I did. My stepson became very angry when neighbors called his little half sister a "beautiful baby." He grew violently possessive of his father—a kind of inverted jealousy

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of me. He wanted to eat off the same color plate as "Daddy's," but insisted that I use a different one. He cross-questioned me persistently until I admitted that Daddy drove better than I did, hunted better than I did and could swim better than I could.

Your stepchildren will be disobedient, especially at first when they are testing you out. They will appear to be callous about your feelings and completely unaware of how much you do for them. They will pester you, make demands on you and try your patience until you feel like a piece of over-aged elastic. But what's so unusual about that?

All these problems—jealousy, disobedience, selfishness—are signs of normality, not abnormality. They are the problems a mother faces whether her children are her own or someone's else.

You'll even find, if you're willing to relax a little, that there are advantages to being a stepmother. Your stepchildren do not greet you with the attitude of "I'm against whatever mother says," so automatic with children who have found that mother says "No" more often than anyone else. You start off in a class with indulgent friends of the family. You are a sort of young grandparent. If their mother is alive, you will have much less responsibility. You will make fewer decisions and mete out less discipline. You can make your time with your stepchildren a sort of extended picnic—if you will.

I worked two years to be rewarded by my stepson's confidence. Even at eight he needed a confidante who would listen without moralizing and advise him without scolding. The landmark discussion started about the word divorce.

"Susie," he asked me, "did you know my father when he divorced my mother?" I was surprised. "Tommy," I said, "who told you about the divorce?"

"No one," said the little boy matter-of-factly. "They don't tell me anything. I just listen."

I spent two hours explaining carefully that whenever he wanted to know anything in this house, all he had to do was ask. He listened attentively. At last he ventured, "Where does the milk come from that comes out of those pink things on Mike Nelson's cow?"

I gave a detailed and satisfactory answer. I have had his confidence ever since.

You need the same qualities to be a successful stepmother which you need for entertaining your in-laws or taking driving lessons from your husband: a sense of humor, patience and an eye to the long view. These are qualities you expect to call out in every other human situation. Why drop them overboard in such an important matter as your husband's children?

Not so long ago I acquired a stepmother myself. I am indebted to her in many ways, but one of these is for the wire she sent on the birth of my first baby:

"Super!" she telegraphed. "Now I'm a stepgrandmother!"

Like a Copy of This Calendar? →

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R. AND R. RABE FROM PPC

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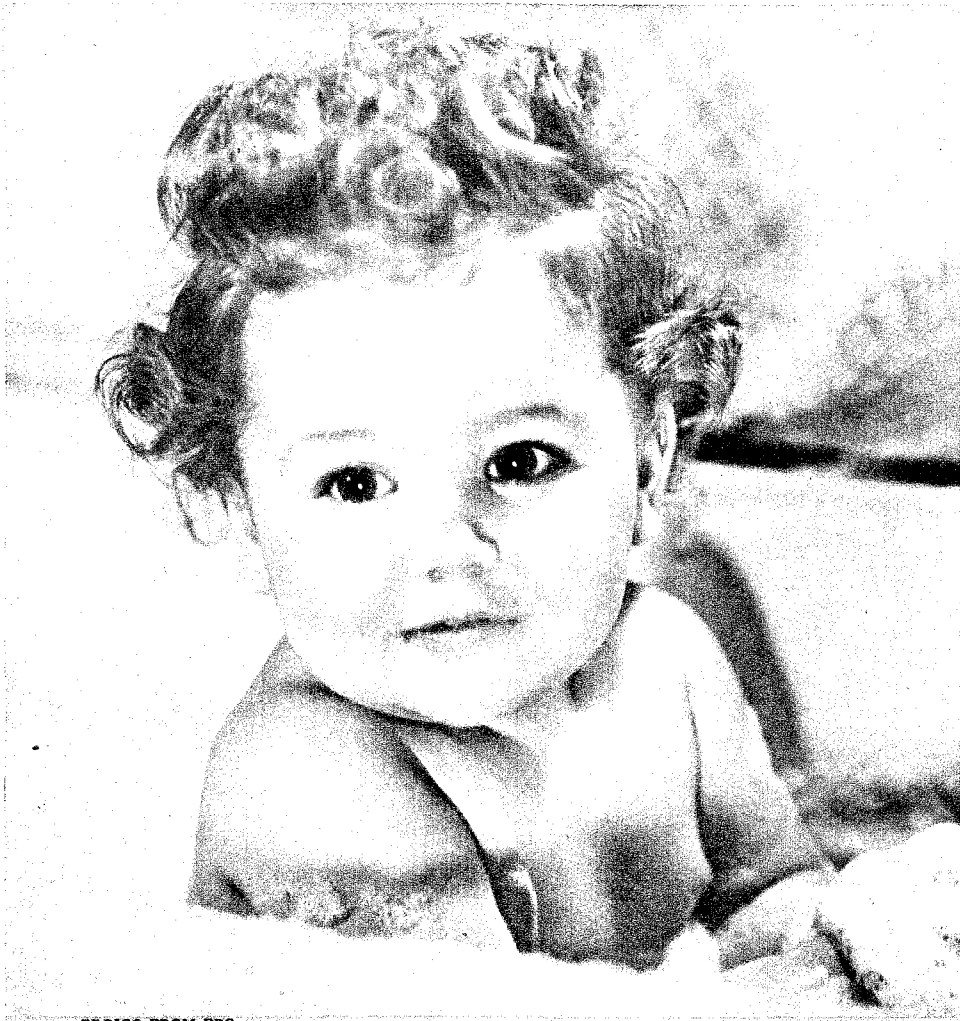

ERRIGO FROM FFG

January 1945

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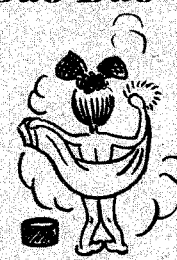
Rub a Dub Dub



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RUTH NICHOLS FROM FPG

February 1945

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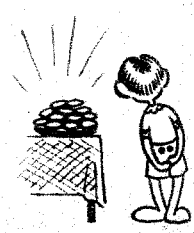
Doubting Thomas



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WILLIAM WARD FROM FPG

March 1945

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Mavourneen

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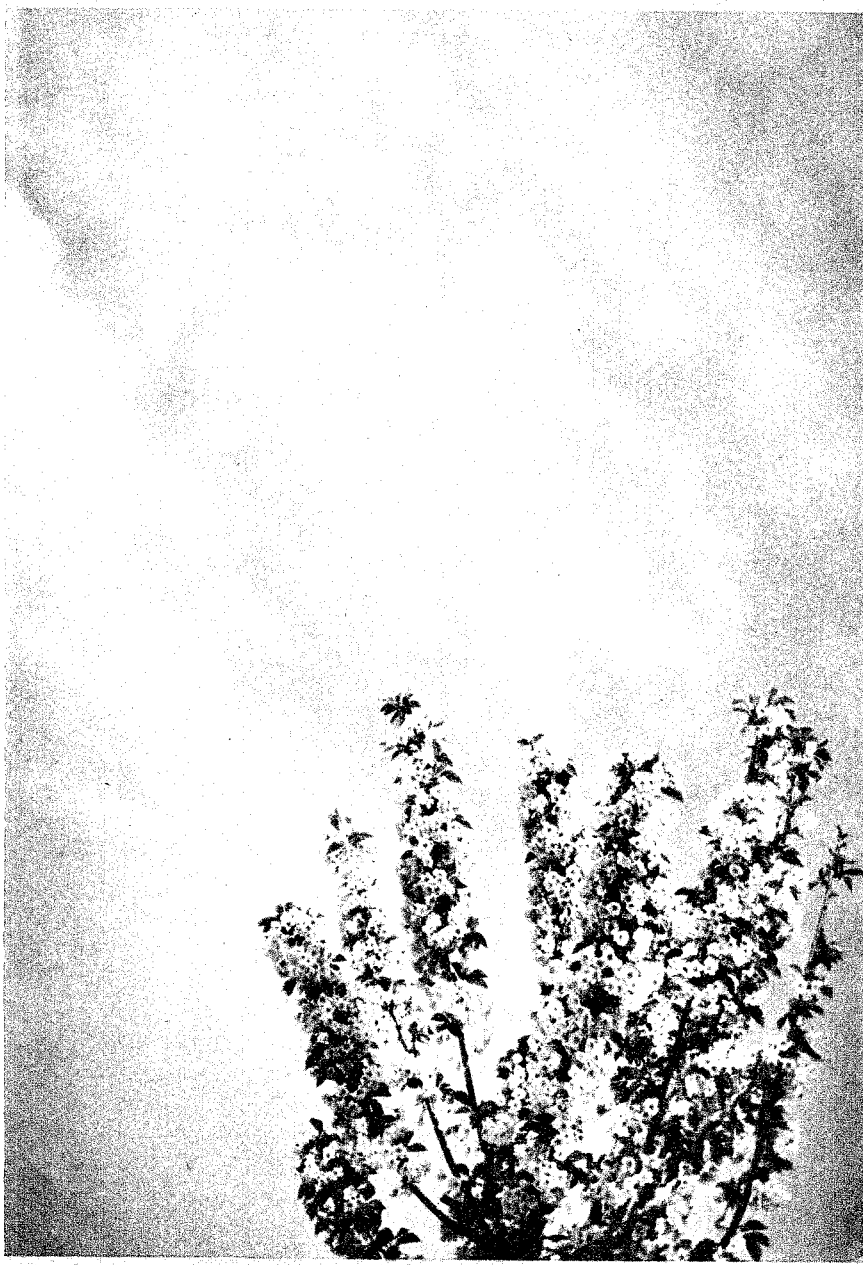

Welcome Sweet Springtime

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TANA HOBAN

April 1945

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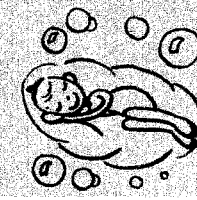
Pipedream



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MEAD-MADDICK

May 1945

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On Wings of Song

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ROY PINNEY

June 1945

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Butter and Egg Man

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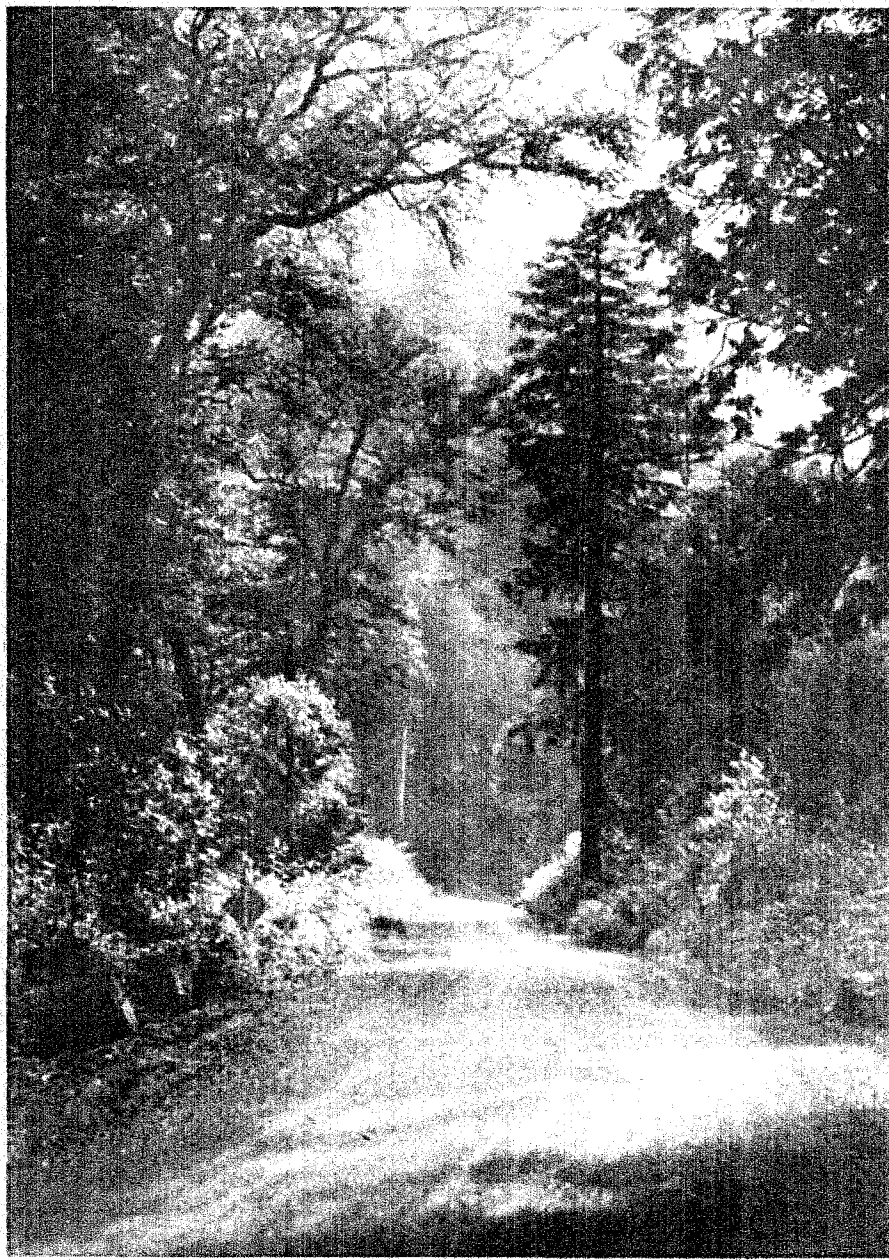

Long Trail A'Winding

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SHINEY WRIGHT

July 1945

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Hugfest

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MEAD-MADDICK

August 1945

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The Big Inch

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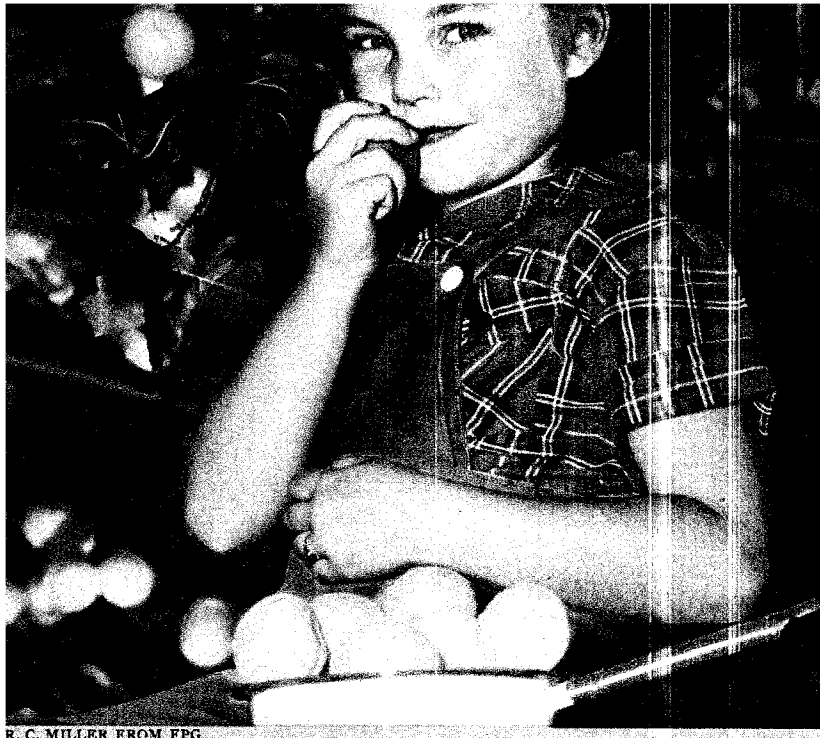

R. C. MILLER FROM FPG

September 1945

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Taste Test

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When the Frost Is on the Punkin

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JUNE FAUBELL

October 1945

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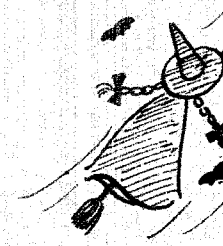
Surprise Pack



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JUNE FAUBELL

November 1945

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A Coach for Cinderella

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ARDEAN MILLER III

December 1945

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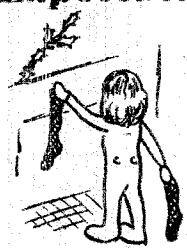
Great Expectati



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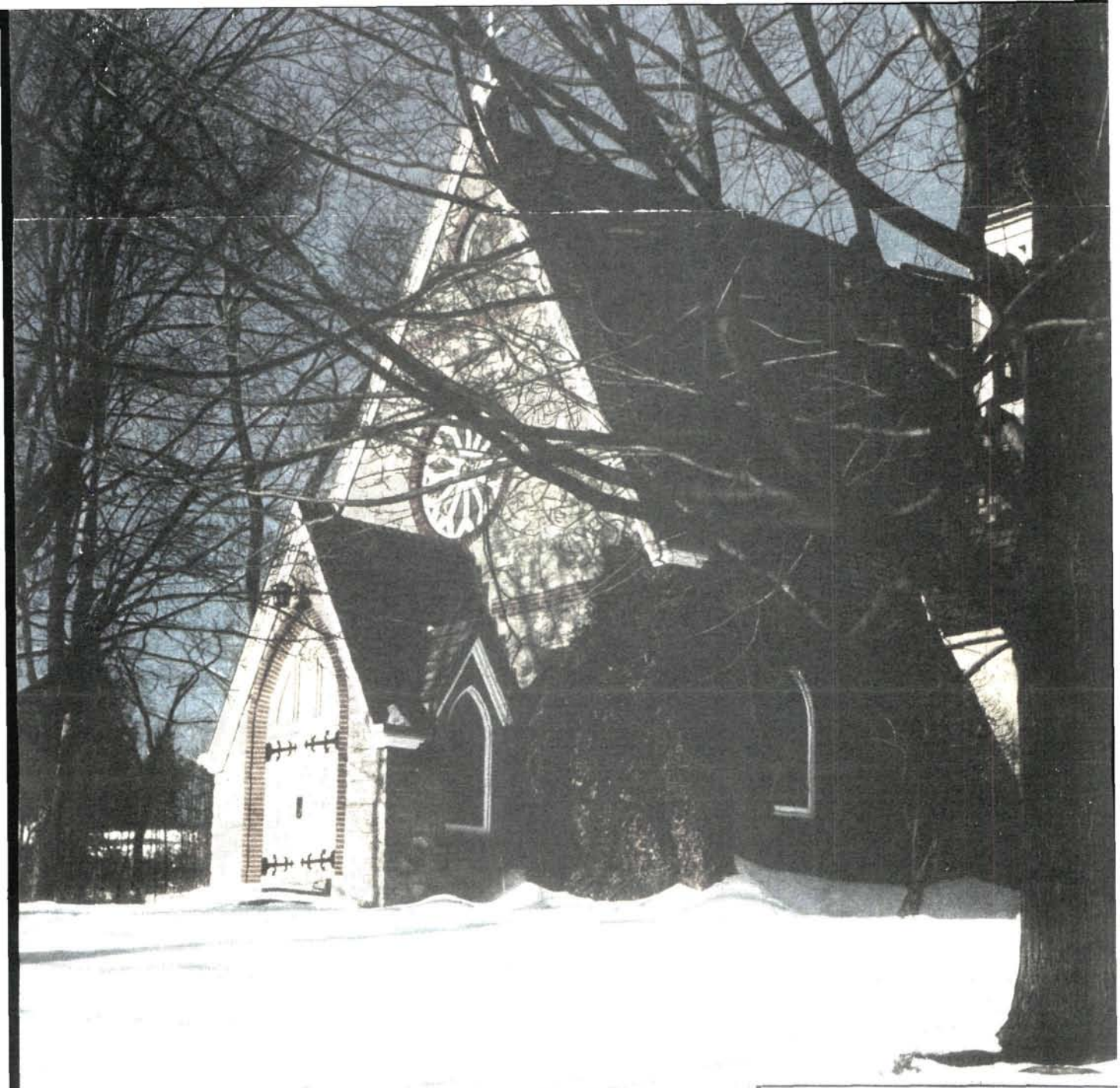

Church in the Wildwood

Whether it be a glorious cathedral, built with the creative effort of a thousand human hands and souls, or a humble country edifice whose spire dominates an American landscape, the church remains for us all the symbol of the highest association man has ever known. When its principles operate among humankind, understanding, tolerance and comity can only result. Let us, with the beginning of the new year, remember anew that in churches like this one—of every faith and creed—lies the true hope for the unification of mankind.—Dr. Preston Bradley

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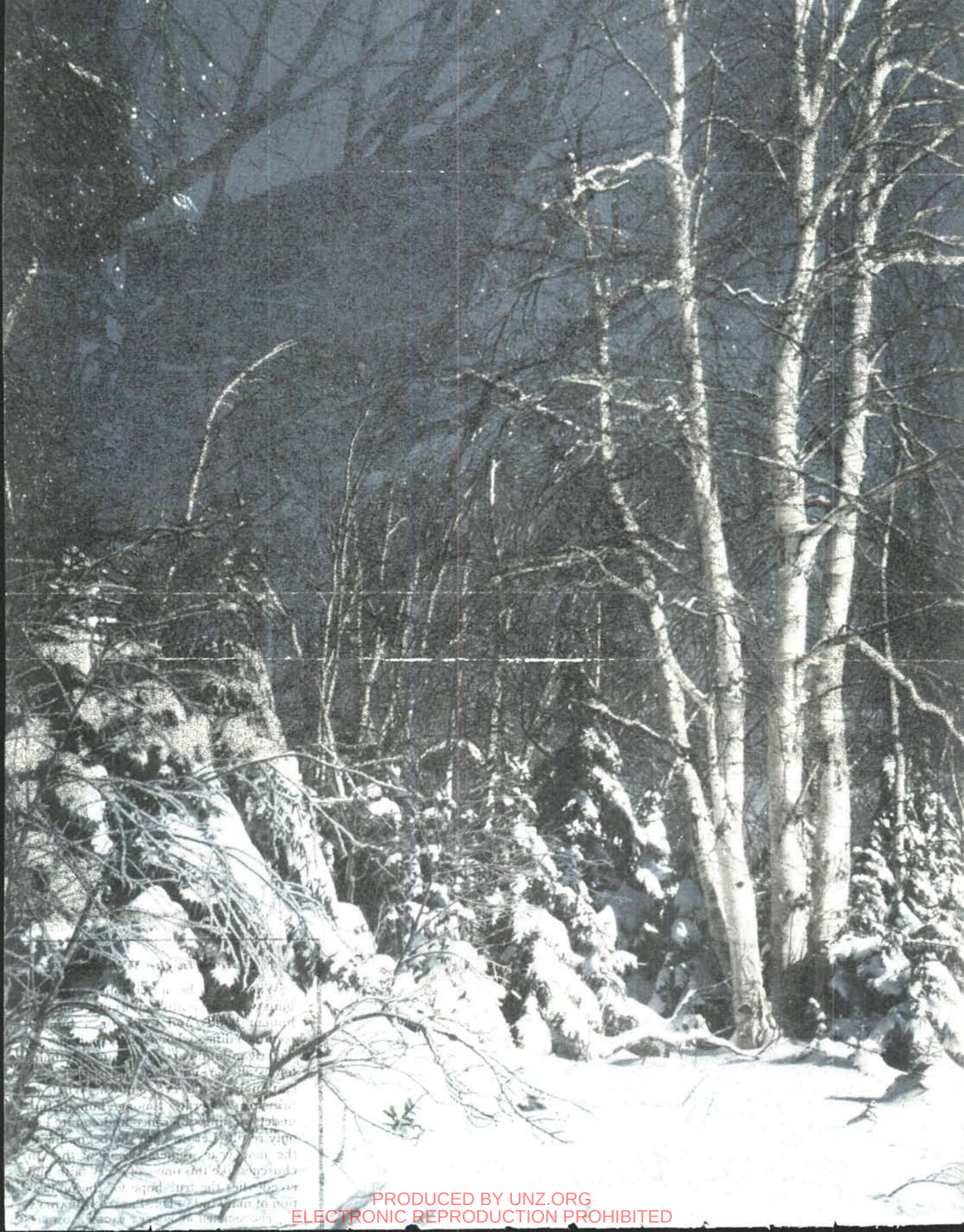

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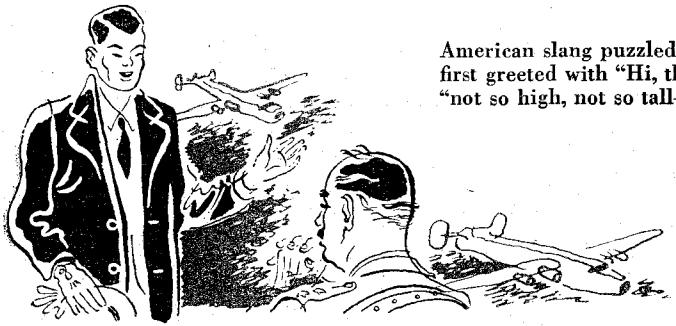

American slang puzzled Hu Seng-chiu. When first greeted with "Hi, there," he replied, "not so high, not so tall—but am growing"

Who Sent You?

by CARL GLICK

ONE DAY IN May, 1943, a telephone rang in the office of General Henry Arnold in Washington, D.C. When it was answered a voice said, "This is Dr. Hu Seng-chiu of China speaking from the Chinese Embassy. Would General Arnold honor me with an interview? I should like to discuss with him a plan I have in mind."

Who was Dr. Hu Seng-chiu of China? Nobody at the War Department knew. He was told General Arnold was out of town. But Dr. Hu said some other General would do just as well. An appointment was made. When Dr. Hu arrived, the officer who received him was annoyed. He had expected a man of mature years, solemn, dignified, and carrying a briefcase stuffed with papers. What he saw was a small, energetic, smiling 25-year-old youth. His plan—on three pages of paper—was carried in his pocket.

DR. HU had arrived in this country from China during the winter of 1939. He was wearing his Chinese student clothes—black silk jacket and trousers a trifle too short. He lugged a small but heavy suitcase containing all his possessions—mostly books. But the important thing he carried with him was an idea tucked away in the back of his mind. It was, as he called it, "My youthful dream."

He crossed the continent by bus rather than by train, because by bus he could see America at first hand, could get to know people in the various "provinces" along the way. Confucius advised that, when in a foreign country, one should study the customs of the people,

Snowbound

Winter, the great scene-shifter, came silently in the night to transfigure this lonely thicket into a glistening wonderland. The sturdy evergreen bends low under a mantle of white. Stark branches are softened by a velvet coat of snow. And a cool, deep blanket hides the scars of the earth. For a few hours perfection is unmarred. Then the venturesome rabbit hops out to lay his tracks. Or the hunter churns a path through the drifts. There was no holding the photographer when this scene loomed before him. Despite the cold, he stopped and looked and snapped.

KODACHROME BY JOHN KABEL

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and then go do likewise. Hu expected to be in this country for several years. So to make life easier, not only for himself but also for the friends he would make, he intended politely to "do likewise." But first he must know the temper of the people; in the meantime he would observe and remain silent. It was the best way to learn.

Then, too, he was having difficulties in understanding English as it was spoken in America. He had studied English at school in China, and had learned to speak it with textbook precision. Already he was hearing words he hadn't known before. In his hand he carried a dictionary and a small notebook. Every time he overheard a new American word he jotted it down.

"Hi, there," said the man seated next him in the bus.

"Not so high—not so tall," Hu responded pleasantly, "but am growing. I humbly apologize for being only 21 years old." Then he politely asked his fellow traveler what the word "hi" meant—and wrote it down in his notebook.

The man asked him his name.

Hu responded with a smile "Who?"

"No—your name."

Again the smiling reply, "Who?"

This could have gone on indefinitely if he hadn't quickly confessed, "Who—spelled H-U."

"Oh—you who?"

"Hu—me!" he replied, laughing and enjoying the joke. Then he explained it was so much easier to pronounce his name as "Who" with a question mark than give it the correct but more difficult Chinese inflection. When the man asked him where he was going, Hu replied to Troy, New York, to enter Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute to work for his Master of Science degree in engineering.

Hu received with honors his M.S. degree at Rensselaer in the spring of 1940. That summer he worked at General Electric in Schenectady. The Mohawk Drama Festival was in progress at Union College, and the library was open. The campus was flooded with future glamour boys and girls of the theatre, hammering out careers for themselves and asking everybody who would listen as to the best way to succeed and the short cuts to stardom. Not many of them paid much attention to this shy, quiet, unobtrusive Chinese youth who spent every moment of his spare time at the library reading technical books in French and German.

He rarely talked about himself. He was too busy that summer. Yet he did tell me of his ambition.

"I have a youthful dream," he said. "Russia once had a Five-Year Plan. I have what I call 'Hu's Lifetime Plan.' I shall proceed carefully and cautiously, step by step. I humbly apologize for my lack of speed, but it is the Chinese way to move slowly. Someday, when I have learned more, have had more experience, and am older, then perhaps I shall be able to make my dream come true.

"I was in Shanghai during the bombings. Had China been prepared, perhaps Japan would have thought twice before attacking my country. I want to devote my life to seeing that next time Japan thinks twice. I want to build airplanes for China!"

His first step, as he planned it,

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was to obtain an education. The next was to gain practical experience. In the fall of 1940 he entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he obtained his Doctor of Science degree. Then came various positions in factories in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and California.

In the spring of 1944, Dr. Hu came to see me. No longer was he the shy, inquiring, diffident youngster I had known in Schenectady. Smartly tailored, smiling, and self-assured, he was a confident young man. Having decided what he wanted, he was going out after it in the American manner.

"I have just been in Washington talking with the State Department," he said, to my surprise. "Do you remember some years ago I told you my youthful dream? I have come to apologize. I have changed my mind. Everybody in America, so I have observed, moves fast and never waits. So I have decided to stop progressing slowly in my Chinese way, and move fast and not wait, either. Why wait until I am an old man to build airplanes for China in China? Why not build them now—right here in the United States?

"On paper I have organized an aircraft company, with myself as founder, director, vice-president, and chief engineer. I am too young to be president. That position I shall leave open for someone of mature judgment and authority."

So on paper he wrote down exactly what he wanted. Of course there would be objections to his plan. He anticipated that. But the answers he carried in his head.

"Much better that way," he said. "Should someone say my plan won't work 'because,'—I can reply that it will work, 'because!' I have spent more time to date thinking than doing. Now I am busy doing —but also thinking."

The preliminary plan Dr. Hu submitted to Mme. Chiang Kai-shek when she was in Los Angeles in March of 1943. Being a gracious lady she nodded her approval and gave him her blessing. With this encouragement Dr. Hu showed the plan to Mr. Donald W. Douglas of the Douglas Aircraft Company. He studied it carefully, and willingly offered his whole-hearted support.

So Dr. Hu resigned from his position, drew his savings from the bank, and boarded a plane for Washington. At the Chinese Embassy he talked with all the important representatives of the Chinese Government.

"Everybody was most friendly," Dr. Hu told me. "They were pleased when I said that Mme. Chiang Kai-shek and Mr. Douglas liked my idea. They all told me to go forward. So I became—as it is said in slang—very forward."

IT WAS AFTER his talk at the Chinese Embassy that Dr. Hu phoned the War Department. The officer with whom he talked at this first meeting was so impressed that shortly afterwards Dr. Hu sat in conference with five generals and admirals. Other conferences followed, and then it was Dr. Hu came up against that vague American word, "If." He was told support would be given him—"If" he could succeed in raising within two weeks the necessary initial capital —150 thousand dollars. "It was

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my most dubious moment," said Dr. Hu.

But he took the next plane to San Francisco and talked with some leaders of the Chinese community. To convince them he meant business, he chartered a plane—he still had some of his savings left—and took them all to Los Angeles to meet Mr. Douglas. They looked around the Douglas plant, went on back home, and raised the money needed. On August 11th, the China Aircraft Corporation, financed wholly by Chinese capital, was legally incorporated under the laws of California.

Then Dr. Hu met a new stumbling block. The plan was to use primarily Chinese workers. From over a thousand applicants, 200 young Chinese were selected. They were organized into a self-governed China Aircraft Student Club. But could they be employed? Government regulations said, "No." So back to Washington flew Dr. Hu. He visited and conferred with practically every governmental agency from the War Manpower Commission to the State Department. He pointed out that these Chinese were not engaged in essential industry at the moment—and why not?

As he said, "I was very forward. I told them I was small Dr. Hu Seng-chiu of China wanting to discuss with them a big idea. I finally obtained permission for my project from some 15 governmental agencies. I have made nine trans-continental trips, and have traveled by plane over 100 thousand miles. For my hotel room in Washington I paid 10 dollars a day. It was quite an extravagance when I remember the two dollars a week I spent for my living quarters that summer in Schenectady. I spent all my bank savings, too. But my youthful dream is no longer an idea in the back of my head. It is even more than a plan on paper."

In May of 1944, he reported to General Arnold that ground had been broken for the plant in San Francisco, and soon airplanes for China would be forthcoming. Last June he received a cablegram of congratulations from Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

In July, the construction of China Aircraft's new plant in San Francisco was completed. Seven days later, production was started. And on September 3rd the first unit was turned out, three weeks ahead of Army required production schedule.

"But my work has just started—and I still have my troubles," says Dr. Hu. "Now and then people have difficulty in pronouncing my name, Hu Seng-chiu. I say it sounds like, 'Who sent you?'—and then I smile and add, 'Nobody—I came myself!' "

Man of Parts

A NEWSPAPERMAN interviewed an Hungarian premier and asked whether his government were pro-German or pro-Ally. "Well," countered the premier, "one group of my ministers and I are pro-German. The other group of ministers and I are pro-Ally."

—ANDREW KIRK

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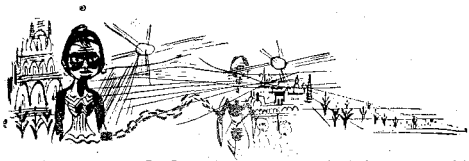

India's wise men were baffled by the strange memory of a nine-year-old child

The Girl Who Lived Twice

by ISABEL MANNING HEWSON

EDITORS' NOTE: *Though presented simply and solely for its entertainment value, this strange tale encountered by Isabel Manning Hewson in her research for radio material is based on documentary material, purportedly factual. It is not presented as an original composition, but only as the retelling of an unusual "source story."*

THERE WAS NO family celebration when Shanti Devi was born. This unexciting event took place in 1926, in Delhi, India, and to her parents Shanti was just another girl in the world and of no particular importance.

Soon, however, they began to notice something odd about her behavior. Shanti Devi seemed puzzled by the persons and things around her, as though she could not quite accept them as real.

It was when she began to talk that her parents really started to worry. For she spoke often of a place called Muttra where she said she'd once lived. In fact, Shanti insisted she had been on earth in another life not long before. As the girl grew older, she began to recall more and more details about her earlier existence, even to remembering her name, which she claimed was Ludgi.

At the age of nine, Shanti informed her half-frantic father and mother that she had been married in her past life and had borne three children.

She even recalled their names and the color of their eyes and hair.

One evening, Shanti and her mother were preparing the night meal when someone knocked at the door. The little girl ran to open it. She was gone quite some time and her mother began to wonder what was keeping her. Apprehensive, she went to see and found Shanti standing in the doorway staring at a man on the steps.

"What does he want, Shanti?" the woman asked.

"I don't know, Mother. I don't know what he wants, but he is a cousin of my husband. He lived in the town of Muttra, too."

Upset and not knowing how the stranger would react, the mother sent her daughter back to the kitchen and began to talk with the caller. To her increasing bewilderment, she found out that the man *had* come from Muttra to see Shanti's father on business. And though he did not recognize Shanti, he did have a cousin there whose wife had died in childbirth. Her name had been Ludgi, and she'd been dead about 10 years.

Hesitantly the harassed mother told the stranger about her daughter's queer statements. He agreed to get his cousin to come to Delhi and see if Shanti would recognize him. He added that the man's three children were alive and well.

Not a word of the plan was told to Shanti. The arrangement was

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for the cousin and children to come at a time when the girl and her parents would be home. Shanti was to answer the knock.

The scheme was carried out without a hitch. Shanti went to the door, took one look at the man and threw herself into his arms crying, "My husband has come back to me."

She didn't recognize the children, but recalled that she'd died when her third child was born.

Amazed and distracted, the man from Muttra and the parents consulted a priest and an eminent doctor. News of the story got around, and so much interest was stirred up in the city of Delhi that a special committee of scientists was appointed to work out an exacting test to determine whether Shanti really was the reincarnation of Ludgi.

It was decided to take the girl to Muttra to see if she would recognize her former home. Word of the expected visit traveled ahead of her, and a large crowd collected at the station.

As the train pulled in, Shanti recognized her "husband's" brother and his mother. She waved and ran up to them after she jumped off the train, greeting them in a colloquial Muttra dialect. In Delhi she had spoken only Hindustani.

To continue the test, Shanti was blindfolded and put into a carriage. The driver was instructed to go only where the child directed.

"We'll go to my old home," she said, and began to describe the route he had to follow, the buildings and temples they would pass. She guided him each turn of the way, directing him to stop when he reached a certain narrow lane. She seemed to know when they had arrived for she said, "This is the place where I once lived. This is my home."

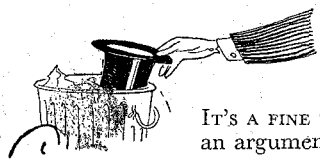
The blindfold was unfastened, and Shanti saw the old man who sat smoking outside the house. "That is my father-in-law," she declared.

The scientists considered Shanti's case from every angle. They consulted the man whom the girl claimed as her husband. He said he didn't know what he could possibly do about her. She didn't look like his former wife, but she did have the same voice, character, and mannerisms.

"If it's true that she is the reincarnation of Ludgi, then Shanti Devi, nine years old, is in a way the mother of my children who are older than she is," he concluded helplessly.

The investigators were cautious in their statements, but they, too, were baffled about what could be done with Shanti. The final arrangement was to do nothing, but to leave the girl with her parents.

Since then Shanti Devi has disappeared from public attention. It has been rumored that she is now serving in the household of one of the great leaders of India.



IT'S A FINE THING to be a gentleman, but it's a handicap in an argument. —*Golden Gate Guardian*

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God's Men at War

by CORP. MURRAY T. BLOOM

"GREATER LOVE HATH no man than" our fighting Army chaplains. Of the 7,405 now on duty with the armed forces, the War Department reports: Killed in battle, 33; deaths from accident and illness, 44; wounded in battle, 48; detained by the enemy, 34.

They've crawled in the bullet-splattered mud of no-man's land to reach some dying soldier. They have fashioned communion cups from seashells. Or heard confessions in jeeps from pilots racing to their planes.

"Go tell it to the chaplain" is the advice you're bound to get in the Army when your woes flood the foxhole. And hundreds of thousands of men have told it to chaplains like the following distinguished four.

Albert J. Hoffmann

Most people think of chaplains as morale officers, as the men who fill out reports and hand out Bibles and comfort sick soldiers or tell a funny Irish story at the Battery's last party just before leaving for a POE (port of embarkation). Chaplains do all these things, but there are times when they go far beyond these accepted duties.

Such is the case of Chaplain Albert J. Hoffmann. This 35-year-old Catholic priest from Dubuque, Iowa, is the most decorated U. S. chaplain of the second World War. He has been awarded the Silver Star, the Purple Heart and the Distinguished Service Cross.

"The fellows wounded at the front, perhaps lying for hours before help reaches them," says Father Hoffmann, "are the ones who especially need a chaplain. There is nothing more terrifying than the feeling of lying alone, lost and helpless. Those men I have made my particular concern."

At Cassino his ready help made things easier for the weary, embattled men of the 34th Division. A young corporal had this to say of the chaplain in action during the taking of a bitterly contested hill:

"One of the fellows ahead got hit. We could hear him moaning. Two medics tried to reach him, but they couldn't because of the enemy machine-gun fire raking the area. The poor guy kept calling. Two other medics tried to take a stab at it, but they couldn't reach him either. Then Father Hoffmann got up. He calmly walked up there through the hail of bullets and, in a little while, he came back carrying the wounded man."

In combat, explains Chaplain Hoffmann, heroism is commonplace. He forgot to mention he made the rescue with an injured leg. A few days later it had to be amputated.

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Frederick P. Gehring

Chaplain Frederick P. Gehring did battle with the Japanese Army when most people still thought of it as an animated Gilbert and Sullivan operetta prop. He was head of a Catholic mission in China's strife-torn province of Kiang Si and, after years of bluffing Japs and outwitting bandits, he was destined for a tough assignment from the Corps of Chaplains. He got it.

For a long, long time Father Gehring was the only chaplain on the bloody island of Guadalcanal.

Somewhere, somehow—in that steaming, primitive jungle isle—he managed to find athletic equipment, movies, playing cards and thousands of the ever-popular comic books which circulated until they disintegrated. He even managed to get enough paper to start a mimeographed newspaper.

But he worked a minor miracle when he found candles for a Midnight Mass on one memorable Christmas Eve. Seven hundred marines and sailors came through dangerous, Jap-infested jungles to attend the service in the chaplain's big tent. Sergeant Barney Ross, a Jewish boy who used to be handy with boxing gloves, played the portable reed organ. When an enemy plane flew over and dropped bombs, not a single man stirred.

On Christmas Day the handsome, 41-year-old Padre from Brooklyn, New York, pulled a red sock over his steel helmet and played Santa Claus.

Chaplain Gehring fittingly wears the Navy and Marine Corps Medal and the Legion of Merit Award. When the saga of Guadalcanal becomes a passage in history, he will still be remembered as "The Chaplain of Guadalcanal."

Alexander D. Goode

Weeks after the icy waters of the North Atlantic had swirled over the wounded troop transport *Dorchester* on that fatal day in 1943, it appeared there had been four chaplains aboard—two Protestants, a Catholic and a Jew. After the torpedo had struck, they helped to quiet panic-stricken men. They led them toward lifeboats and they helped them to adjust their life-jackets. When four turned up without lifebelts, the chaplains turned over theirs.

They stood on deck and watched the last lifeboat slosh away. Then they joined hands and prayed for the safety of the men in the freezing, storm-tossed waters. Together they gave up their lives 90 miles off the coast of Greenland so that four enlisted men might live to fight another day.

Alexander D. Goode, first Jewish chaplain to die in service, was one of them.

A rescued Coast Guardsman remembers seeing him standing at the rail, seconds before the transport slipped under, his head bowed in prayer. It was the last time anyone saw the 31-year-old rabbi from Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Masao Yamada

Masao Yamada, like most of the soldiers in the Japanese-American battalions fighting in Italy, grew up in a strange twilight world—a world suspended between two vastly different cultures. He was born in Hawaii 37 years ago. His parents, pious Buddhists, had come to Hawaii to work on a sugar plantation. When Masao became a Christian, his mother wept for a week.

In 1935 he made his first visit to Japan to see and talk to Kagawa, the great Japanese Christian leader. While there he witnessed the military revolt in Tokyo in which leading liberals and moderates were brutally assassinated by a group of Army officers intent upon war. In his heart, Masao Yamada knew it was a grim preview of tomorrow.

Right after Pearl Harbor this pastor of a Hawaiian Congregational Church volunteered for Army duty. He is with the 442nd Combat Team. As chaplain, he spoke for these hard-fighting Americans of Japanese ancestry when he said:

"Together we sincerely desire to do our part for victory.

"To us it means more than victory over our foes; it means our first sacrificial offering for the land that we love."

Practical Prayers

BOB HOPE RELAYS the story about the gentleman who asked his Negro man, "Do you believe in prayer?"

"Yes, Sir," was the quick reply.

"Do you say your prayers every day?"

"Yes, Sir, I certainly do."

"Well, Joe, does God answer all your prayers?"

"Yes, Sir," said Joe emphatically. "He answers them all—one way or another."

—IRVING HOFFMAN

TWO OLD MAID SISTERS had lived for years in hopes of getting a husband. Each night they prayed for the Lord to send them a man. In desperation, one night the eldest sister decided to vary her prayer.

"Dear God," she pleaded, "please send my sister a brother-in-law."

—*Belvoir Castle*

THERE'S SOMETHING of his grandfather in Lloyd George's small grandson. At least he showed marked efficiency by dispensing with any wasted effort during his prayers one evening.

He had been heard to include all the members of the family with the exception of his grandfather. When the boy had finished, his nurse queried him reproachfully.

"Oh that's all right," exclaimed the lad. "You see Grand-dad is clever. He can speak for himself."

—KRISHNA SHRINIVASA

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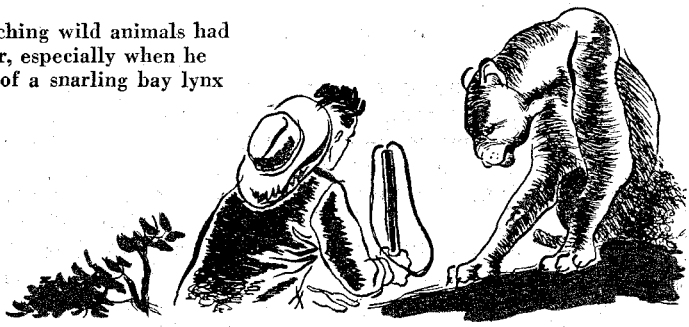
Jiggs' method for catching wild animals had the experts in a dither, especially when he crawled into the lair of a snarling bay lynx



Wildcats on Short Order

by VANCE HOYT

FIRST THING we saw of Jiggs was the Texas hat above the burros' ears. Then, as they came up the rise, we saw a cowboy driving a pair of burros pulling a ramshackle buckboard. Mighty queer outfit for a cowboy. Three mongrel dogs were snoozing on the camp gear lashed on the buckboard. The rest of the pack was straggling behind.

When he got up to our camp he unhooked the burros and turned them loose. Then he walked over to us. He was medium height, lean and tough looking. He had on tight jean pants tucked into half-top, high-heel boots. Only thing that didn't look like a rider was his leather jacket, all ripped and slit as if by claws. He sized us up, picked me out and said, "I come to ketch your animals for you."

We looked him over without much hope. An entrance with a lot of professional bluff didn't impress us. On the other hand, if he were any good, we could use him.

We had been having no luck. The motion picture company we were with had sent us out to bring in a lot of native wild animals for a series of scenes in a production. Our outfit was good and Bill, the animal man, was an expert in transporting animals but we weren't getting any in our traps.

"Name's Jiggs," he said. "Never mind no front name. It's just Jiggs —that's all."

"Ever catch any wild animals?"

"That's my business."

"Have you ever been in Hollywood?" asked Bill.

"Been there awhile."

"Did anybody send you after us?" I queried.

"Nary one. I just heerd about the job."

"Well, Jiggs," I said. "Maybe you're hired. This is the proposition. We need a bunch of animals—raccoons, bobcats, cougar, bear and deer. They've got to be alive and unhurt."

I noticed that Jiggs didn't change expression at the mention of cougar and bears. "How are you going to get any?" said Bill. "You don't seem to have any equipment."

Jiggs walked over to the buckboard, felt under the load and came back with a piece of iron pipe about

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three feet long. A doubled length of half-inch braided line was run through the pipe with a loop hanging out of one end and the loose ends of the line hanging out of the other. "This hyar is the come-along I use," he said. "What do I start on?"

I had seen a snare like this used for catching snakes but I couldn't imagine a man holding a mountain lion with it. "As long as you have followed us two hundred miles with those burros we'll give you a chance," I said. "We'll see if you can take a coon with that tackle."

THAT NIGHT we had a good moon. Jiggs left his other dogs in camp and took his coon hound. The dog knew his work. In an hour he treed one of the largest boar raccoons I have ever seen.

"Want us to chop down the tree?" I asked.

"Get your cage," said Jiggs.

The driver and Bill came back with a litter crate. Jiggs started to shin up the tree with the pipe hanging from his belt.

When he got within reach of the coon Jiggs began to talk to him, at the same time easing the pipe along the limb. The coon slashed at it and Jiggs kept on talking until the coon lost interest. Then the loop was over his head. Jiggs took his time until the coon stopped fighting and then he backed down the tree, the coon following headfirst. It all seemed very easy, but I knew that it took a lot of nerve and technique to take a 30-pound boar raccoon out of a tree.

Then, coming in, we ran a bobcat under a blowdown.

I didn't want Jiggs to monkey with it. A bay lynx is a terror.

"I reckon I know how to do it, Doc," said Jiggs. In a minute he was crawling in on his hands and knees right for the cornered, spitting cat. Then, with a scream, the cat sprang at the man's face. Jiggs was ready and the bobcat leaped right into the loop. But it wasn't a good hold. The cat was so quick that the loop didn't get him around the neck. It caught around his body.

The woods resounded with yowls as the lynx slashed with its fore claws. Jiggs was raked but he held on and backed into the open. Bill got a heavy canvas bag to pull over the demon of fangs and claws. We soused Jiggs with antiseptic. But he only cursed because he had not caught the cat by the neck.

Within a few nights we had all the small actors that we wanted. Cougar, deer and bear were what we needed most. All Jiggs said was, "Okay. Let's go."

We decided to try for cougar first. Our guide knew of a good covert on the desert side of the Sierra Nevada range. W loaded a truck with cages and Jiggs took his entire pack of dogs.

On the first day the pack found a trail and we took off after them on foot down a canyon. After an hour of killing scramble over rocks and through underbrush, we found the dogs were milling around an oak tree and above them on a high limb was a good-sized tom cougar.

I had doubted that Jiggs would go up a tree after a full grown mountain lion. We were thinking about how to get the animal down and get ropes on him.

"Take it easy, Jiggs," I said.

"Keep yore shirt on, Doc," he

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replied. "This ain't the first sly paw I've took."

For this work he had a six-foot pipe. As Jiggs came up to the crotch of the limb the lion raised its head and faced him. Jiggs wrapped his legs around the limb and squirmed out on it, sliding the tackle ahead of him. Then he began talking to the snarling beast in a low, reassuring voice, inching nearer as he did so. He took his time as he tried to ease the noose over its head and the cougar knocked it away.

But the Texan kept trying. Presently he yelled at us: "Look out below, hyar we come!"

The big cat had become accustomed to the noose dangling in front of his nose, his attention was centered on the furious dog pack; when, suddenly, Jiggs flipped the loop over his head. The limb swayed and creaked as the frenzied cougar fought to release itself and squalled terrifically.

Again Jiggs yelled a warning. With a scream, the cougar leaped into the air and a cursing, spitting whirlwind of man and lion struck the ground.

How that cowboy landed upright on stilted boots without fracturing a bone, remains a mystery to me. Furthermore, he still had the 125 pounds of cat by the neck. We hog-tied the cougar's paws. With a long sapling between its trussed legs we carried the beast into camp.

THAT WEEK Jiggs took five full-grown cougars and a brace of kits.

On our return we went after deer. We set out at noon on a warm day when deer lie around in the brush. They wind quickly in the sun, so after a short run the dogs brought to bay a five-point buck.

"Whatever you do, don't damage his antlers," I warned.

With my advice I must have irritated Jiggs as he wore on my own nerves with his imperturbable recklessness. He tossed the come-along in my direction and advanced barehanded on the fiery-eyed buck.

"Yuh want some mule prongs, do yuh, boss?" he flung angrily over his shoulder.

"He'll spike you!" I yelled.

"I'll be doggone ef he does!" Jiggs leaped and came down between the uprights. He locked his spindly legs around the deer's muzzle, and his arms around its neck.

With neck swollen as big as a bull's, the bellowing buck went into the air, tossed the Texan up and down and swung him sideways. Still the deer-buster hung on.

Then the buck started to run. He went on a rampage for a hundred yards but the weight on his crest was too much. The deer's legs collapsed, and he was "bull-dogged" on his side, blatting like a goat.

The day wore on, but not another buck did the dogs flush. Then the old hound picked up the scent of a full grown bear, as we saw by the tracks. We needed a big bear but I was worried.

Jiggs had done a bit of bragging about bears he'd captured with his tackle. Still I didn't believe that any man could subdue a full grown bear with a come-along, and if this should prove to be a cinnamon we'd better be ready to shoot.

It wasn't long until we came up to the dogs, milling before a hole among some rocks. Bear smell was everywhere. Jiggs sat down and held one hand over his eyes to

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dilate their pupils. Presently he said: "Okay, I'm goin' in now."

"Wait a minute," I called. "Maybe the dam's in there."

Jiggs was impatient. "Wal, Doc, I reckon I still know what I'm doin'. Them's the old lady's tracks on the way out." He vanished into the hole.

With a startled *woof*, a cub, twice the size of a dog, came humping out of the cave, the howling pack hanging onto its rump.

Then I heard Jiggs yelling, "I got 'im—I got 'im!" and all hell broke loose in the darkness. Presently Jiggs came backing out of the den dragging as mean a bear cub as ever waddled.

But that was as far as the capture went. A crash in the undergrowth, and with a terrifying roar, a she-bear, seemingly as big as a grizzly, bore down upon us. It was the dam—and she was a cinnamon!

Bill and I both had our rifles up but Jiggs yelled, "Don't shoot! I'll git her!" He released the cub, and flipping open the cable loop, cast it over the charging dam's head, at the same time skewing to one side.

The old dam seemed to go slavering mad. She slashed out with her powerful arms and deadly claws. But the Texan hung on at the end of the six-foot pipe, just beyond her reach.

In her fury, the big bear roared and charged, striving to release herself or reach her tormenter with eviscerating hooks. Half the time Jiggs was off the ground; but he kept yelling: "Don't shoot! Don't shoot! I've got her!"

I kept angling for a shot. But things were happening too fast for gunplay. The infuriated dam was lightning. The dogs were on her like flies but she fought the pack and their master viciously.

Then catching the iron pipe in her forepaws, she began to whirl around on her hind legs like a dancing bear. Jiggs left the ground and, zooming, through space, crashed into a tree. He went limp.

That was the end. The bear was free, and Bill and I let her have it.

Later, when I got the Texan to breathing again he blamed us for killing her. To this day, he contends that she is the only wild animal he has ever failed to capture with his come-along.

Caught in the Act

FOR FIVE YEARS the manager of the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra had been trying to persuade a friend of his to attend a concert. He finally succeeded, and during the intermission stopped by to see how his friend was enjoying the music. The man was not only unimpressed, he was disgusted. "Your musicians are a bad lot," he said. "They're not earning the money you pay them. When the conductor is looking at them, they work hard and play for all they're worth. But the moment he turns his back and directs the other side, the chiselers lay down their instruments and don't play another note until he turns around again." —HERMAN B. FISHER

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Here's a packet of laugh-tested stories to bring the New Year in on a smile

Grin and Share It

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THREE TIMES the enthusiastic patron had made his way to the ticket window to place heavy wagers on Bluebells in the fifth race. On the fourth pilgrimage, an observer tapped the better on the shoulder. "Brother," he said, "it's none of my business, I reckon, but if I was you, I wouldn't be puttin' all that money on Bluebells. He ain't goin' to win no race."

"Yeah?" said the other. "How'd you figure that?"

"Well, if you must know," responded the counselor, "I own Bluebells, an' I'm sure he ain't goin' to win."

"Um-m," was the meditative response. "Well, all I can say is that it's going to be a mighty slow race. I own the other four horses."

—ALBEN W. BARKLEY
Senator from Kentucky

AFTER GIVING the private a dressing down for being so late in returning with the supplies, the sergeant demanded, "Okay, let's hear how it happened, Miller."

"Well, I picked up a chaplain along the road," explained the woebegone rookie,—"and from then on the mules couldn't understand a word I said."

—A/C LAWRENCE W. KEEFE
Waco, Tex.

TO REACH THE streets the sailor on shore leave had to pass the dockyard gates where a Customs officer was on duty to make sure that nothing was smuggled ashore. Approaching the officer, the gob said politely, "Will it be all right for me to bring some tobacco ashore tomorrow?"

"If you try to bring more than regulations allow," said the officer grimly, "you'll be arrested."

The sailor thanked him and went on. Next day he appeared again, and upon passing through the gates was stopped by the Customs official who demanded, "Where's the tobacco?"

The sailor grinned broadly. "I brought it ashore yesterday."

—ALEC GARD
Newport News, Va.

A RANCHMAN living alone in deep Wyoming claims to have the smartest horse in the world. "Here awhile back," he recalled, "I slipped and broke a laig. And do you know what that horse done?"

"Tucked you in bed, no doubt," hazarded a dude. "Then applied the anesthetic and set the splints."

"Well," said the rancher, "he drug me t' my bunk, and then ran five miles to fetch a doctor. But I got to admit though, he did slip a mite. He fetched back a *horse* doctor!"

—GERTRUDE BAYNE
New York, N. Y.

BROUGHT BEFORE a Florida judge on the charge of stealing a hog, the old colored man was counseled by his lawyer to plead guilty. The case against him was airtight and the attorney hoped that the guilty plea might lead the judge to impose a mild sentence.

On the contrary, the magistrate sentenced the man to five years in the state penitentiary. "Is there anything you'd like to say?" asked the judge after he had given the sentence.

Shifting from one foot to the other, the old Negro mumbled, "I reckon not,

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Judge, Your Honor, unless I might mention that you sure has been powerful liberal with my time."

—Spessard L. Holland
Governor of Florida

Little Mary was heartbroken when her pet canary died. To pacify the child, her father found an empty cigar box for the canary, and with much ceremony assisted in burying it in the garden. After the funeral, Mary whispered:

"Dad, do you think my canary will go to heaven?"

"I believe he will," replied the father. "Why do you ask?"

"I was only thinking," murmured the youngster, "how cross Saint Peter will be when he opens the box and finds there aren't any cigars in it."

—Carl Erbe
New York, N.Y.

The sailor had just finished an ardent proposal of marriage.

"And if I refuse you," asked the girl slyly, "will you kill yourself?"

"Of course," returned the gob. "I always do." —Vivian Estes
Olympia, Wash.

Portuguese farmers on the Pacific Coast near San Francisco were continually being asked to give money for local improvements. One day Louie was approached for a 25-dollar donation to buy a flag for the schoolhouse.

"I no do it," he sputtered. "Last month I give 50 dollar buy fog horn. Fog horn go whooo, whooo. Fog come in anyway."

—Mrs. Spencer L. Butterfield
Las Vegas, Nev.

Retiring after 30 years in the Navy, a barnacle-studded old salt bought a saloon in New York, boarded it up and began to paint and redecorate it. After some weeks had passed, residents of the area gathered outside and knocked on the door. "When are you going to open up?" asked their spokesman. "We'd like to patronize your place."

"Open up!" hollered the old sailor. "I'm never going to open up. I bought this place for myself!"

—Don R. Davidson
Jacksonville, Fla.

Mamie lowered herself into a trolley seat next to a girl she knew. "Well," she commented cheerfully, "I guess the war's getting nearly over."

"How come you think that?" queried the friend.

"'Cause I was an hour and a half late this morning, and the lady up and fired me." —Catherine Parramore
Tallahassee, Fla.

The current motion picture, *Wilson*, recalls a story which the first World War President liked to tell on himself. Sightseeing in Hannibal, Missouri, the birthplace of Mark Twain, he decided to see just how much the novelist was appreciated in his home town. He began by asking an old-timer what he knew about *Tom Sawyer*.

"Never heard of him," was the matter-of-fact reply.

"Surely, then, you know something of *Huckleberry Finn?*" continued President Wilson.

"Nope."

"What about *Pudd'nhead Wilson?*" queried the President.

"Oh, yes," answered the old resident. "I voted for him twice."

—Louise Knight
Lampasas, Tex.

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in Grin and Share It, or in the filler department. Payment of 10 dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: Grin and Share It, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird

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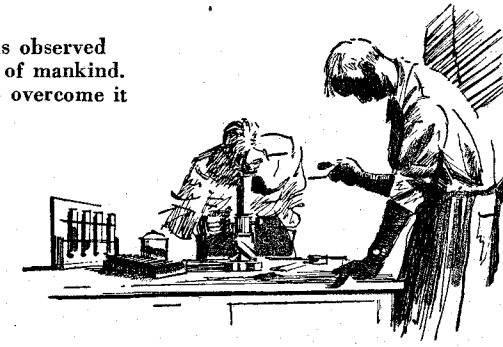
Through the centuries science has observed and waged war against this curse of mankind. Now a weapon has been found to overcome it



The Coming Victory Over Malaria

by CAPTAIN HERMAN O. DRESKIN, M.C.

THE NUMBER ONE enemy of the United Nations fighting men in the Southwest Pacific is not Japan. It is malaria. Round, ribbonlike and crescent-shaped malarial parasites excursioning in human bloodstreams have laid more men low than have Japanese snipers.

The Nipponese were unsuccessful in penetrating our perimeter defense against them, yet malaria made major break-throughs, time and again. The results were disastrous. One of the reasons we lost at Bataan was because most of our men were sickened and weakened from the scourge that has cursed the human race, both in and out of the tropics, for many centuries. There is hope, however. Just as the doom of Japan is inevitable, so is the doom of malaria. Even as you read these words, medical science is, so to speak, island-hopping against the disease and there is ample ground for the belief that the final, crushing offensive will soon be under way.

The basis for the hope that malaria will eventually be annihilated stems from a remarkable discovery by two young Harvard University scientists, announced only last May. They succeeded where even the great Pasteur failed. Ironically enough, some of the beacons that illuminated the way to the Harvard discovery were lighted by the Germans.

In order to appreciate the importance of the Harvard discovery, it is necessary to consider the various hard-won battles that have been part of the long war against malaria. Centuries before the birth of Christ, Hippocrates, the Greek physician, made accurate observations of the ravaging chills, fevers and sweats of the disease which today attacks no less than 20 million persons annually in various parts of the world.

Hippocrates—and several great scientists who followed him—not only failed, however, to find a cure for the plague but was unable to get diagnostically close to the cause. Varro, a medical contemporary of Julius Caesar, hazarded the guess that the disease was caused by tiny animals, invisible to the human eye, but some centuries were to

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pass before his diagnosis could be confirmed by the microscope.

It wasn't until 1638 that the first major victory over malaria was achieved. In that year, as legend has it, the Countess del Chinchón, wife of the Viceroy of Peru, was stricken by alternating freezing chills, scorching fever and wasting sweats. The most learned of Peruvian physicians, summoned to treat the countess, were baffled.

Somebody suggested a potent herb, known to native medicine men and locally renowned for its marvelous therapeutic properties. The medicine men steeped a bitter brew from the bark of a tropical tree. The countess, at the point of death, drank wryly of the acrid potion. Within a few hours the court was agog. The fevered brow of the countess had cooled and she lay refreshed in restful sleep. In a few days she was up and around.

The prominence of the Peruvian malarial victim and the dramatic aspects of her cure combined to give wide circulation to the story of the bitter brew. As a result, the tree that had yielded the curative bark came to be called the cinchona tree, in honor of the countess. Some two hundred years later, chemists purified the cinchona bark and concentrated from it the precious white alkaloid that we now know as quinine—which, until recent years, was the only known cure for malaria.

The long war against malaria has been fought on two fronts—against the mosquito itself and against the parasites after they enter the human system. Swamps and other breeding places of the mosquito have been wiped out and airplanes have been utilized to spray inaccessible marshes.

From the time, three centuries ago, when the Peruvian countess was cured by the bitter brew from the bark of a tree, quinine was the principal weapon against malarial parasites. While it cured millions, thousands continued to die and men of science were constantly searching for a more potent drug.

It was in Germany, in 1924, that three brilliant chemists—Schülemann, Schönhöfer and Wingler—introduced, after many years of futile search for the formula of quinine, a new synthetic drug named plasmochin. While plasmochin did not turn out to be the final magic bullet and while, in truth, it was not even as effective as quinine in many cases, it did have a definite and vital value in that when it didn't kill the parasites it at least rendered them incapable of reproduction.

Two years before Hitler ascended to power, two obscure chemists named Meitzch and Mauss, working in the vast Elberfeld laboratories in Germany, produced a gleaming yellow powder now popularly referred to as atabrine. By December of 1941, when the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor shut the United States off from its principal source of quinine in the Far East, the new atabrine had come into its own. It was at least as effective as quinine in treating malaria and was somewhat better than quinine as a preventive.

The outbreak of the war, with its enormous potential of malaria victims, speeded normal anti-malarial research into frenzied military necessity. Two young soldiers of science

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at Harvard—Robert Woodward and William Doering, whose combined ages were scarcely 54 years—attempted the impossible. They knew that plasmochin and atabrine were similar to quinine. What, then, Woodward and Doering asked themselves, was so impossible about creating synthetic quinine? The fact that the great Pasteur himself had asked this very question and not found the answer was no deterrent to these two bold young invaders into the unknown.

Woodward and Doering found the successful end to their medically-historic quest in coal—common, abundant coal. From the black substance derived from petrified vegetation, they recreated the complicated structure of one of civilization's most valuable drugs and utterly mastered its formula. In so doing, they gave the United Nations a powerful weapon to counter Japan's ally, malaria.

The secret that came out of the Harvard laboratory was by all odds the greatest single victory to date in the war against malaria. If two young Americans have succeeded where Pasteur failed, if they have, at long last, produced through artificial means one of the priceless drugs of the ages, then anything is possible. Woodward and Doering have spearheaded the forces for the final break-through to total victory over one of the great plagues of all mankind.

General Strategy

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S STAFF, composed of Britons, Americans and Frenchmen, works as smoothly and easily as any in history. But to make it so, "Ike" had to be ruthless.

During his early days in England, a colonel in the American Services of Supply had a terrific row with his British opposite number. Eisenhower sent for him.

"Colonel X," he said, "I've investigated this difficulty you've had with Colonel Y. You were absolutely in the right on the merits of the case. You lost your temper, and that's understandable. We all do under the strain of this job. I'm informed you called Colonel Y a so-and-so. I can understand that, too. Soldiers use soldier language at times. But what I will not stand for is the fact that you called him a *British* so-and-so. For that I'm sending you home."

—HAROLD IRVING

ONE OF THE MOST PATRIOTIC yet irascible soldiers of the Civil War was the Confederate general, "Extra" Billy Smith. While leading his regiment on a long, hard march, he at last ordered a stop for rest. A few minutes later he gave the command to fall in. But the exhausted men refused to budge. General Smith repeated the order. It began to look like mutiny. His face purpled, and suddenly he thundered, "If you don't git up an' git goin', I'll march the regiment off an' leave every dimmed one o' you behind."

The startled men fell into line and started off again.—MONT HURST

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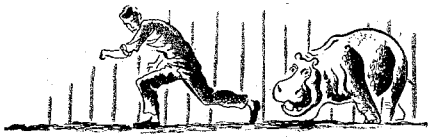

Bronx Zoo has its problem animals. And it takes ingenuity to curb their capers

Brats of the Bronx Zoo

by WILLIAM BRIDGES

AFTER YOU'VE READ this article, you'll say to yourself: "Why, it's easy to handle wild animals. I could have figured those things out."

Well, any zoo could use a smart fellow like you, because in the animal world there are always plenty of new things to figure out. Every day the big Bronx Zoo has new wrinkles in animal behavior to iron out. For instance:

The case of the pigmy hippopotamus who wouldn't come in at night was an easy one. He hated his keeper, and when a pigmy hippo hates he chases and tries to bite. So the keeper simply strolled out into the corral, let the hippo chase him hellbent into the inside stall and squeezed through the bars a yard ahead of the hippo's jaws while a helper pulled the rope that shut the door.

Not quite so simple was the problem of Old King, a magnificent lion who was plain stubborn. It was part of the routine precautions at the Bronx Zoo immediately after Pearl Harbor that every time there was an air raid test the big cats had to be locked in their sleeping cages. But Old King didn't like to go inside his small, dark sleeping cage in the daytime. In most cases, it was just a matter of opening the door and swishing a hose toward the animal. In he went to keep from getting his feet wet. But not King; he would rather drown than go to bed in the daytime.

One of the maintenance men solved that one. "That lion don't like the dump truck we haul trash in," he said. "I drove past his cage one day and he pretty near went crazy. I'll get him inside for you."

So whenever there was an air raid test the trash truck headed for the Lion House first thing. It always worked.

The case of the gibbon who wouldn't eat was another easy one—for our veterinarian. Gibbons are clean animals. They hate having their hands dirty. When the new gibbon went on a hunger strike, the vet smeared rotten-ripe banana pulp on the animal's hands. The gibbon licked his hands to clean them. The vet smeared on some more. Now and then he varied the mess with codliver oil.

The barracuda is a fish with the temperament of a tiger. He's a killer, a scourge of small fishes. One day a collector brought a barracuda and a dozen bright tropical fishes to the New York Aquarium. The Aquarium wanted to put them all on exhibition, but it had only one available exhibition tank.

What to do? Display the killer

William Andrew Bridges is listed in Who's Who as curator of publications at the New York Zoölogical Park since 1935. He's also listed as "editor"—tribute to his years on the New York Sun and his numerous books about the animal kingdom.

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one week, the tropicals the next?

Not at all. The tropicals were dumped in the tank and left to settle there for a couple of weeks. Then the barracuda was dropped in. It went slinking around with its tail figuratively between its legs. The killer and its prey lived amicably together for years. It was the old story—the fiercest dog is apt to swallow its bark when it's in somebody else's back yard.

Would you like to take an ostrich for a walk? Grab his neck and walk *alongside* him. Don't get in front of him if you value your life. Ostriches kick straight forward and can easily rip you wide open with their tremendous toes.

If, on the other hand, you want to take a cassowary from the wilds of New Guinea for a stroll, stand *behind* him and keep a broom lightly pressed against the back of his neck. He's another forward-kicker.

The sweetest pickle the Bronx Zoo got itself into in recent years concerned a pair of keas—big, hook-billed birds from New Zealand. For 20 years Old Shep, a male kea, had lived in bachelor bliss in the zoo. Then one day somebody got the idea of giving him a mate. A deal was made with another zoo, and a female kea named Phyllis came to bless Old Shep's declining years.

Phyllis was a vixen, a shrew—anything you want to call her. She made Old Shep's life miserable.

Worst of all, she grabbed the hollow log in which he had slept for 20 years and wouldn't let him so much as stick his head in the open end. Old Shep had to hop up on a limb of a perching tree in his cage and sleep outside at night.

Furthermore, it was late in the fall and the nights were cold. Old Shep's ancient bones couldn't take that kind of treatment.

The Curator of Birds solved that situation neatly. He set up twin logs in the cage. Phyllis slept in hers, Old Shep in his.

A short time ago, our zoo had the problem of removing three baby tigers from their mother a few hours after birth. The veterinarian thought only two would have to be taken and that the mother would nurse the third. The problem was to kidnap the two babies from the cage without leaving the scent of human beings.

It was a simple matter to lock the mother out for a few minutes. Then the vet slipped on a new pair of cotton gloves, rubbed them in the tiger-impregnated litter on the floor of the cage, and stirred around until he found two of the babies and lifted them out. When the mother was returned to the cage she never suspected human agency in the removal of her babies. If she had, she probably would have killed her third baby.

Easy to handle wild animals, do you say? Why, there's nothing to it. As easy, in fact, as taking babies from a mother tiger!

♛ ♛ ♛

JUST BEFORE HE WAS to have a tonsillectomy, young Johnny laid down this ultimatum: "I'll be brave, Mother, but I don't want a crying baby like you got at the hospital last time. I want a pup." —ANN FIELDS

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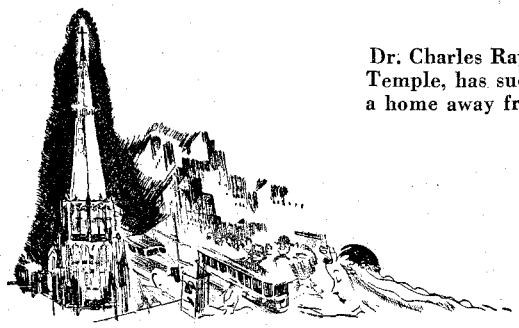

Dr. Charles Ray Goff, pastor of the Chicago Temple, has succeeded in making his church a home away from home to many lonely folk

Shepherd of the Loop

by WILLIAM F. MCDERMOTT

HILDEGARDE and Tommy Dorsey aren't the only ones who pack them in and turn them away in Chicago's famous Loop. A one-time coal miner from Iowa has to hang out the "Standing Room Only" sign at the spot where he holds forth. And even then, the crowds in the bright-lights area can't all get in. He makes his listeners laugh, he makes them cry, and he makes them think. He's both an orator and a friend, and he quickly makes 1,500 strangers feel they have been acquainted for a long period of years.

You go into the richly furbished center and strains of delightful music welcome you. You are in a unique church—the Chicago Temple—which stands right in the heart of America's second city and which flings skyward, far above the skyscrapers nearby, the tallest cross in the world. You are listening to the "parson of the white way," Dr. Charles Ray Goff, whose brilliant preaching and warm personality pack the sanctuary, the chapel and the parlors to overflowing.

You have to see, hear and know "Charley" before you understand the Chicago Temple's success in putting over the appeal of religion while ringed about with the flashing lights of America's second "Times Square." It's possible only when you make the people a little happier than they've been anywhere else. That's what Dr. Goff does. He helps folks "lost" in a great city to get over their loneliness and to feel they have found a friend, both in God and in man.

For instance after the evening service he occasionally takes a crowd of young people up 22 floors to the top of the temple where he has a "spiritual roof garden." There a group of two or three hundred people will sit in a circle, with the flaming spire and cross towering above them, and sing songs and tell of their homes and why they came to the city.

"I didn't know city people could be so friendly," a Colorado girl observed at one of the meetings. "It seems just like home."

It is in personal contacts, however, at the altar of the church, up and down the busy city streets, in

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restaurants and stores and along the "white way" that the shepherd of the Loop really gets in his telling work. Built like a football player—which he was in his college days—with broad shoulders and a heavy shock of hair, Dr. Goff is known by traffic policemen, street cleaners, the girls behind counters and in offices, and by many soldiers and sailors who crowd the sidewalks at night. Now and then he will stroll through the downtown district from four to six a.m. shaking hands and getting acquainted with the ashmen and the garbage haulers.

A steady stream of weddings—the temple is fast becoming another "Little Church Around the Corner"—gives the pastor ample opportunity to meet young people. He acts as marriage counsellor for hundreds, and before he starts to perform a ceremony he talks to the couple about the step they are taking. The temple is a favorite meeting place for those coming from the far west and the east coast, particularly servicemen and their brides-to-be. Goff has married many of them free, and has thrown in a marriage certificate and wise advice in the bargain.

One time just before the ceremony was to begin, he noticed the girl was especially nervous. He took her aside.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm afraid of him," she whispered. "He's trying to rush me into marriage and I'm not ready. I—I just can't go on with it," and she began to sob.

"I'm sorry," Goff told the would-be bridegroom, "but there will be no wedding."

The man became excited and then furious. "Why, why, how dare you stop us? I won't stand for it," he declared belligerently. "Be careful, or you might get the worst of it," warned the minister. "The girl isn't quite ready to marry you. She wants more time, and I think she is right. Now go along and be patient, and things will probably work out."

The impetuous bridegroom-to-be, acting at first more from shock than from anger, calmed down and promised. Then he went with his girl, as the story came out later, to meet her folks—he had refused to do so before—and to get acquainted with her friends. Two weeks later they came back to the Loop church.

"We're ready now to be married," the girl announced happily to Dr. Goff. The ceremony was performed, and they left, the bride as radiant as could be.

DIAGONALLY across the street intersection from the temple stands the County building, where about 45 thousand marriage licenses are issued annually. Many people from outside the city seek a church wedding. Dr. Goff aids them in every way he can, although he turns down many because of a previous divorce or because of a frivolous attitude toward marriage. He refuses to let the temple become a Gretna Green. On the other hand, when couples are sincere and there is no impediment to the union, he will bring in an organist, arrange for a soloist, and call on his secretary to act as bridesmaid. A full dress wedding service, replete with Mendelssohn's march, attendants, soloist and altar

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ceremony is frequently arranged for an out-of-town couple, though there may not be a single guest in the sanctuary.

"They're just as happy as if the place were crowded," explains Dr. Goff. "It's a church wedding they want, not merely an elaborate show for others."

The parson of the white way laughs about the time he married four Chinese young people. The two bridegrooms wore the uniform of the American army. The ceremony proceeded solemnly until the time for the individual vows, each of the participants repeating after the minister "I take thee—". Here the clergyman found the Chinese names too much for him, and the further he proceeded the more mixed up he got. He hesitated, then stuttered—finally the whole party burst out laughing, the pastor with them. That broke the spell, and the service then ran along smoothly.

Dr. Goff has plans for a "chapel in the sky," to be erected high in the temple tower, beneath the steeple and the cross. Here a little room—35 floors above street level—will be fitted with stained glass windows, shaded lights and a little altar. Sacred music will be played here to calm the troubled spirit. A visitor will have the key so he can shut the world out. An elevator or seven flights of stairs will lead to the chapel. A copy of an immortal painting will be placed on each landing. The seven flights will symbolize episodes in the life of Christ.

At one crowded church service, shortly after the death of his mother, Dr. Goff told of his plans for the chapel. After the worship, a young woman worker in the Loop offered a thousand dollars toward the cost if it were named "Mary Chapel," after the pastor's mother.

Throughout the day Dr. Goff frequently drops in to the temple to see if there are any persons he can help. One day he found an 80-year-old mother who wanted to be baptized. He performed the rite. Another time he came across a sailor sobbing at the altar. His mother, his only living relative, was near death from an auto accident in a distant city. He had two hours layover in Chicago and he sought the temple to pray.

The Chicago Temple, a five million dollar structure, which is the headquarters of many denominations in Chicago, stands on a site that has housed a Methodist Church for 105 years. Today it is the only church left standing in the Loop, which once contained 40 churches. The temple was dedicated in 1924. It stands as a monument to another coal miner, Dr. John Thompson, the pastor who courageously constructed it in the face of the skepticism and opposition of many who said it was impossible.

About 15 years ago a very humbly dressed man drifted into the temple office, and said he'd like to make a little gift as a memorial to his parents who had been charter members of the church. A few days later a notice came from a downtown bank saying it had in its custody 50 thousand dollars which a man had given for a Loop carillon. High in the temple tower was placed the largest set of tubular chimes in the world, and they ring out every 15 minutes. A concert is played almost every day. Of the

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lighted spire Lloyd George once said, "It is the most beautiful thing I have seen in America."

Although he was born in the country and spent his early youth there, Dr. Goff is a city fan, and lives in a skyscraper apartment also near the Loop. He believes that city people are friendly at heart, but the impersonal atmosphere of tall buildings, great factories and crowded streets tend to make them crawl into their shells and turn into social isolationists. Yet the city can be friendly and warm-hearted, he contends, if we but make it so.

"I love the city," he recently told his congregation, "and I'm not ashamed of it. I like the green pastures and still waters, the woodlands and the mountains, but I also like the downtown canyons, the roar of traffic and the crowds. The noise of the city seems to me something like a human orchestra, the sound portraying the struggle of humanity for better things. When I'm away I long to get back and feel again the throb of its mighty heart. When I'm away I feel myself slipping, like a musician who drops his practice."

Scenes from Vaudeville

PREPARING FOR A TOUR, the famous actor, Edwin Booth, had ordered posters announcing his arrival. Shortly afterwards the printer brought over the proofs for approval. On them the actor was described as "The Eminent Tragedian, Edwin Booth."

"I believe I'd rather have you leave off that 'eminent tragedian' business," commented Booth. "Let's make it just simple 'Edwin Booth.' "

When he arrived at the first stop, the modest Mr. Booth strolled about the town before the performance. Plastered on every fence were his posters—announcing the coming of "Simple Edwin Booth." —LOUIS L. BINDER

AN ADMIRER OF George M. Cohan's theatrical versatility once asked him how he managed to be so talented.

"Well," replied Cohan, "I've always been an envious cuss. As a kid in vaudeville I was often on the same bill with a hoofer that I thought was the best in the world, so I spent all my time trying to match him. It was the same way with song writing, playwriting and acting—there was always somebody a lot better than I was, and I worked to close up the gap between us. My notion is that the guy that thinks he's the tops isn't going to do much climbing." —LOUIS HIRSCH

ASSEMBLING A vaudeville unit for a projected tour, Gus Edwards patiently watched the performance of a certain small-time singing comedian. When the audition was over, Edwards shook his head sadly, "Your songs won't do, old man. I can't allow any profanity."

"But I don't use profanity," protested the actor.

"No," agreed Edwards, "but the audience would."—ADRIAN ANDERSON

Reprints Available →

Because we believe that the feature *The Way Home* appearing on the following pages may well become a handbook for servicemen returning to civilian life, we have prepared reprints of this feature in pamphlet form. To secure a reprint to send to your serviceman, send 10 cents to cover postage and handling and use the handy coupon on page 158.

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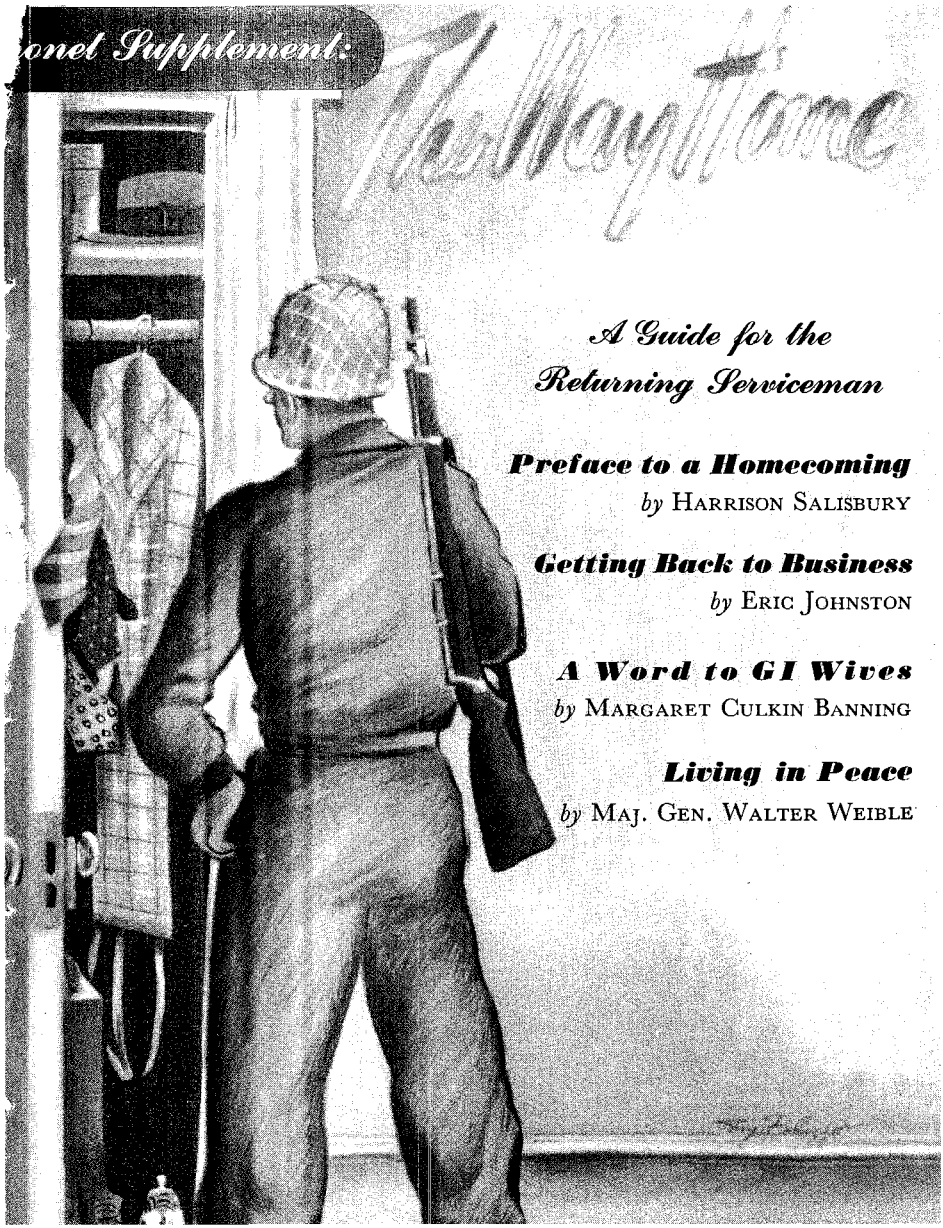
onet Supplement:

Mayfair



A Guide for the Returning Serviceman

Preface to a Homecoming
by HARRISON SALISBURY

Getting Back to Business
by ERIC JOHNSTON

A Word to GI Wives
by MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Living in Peace
by MAJ. GEN. WALTER WEIBLE

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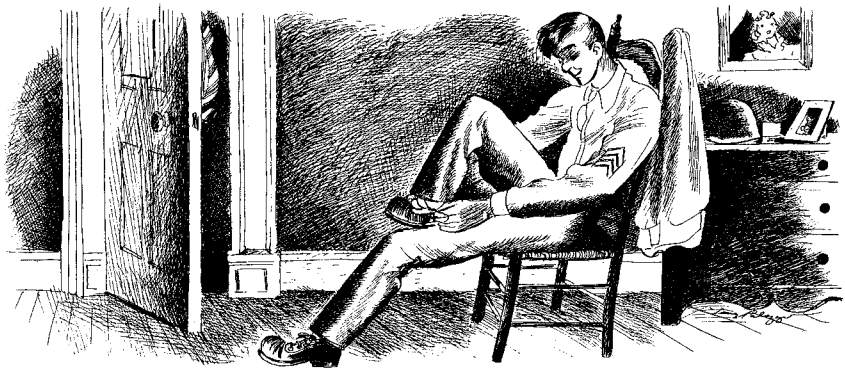

Preface to a Homecoming

by HARRISON SALISBURY

SO YOU'RE BACK—back to the place you dreamed about during those long months up in the New Guinea jungles, in the icy foxholes outside Cassino or in that pub down the muddy road from your Air Force base in England.

Wherever you were, you dreamed about it. You'd have a steak, two inches thick, so rare the blood oozed out and so tender you could cut it with your fork. That was the day you were still on K-rations, five days after the landing at Salerno. That was the day when you were flying back from Schweinfurt . . . you were on oxygen for nine hours and you weren't really hungry because a 20-millimeter shell made a bloody mess of that new waist gunner.

You've had lots of dreams about the first thing you'd do when you got home. Maybe you'd get on the long distance phone and call up Alice out in Muncie, Indiana. Sure, you weren't actually engaged when you shipped out, but she was a sweet kid and pretty swell about writing, especially the first months. Maybe you'd land in New York, without writing or anything. You'd get in early in the morning, be up at 264th Street by seven o'clock and walk in just as the old man and your mother and the kid sister were sitting down for their coffee.

That was it. If you only came out of this show and got back you'd give them the surprise of their life.

Well, soldier, so finally you do come back. Back to Uncle Sugar Able. Funny, isn't it? They don't know about Uncle Sugar—U-for-Uncle, S-for-Sugar, A-for-Able.

How does civvie life stack up?

It isn't what you thought it would be. People don't quite talk the same language, especially when you try to tell them what it was like. So you shut up except when you run into a buddy who was out there. You don't have to explain anything to him even though he may have been in the Admiralties while you were patrolling the Med.

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What you miss most, no doubt, are the buddies you could shoot a line with, the fellows who'd cuss you out and then split their rations when you ran out. But do you remember your first Army days? No picnic, was it?

What can you do now that you're back with Uncle Sugar?

Well, you know how to shoot a Garand rifle and get the kinks out of a machine gun when it jams. You can dig a foxhole and you know enough to roll down your sleeves after dark in the malaria belt. You can cook your own grub —if it comes out of cans—and live with people even when you're dog tired and wet and cold and hungry.

You know a lot.

Wherever you've been you've had to get along with other kinds of people, sometimes Chinese, sometimes English, sometimes Arabic. You are surprised when you find that you miss afternoon tea, or bitters, or a pub where you can play darts and push-penny.

That means you are used to adjusting yourself to unusual conditions, an advantage which most of the States-side folks lack. They live most of their lives in one place and they don't know that you can kid the Italians but not the English because they will take you seriously.

You've learned to improvise. There weren't any issue stoves when you got up to that place on the Aachen front but you took a gasoline tin and made yourself one that Ben Franklin would have been proud of. You can make a lamp out of a wine bottle, a rag and a little gasoline. You can do twice as much work in a day as you did before you went into the Army.

You have confidence in yourself. Nothing again can ever scare you like that time you were on the ridge with a bazooka and that Mark-V tank came lumbering down through the woods only about 200 yards away. You knew they saw you and that the only thing to do was to knock it out with the first shot. So you shot and you were lucky; you knocked out the tank and you are alive.

Among you, you have a thousand special skills which the Army and Navy have sharpened for you.

Maybe you are a machinist. You've learned how to disassemble a 1500-horsepower Wright Whirlwind engine in the midst of a Sahara sandstorm. You've learned how to repair a faulty generator when the green seas were crashing tons of water right over the stacks of your tincan.

You know the short cuts of the construction game—how many bulldozers are needed to clear five stumpy acres. You can build roads across the Burma mountains or through the mud of Belgium and you know how to load a truck so that it can carry the stuff over a hog-back road without breakage.

You know so much higher mathematics and geometry that there's not a place in the world you couldn't navigate your plane safely and set it down on a half-mile landing strip.

There's not a technical skill in the world you don't represent.

You're a typist or a file clerk in the Quartermaster Corps which is a bigger and tougher business than you will ever meet States-side.

You know more about the world than any collective group has ever

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known before—how to get a walla in Calcutta and a haircut in Paris, how to care for a buddy with dysentery in Palau or a shattered artery over Breslau.

You—all of you gee-eyes—represent the biggest asset which America has today. The Army has taught you not only technical skills but how to look out for yourselves and for others.

Today you are back to Uncle Sugar and it isn't just the way you remembered it.

Alice out in Muncie is married to that shavetail down at Fort Sill, Pop had already gone to work the morning you blew in. There was a new manager down at Geizler's where you used to work and there were nothing but a bunch of girls working in the packing department.

For the first couple of weeks or so you wished a dozen times you were back with the old outfit in France where you knew the Red Cross gal on the doughnut trailer and the funny, middle-aged French woman who ran a bistro.

After a bit, however, things begin to make more sense.

Remember the first morning you got out in the cold with your brand-new GI shorts and the top-kick tried to put you through calisthenics? How'd you feel then?

Okay, brother. You're in the Army—the civvie Army. You've taken a lot, you've learned a lot; you've got plenty to contribute.

It's batter up—and your turn to bat.

Getting Back to Business

by Eric A. Johnston

In most current talk about "rehabilitating" the returning able-bodied serviceman, he is discussed as if he were some fragile creature who must be handled ever so gently. The implication is that the two-fisted fighting man is utterly incapable of making his own way in the world, and that he must depend on the government or some other agency if he is to survive.

You veterans of this war want a chance, sure, and you certainly deserve special consideration for your sacrifices—from government, industry and everyone else. But most of all you want an opportunity to get a decent job and hold it. I have great faith in American private enterprise. I know you are going to get the job you go after.

However, a great many of you veterans believe you are going to find it tough getting back into the business swing.

There are those of you who believe that business life will be too confining, too dull and routine, after the unsettling excitement of battle.

There are those of you who fear that you have become rusty; you worry because you haven't kept up with developments in your business.

There are many of you who have become accustomed to the disciplined life of the Army, and you are afraid that your powers of decision are weakened.

There are some of you who have been given more authority in the Army; you are earning more money and have more responsibility; you

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will be dissatisfied with your old job.

Let's deal with these cases one by one. First, the case of the veteran who looks with distaste on the "monotony" of the business world. It can be illustrated by an experience I had in England in the summer of 1943.

The Army Eighth Air Force was then gathering momentum for its terrific onslaught against Germany. In visiting the air force base, I was particularly interested in one lanky young pilot, since I knew his father well. His eyes were bright as he described his encounters with enemy aircraft. Finally, I asked him what he intended to do when "it was all over." He answered, worriedly, "I don't think I'll be worth a damn for anything after the war."

After an airman's high-tension life, he considered himself unsuited to business life. "A lot of us feel that way about it," he added.

The answer to this attitude can only be a generalization, but what a stimulating generalization it is. So you want action? Well, don't delude yourself that business is necessarily dull or prosaic, especially the business of post-war America. If it's thrills you want, you will get them a-plenty in a new epic adventure of American development, within our own boundaries and in the vast field of international commerce.

Case number two is that of the man who believes that his life in the service, isolating him from civilian pursuits, has erected a barrier between him and the business world. True, under wartime pressure business development has been fast and furious. The fighting man has focused most of his attention on learning the science of modern combat. Consequently, he is out of touch with the many changes that have occurred in his business.

Industry is taking steps to meet this problem. You may return to your job to discover that a "refresher course" awaits you, designed to bring you up to date on changes that have taken place during your absence, and also to polish away the rust you have accumulated for lack of practice.

But what can you yourself do to stay attuned to the atmosphere of your former job? You can subscribe to a good trade journal, for one thing. Virtually every industry has excellent trade magazines that cover the latest industrial developments and analyze current processes and procedures. Then too, almost all industries are represented by trade associations, staffed with experts on all phases of their respective businesses. Write to me at the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, Washington, D. C., if you do not know the name of the association representing your industry, and I will see that your request for trade information is properly forwarded.

One of the common complaints in the Army is boredom. While a vast number of fighting men are too busy on battle lines to give much study to their post-war careers, other hundreds of thousands are assigned to the necessary job of manning relatively quiet areas. If such is your assignment, use that time to good advantage by subscribing to one of the correspondence courses the services provide.

Another suggestion is to correspond with your former business acquaintances. Business is not merely made up of typewriters,

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ledgers, order books and drill presses. Business is people. You will go farther faster when you know and understand the people who compose your business.

The effect of long-continued discipline on the personality of the exserviceman is the third case to be considered. You have been told what time to awaken and what time to go to bed; what, when and where to eat; what to wear and how to wear it. Innumerable decisions have been made for you, and you fear your initiative has been sapped.

In 1922, as the result of an injury, I was discharged from the Marine Corps as a captain. I liked my life in the service, hated to give it up. My doctor told me to stay in the open air as much as possible. So I took a job selling vacuum cleaners. For weeks I failed to make a single sale. Meanwhile, I disassembled the vacuum cleaner again and again until I knew every function of its operations. Just as I was about to decide that my life as a businessman was a pretty hopeless proposition, sales began popping right and left. I had learned my product and experience had given me the knack of selling it.

Frankly, there were occasions when I hit a new low in discouragement. *But I gave myself time.* The formula is as simple as that—and it works.

Remember, too, that the Army has not merely made decisions for you. It has also taught you the art of self-reliance in combat. And America *needs* your kind of guts.

The example of the civilian truck driver, who now has the authority and increased income of a major, illustrates the fourth type of adjustment to be made. In the Army he proved he possessed the talent of leadership and of executive ability —and the Army rewarded him.

You will be glad to know that many industries are taking that freshly discovered managerial talent into consideration in their postwar employment policies. Training will be necessary and experience must be gained. However, good executives are never too plentiful.

The veteran of this war deserves the best possible breaks when he comes home. But the veteran must stand on his own two feet if he is to readjust himself to civilian life and make his own way in the world. Don't view your return as a problem to your country. America needs your imagination and your ambition. With your inspiration and help, our progress will be endless.

A Word to GI Wives

by MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THERE IS APT to be a backwash from anticipation. It is familiar to many who have waited with thumping hearts for some loved person to step off a train or airplane. Perhaps, if you are a serviceman's wife, you may find out about that let-down when he comes home. You have been praying for the day of reunion to come. Yet, after the first sharp delight, your ecstasy may dwindle to an almost stiff, rather difficult meeting.

You will sometimes wonder if

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this can be the same man who wrote, "*My darling, the one thing on earth that matters is to get back to you, to be alone with you in a place that we can call our own.*" He makes wisecracks about love and physical relations. He is sour about a great many things and people. And restless! One minute he says that he wants to go right down and get back on the job, and half an hour later he declares that he doesn't want to get back on the old treadmill. You didn't know it would be like this when he came home.

Nor did he. He thought that getting home would be like heaven. What were they all doing around here while he was going through hell? Why doesn't a woman realize that a man who's had ten minutes to eat his meals has lost the habit of sitting around a table and gabbing? He is glad to see the baby, but he doesn't know yet how to handle it. It's a healthy kid but it certainly yells a lot.

The first thing to remember, if you are a serviceman's wife, is that nobody is to blame. Not you. Not your husband. When reunion comes after such strain and fear as both men and women have endured in these years, after a yearning that human emotions can only appease gradually and not satisfy overnight, adjustment is bound to be difficult. It is hard for a man to leave home and the woman he loves. But it is also hard to come back from a war and pick up the rhythmic beat of domestic life. If a woman can realize that this adjustment is still part of the war, and that wartime is not finished for her even when her husband returns, she will be more tolerant.

"He is almost a stranger to my daughter!" wails many a mother-in-law after a war wedding.

That doesn't matter so much as she thinks. There has been a definite attraction, a vital pull between her daughter and the stranger. The stranger has been able to serve his country, which means he is both fit and reasonably intelligent. That should be enough to start a marriage in the right direction. Someone should remind those worrying mothers of the men in the early American colonies who went down to the docks when a boatload of adventurous girls came over from Europe and chose wives on the spot. We have few case histories of these marriages, but they were successful for America.

We have talked constantly in recent years about the fact that married people should have the same interests, and we speak of compatibility as if it came ready-made and packaged. But the best compatibility is made by love and wits and generosity over a long period of years. Wives of servicemen cannot share all the past experiences of their husbands. But they can build up new and joined interests until the absorptions of the war years fade away.

One of the greatest problems ahead for servicemen and their wives will result from the fact that they have found out that they can live apart. They've done it. The temptation in hours of irritation or disillusion will be to say that they can do it again. If the wife has worked for pay, this is doubly true. She may be wise to leave her job at once. Or she may have to educate her husband into a modern attitude

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toward women who work outside their homes. In any case she must, if she wishes to be happy in her marriage, maintain two things: her husband's self-respect and her own contentment.

Some girls have been living at home with their parents. Married life for these has been a title and perhaps a baby, but not a thorough, domestic, personal obligation. No girl with sense should go on living that way after her husband comes back. She should establish a normal life with her husband under a roof of their own.

The first home may not be very comfortable. The girl is an inexperienced housekeeper. The young ex-soldier, who was so sick of living with men, may after a few months of home life begin to feel confined, tired of wiping dishes or listening to the baby cry. He may even begin to idealize his life in camp or on board ship.

Let him. A man is always better for an unsatisfied yearning if it does not go sour. Encourage the restless soldier to go fishing or hunting ducks. Plan travel for later on. Even if it never materializes, it lets off steam.

Every case is a special one and rules are dangerous and sure to breed exceptions. But there are three which can be set down as basic. Don't nag your husband. Don't be in a hurry for even desirable results in him. Love him as he hoped to be loved. If any men should ever be nagged, it is the mean-spirited ones. It is not the men who have seen service in a great war and who have faced the possibility of death in battle. Secret fears may be deeply hidden and nagging will only make them fester.

A clever wife will know when laziness or defeatism sets in, and those attitudes she must fight against. But the men who come home should have enough time to breathe freely, time to readjust.

For they wanted so much to get home. From every battle area reports come back about wounded boys asking, "Am I hurt bad enough to get sent back home?"

Homes that have been so desired should measure up. It doesn't matter how the ex-serviceman reacts at first to normal living. It is how he will act a year from now, or five years from now, that matters, and it depends in great measure on how much imagination and sympathy and love his wife or girl can give him during the time of readjustment.

Beyond everything else he needs love. Not always passionate expression of it, but constant companionship. Often love expresses itself best by leaving a man alone. Deep in his subconscious mind many a young man is terribly bewildered about why he's alive while other young fellows are blown to bits. He grabs at passion and joy and then finds he is not happy. He thinks there is something screwy about the world. He defeats himself in his lovemaking and disappoints his wife.

But he wanted her. He wanted to come home more than even *he* can remember, after he gets there. She must remember that in his time of danger and separation, he dreamed of home as a heaven of regular, decent living, warmed by a special indestructible love for him. That is what she must try to give him.

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Living in Peace

by MAJOR GEN. WALTER L. WEIBLE

NO ORGANIZED survey has been made, but reports indicate that the serviceman's outstanding reaction on returning to civilian life is a deep feeling of aloneness. Having served in the last war as an enlisted man, I believe I have an understanding of this psychological problem in personal terms.

In musing about that long-awaited day of homecoming, you probably have often said to yourself: "I don't want to see anything changed. I want to see everything just as I left it . . ."

And you *will* return to civilian life to find many things unchanged. The lights, the houses, the stores, the kids yelling at each other as they play in the twilight.

But somehow you don't feel a part of this life you once knew so well. Home has not changed, not radically. *You have changed.* And, strangely, you actually seem to resent the normal behavior of the people who carried on their accustomed routine of life while you and your buddies huddled in foxholes as shells burst about you.

Yet you can't carry this chip on your shoulder forever. You've got to use your head to control your emotional outlook and impulses.

Let's get down to fundamentals. Have you been a martyr while the people at home went on with life as usual? If so, there were 11 million other martyrs in the services. That's about one out of every four of five men in the country.

Sure, there were slackers at home just as there were goldbricks in your branch of the service. Until human nature undergoes a drastic change, there will always be selfish and unthinking people whose only concerns are their own comforts, profits and petty conveniences.

But for each chiseler there are hundreds of sincere and patriotic people doing their honest, level best to speed victory and to get you home quicker.

Being far removed from battle, these people in civilian life have not heard war, and smelled it and felt it and lived it as you have. Yet they do appreciate what you have done, even though they may have difficulty in indicating it to you. Displays of emotion would only embarrass them and you, too.

You've fought the toughest war in history. You have to fight another war now, a war with yourself against *unreasoning* resentment.

Some of you will return to farms and some to cities; some to mansions and some to small apartments; some to wives and some to singleness. But certain basic principles of psychology apply to everyone. I recommend that you study them, understand them and follow them as a guide in your personal conversion to civilian life.

1. *Don't isolate yourself from the people about you.* Don't set yourself apart as being "different." Any psychologist will tell you that the quickest way to recover from a mood of depression is to mix with other people. Get into the spirit of community life, whether it's a church service or a jam session—

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and get back to work. Or go back to school, if your education has been interrupted. There will be many older students like you who will now appreciate more fully the value of increased knowledge.

2. *Don't hesitate to talk things out.* I know that many men in the Army found their adjustment to military life simplified when they talked their problems over with their buddies. Don't store up your resentment until it spreads like a virus, poisoning your outlook on life. If your chaplain helped you think through the problems of your military existence, let your minister help you with the problems of your civilian life. Discussion is the safety valve of democracy and you're part of a democratic society.

3. *But beware of emotional arguments.* Discussion is one thing, acid argument is quite another. Remember, the civilian point of view may be different from yours. He has not shared your experiences. You need to understand him as much as he needs to understand you.

4. *Be active physically.* If you seem fatigued for no apparent reason, it may be caused by psychological rather than physical reaction. Strangely enough, fatigue may result from too little exercise as well as from too much. Exercise is a release valve for pent-up emotions.

5. *Assume your personal responsibilities.* You have demonstrated the quality of your manhood in battle. Demonstrate it now at home by again taking over those obligations and duties which are yours as a man. If you were previously the head of your household, resume that function in all its details. Keep the bank account and take care of the bills again. Don't give in to the temptation to let others perform these duties just because they did so during your absence.

6. *Live in the present.* The past is gone forever and the future stretches ahead to beckon you. Don't be a soldier who fights battles over and over again. You fought for the future. Now it is yours to claim.

7. *Realize that mental readjustment takes time.* Don't be discouraged if you don't move immediately into the smooth flow of civilian life. You are making new friends, changing your habits of thought and action. The human mind and body are remarkably adaptable to circumstances. All they require is proper direction—plus time for that direction to take effect.

8. *Realize that an adjustment must be made.* You were prepared to make a drastic adjustment to military life because you accepted it as a completely new mode of existence. Now you may think: "I've been a civilian for 20 years and a soldier for only two—so it will be a cinch to fall back into the old familiar pattern of civilian life." Actually, your civilian adjustment will probably be more difficult than was your adjustment to military existence. The main thing is to prepare yourself for the process of readjustment; otherwise, disillusionment is sure to result.

Now that you are a veteran you can work for the country's betterment and you can do much to keep the world at peace. You have more incentive—you *know* that "war is hell." You have done your share toward winning the war. Now pitch in with the same energy and help win a permanent peace.

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War has zoomed the popularity of chess to the point where the game is happily shoving bridge and gin rummy right out the window

Goodnight, Sweet King

by RICHARD NOSSAMAN

A BLIZZARD RAGED outside, but the two sourdoughs hunched over a chessboard were oblivious to time and weather. They'd been sitting, wordless, before the cabin fire all day.

"Well," one said at last, breaking a ten-hour silence, "it's your move."

"You damned old chatterbox," shouted his partner, upsetting the board in rage, "don't you think I know it?"

That Joe Miller special, for years, has been the chess chestnut and the popular conception of the world's oldest game. But it's now as outdated as jokes about the Wright Brothers and the cries of "get a horse." Long considered a game for graybeards, chess suddenly is crowding bridge and gin rummy as the nation's favorite indoor sport. It is estimated that there are eight million pawn-pushers in America, and the number increases daily. Membership in the United States Chess Federation has risen three hundred per cent in the last year. The *Chess Review*, one of three national magazines entirely devoted to this centuries-old game, has quadrupled its circulation since 1942.

Chess is taught in Milwaukee and Minneapolis schools, and every major college worth its salt boasts a chess team. The New York *Post*, along with a hundred other newspapers of important circulation, carries a daily feature on chess. A shirt-sleeve chess club is open to the public in Times Square.

In wartime, with less time for get-togethers, it is natural that people turn to a game which can be played as solitaire with two persons, or in round-robin groups. Lonely men in prisons or Arctic posts, lacking a partner, can play chess by correspondence, carrying on several games simultaneously.

As one Marine, a prisoner of the Japs, recently wrote home, "I always figured chess was a game that drove you crazy. But for a lot of us here, chess is the only thing that keeps us *from* going crazy."

A second factor in the popularization of the game is streamlining. Once in tourney play, time meant nothing, and one champ lost his sanity and title by breaking into tears after waiting from 10 a.m.

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until midnight for his opponent to move a rook. Today, players of speed chess limit themselves to 10 seconds a move, and in tourney play, the rules prescribe at least 40 moves the first hour, and 20 each succeeding hour. The revved-up game has produced a new breed of champion, most colorful of whom is the present U. S. champ, Arnold S. Denker.

Denker, 32, six feet tall, and weighing just under 200 pounds, was a crack high school fullback and a Golden Gloves boxer who started playing chess in high school to kill time between classes.

Denker's opponent in the 1930 finals was the late Donal MacMurray, the boy genius with the highest IQ in America. In eight months, he finished a four-year course at the University of Chicago.

Denker was two pawns ahead, and the position of MacMurray was hopeless. Now it happens if you lay down your king, you admit you are beaten. Denker, in moving a pawn, accidentally knocked over his king with his coat sleeve.

MacMurray arose immediately and put out his hand.

"I accept your resignation," he said graciously.

Denker responded like a Lippy Durocher and there followed a two-hour argument which suggested Ebbets Field rather than a staid chess club for the setting. An umpire was called out of bed to settle the dispute, and after hearing both sides of the story, he decided in favor of Denker. A few more moves, and MacMurray conceded defeat.

Denker's aggressive spirit has not been dulled by 14 years of tourney play since winning that first title. He trains for tournaments like any champ—eschewing excessive drinking and smoking, and getting plenty of sleep. Being chess champ probably nets him five thousand dollars a year in prize money, exhibitions and writings.

Denker's ambition is to meet the Russian champ, Mikhail Botvinnik. In Russia, chess is the national game, comparable only to our baseball. One pre-war tournament in the Soviet attracted 700 thousand entrants, and in May of this year, when the National Chess Tourney was resumed for the first time since the Nazi invasion, civilians in factories and soldiers on the front lines were given radio play-by-play coverage of the finals.

Factually, the origin of chess is lost in antiquity. Chessmen were found in King Tutankhamen's tomb, yet the game is believed to have attained its present form around 700 A.D. in India. Early Hindus often wagered fingers and arms on the outcome of a match.

Chess was brought westward by the Moors. A bored continent took it up so enthusiastically that it was soon banned by the church, put on the black list at Oxford for being "noxious and unhonest," and Paris employers for a time made employes sign affidavits swearing to refrain from the demon chess.

But the prohibitionists only popularized the game, and the well-to-do lifted it from the underground to make it a social virtue. Wealthy people kept stables of pros, and court ladies used it as an excuse for entertaining in heretofore impregnable bedchambers. In return for influencing history, chess has been greatly influenced by history.

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Originally the castle was a howdah-carrying elephant common to Hindu warfare, but Europeans changed it to a castle. The queen, also a European innovation, was not found in Oriental sets. In Russia, during the fever of the fervor, the game was a battle between capital and labor, with some pieces bearing a market resemblance to the elder Mr. Morgan, internationally-known financier.

Today, the influence of this war is apparent in chess pieces made from bullets, and sets which feature tanks, jeeps, and Garand-packing GI's. Collections, made of rare ivory, jade, gold, silver, and practically every other valuable substance, also have been made from chocolate, soap, clay, sea shells and stone —makeshifts of soldiers, stranded explorers, and other fans who have been forced to improvise. The most noted collection, owned by G. A. Pfeiffer, president of the Richard Hudnut cosmetic concern, includes 35 thousand pieces from darkest Africa to whitest Greenland, and is valued at a million dollars.

But most Americans get along with dollar-and two-dollar sets—or if they are playing postal chess, pencil and paper. Like ordinary chess, postal chess has also been speeded up by tournament rules. One early game between an Englishman and an American took 16 years to complete. Now, in tourney play at least, players must post answers to their opponents' letters within 48 hours. The rule frequently leads to some rare humor. A player recently applied to the judges of a postal tourney for an extension of time because (1) his wife was having a baby, (2) he was being drafted, (3) his house had burned destroying the record of the half-finished game as well as the address of his opponent. The extension was granted.

Postal chess attracts more and more players each day. And so does regular chess. Perhaps it is the civilian's vicarious way of fighting, for chess *is* a war game, said to be invented for a monarch who had conquered everything there was to conquer, and was in need of a substitute for actual battle. The pieces represent two armies, the board the field of honor, and every player can imagine himself an Admiral Nimitz who recently likened the battle of the Pacific to a huge chess game. However, one need be neither an admiral nor even a mental wizard to learn chess. The rules are so simple that a child can learn them in an hour. But lest you become too confident as a beginner, let it be pointed out that the first ten moves of black and white can be played any one of 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000 different ways.

Sound Effects

IN A CONTEST to explain, in 15 words or less, why workers should wear protective helmets on their jobs in war plants, an entry from a woman worker attracted a good deal of attention: "I love to hear the sound of rain on a tin roof." —JOHN NEWTON BAKER

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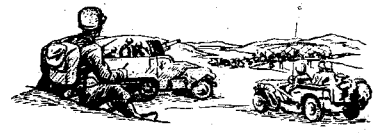
Heroes and scoundrels line the road as the Big Parade rolls through France



Frenchmen I Can't Forget

by CHESTER MORRISON

THE VOSGES come sweeping down from the west and the Alps from the east. We are on one of the eternal highways of war, and the highway is deep in mud. Rain falls without rest, and the rain clouds hide the valley where the enemy still fights his lost battle.

The captain did not look like a captain. His muddy boots, his dirty clothes and his unshaven jowls belonged to a cartoon by Mauldin.

"I don't know," I told him. "I don't know when they'll be up. You know what the roads are like."

"Look," the captain said, "I got to have reinforcements. I got to. Do you know how many I've got left out of the platoon that came into France? Eight men." He blew his nose on a soiled handkerchief and stuffed the handkerchief back into his pocket as he waded away through the mud.

I hope he got his replacements. He is one of the men I shall remember—one of the many.

Now the enemy is leaving France. Up the coast of Africa, across Sicily, up the spine of Italy and along the twisting mountain roads of France, they have left behind them the only thing the Germans have to leave—the charred and twisted ruins of destruction. They broke the windows and burned the houses; they blew up the bridges and stole the cattle; and they left deep scars in the spirit of the people.

One day I attended the trial of some men accused of aiding the enemy. That night I saw them shot. A great crowd of people saw them shot, and the crowd cheered when the men sank to their knees and rolled over in twitching heaps.

Another day a gang of American engineers came into a city to repair a bridge. The repairs took half an hour, but crossing the bridge took an hour. Both approaches were choked with vehicles, carts, wheelbarrows, and shouting humanity clawing through to the other side. In four years of captivity they had forgotten all the ways of gentleness.

Among the sad men I know is one who accepted a cigarette—his first in four years—and shared my rations. He felt it necessary to show me 10 documents printed in German, all purporting to prove that he is not a Jew, which he obviously is. When I assured him, without too much certainty in my own mind, that there is no anti-Semitism in America, he confessed that he had bought his documents from a German official, and paid blackmail so that he might keep them.

We have helped these people to free themselves from that kind of tyranny, but the job is not finished. They need help now to recover the habits of a decent world.

There is a restaurant in Besançon where I stopped to ask if they could heat up the rations for lunch, and

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what I got was steak and vegetables and more champagne than I should have drunk. In the near distance the guns whooped and whammed. And the man who had provided the champagne sat telling me the Maquis have done their work now and must be disarmed.

Church bells tolled in the gunfire, because there was another line of trucks and jeeps coming into town, and the bells were pealing the somber music of liberation. The men in the jeeps were soaking wet. When they get out along the road, they crouch in the brambles of blackberry bushes or stoop behind stacks of firewood. The long lines of trucks move by jerks along the roads, and a man sat talking to me about disarming the Maquis.

The column of vehicles that took us away from there halted because there was another blown bridge. The river was brown and ugly with mud. The rain pelted all of us, and from back down the line came the sweet baritone of an American Negro. "My sunshine," he was singing, "my only sunshine . . ."

Around us rose the blackened walls and naked chimneys of Reprisal. We were told later that someone had set off a bomb under a German truck, and that the Germans had got even by burning the town. It was only a little town, and it works for the big chateau. In that chateau is a voice you may hear one day in America.

It belongs to a bouncing French blonde named Christiane Castelli, and it is beautiful. The Countess, who is mistress of the chateau and looks like a retired burlesque queen, played the accompaniment. It had been a long time since I had heard singing like that.

An old man with a tobacco-stained, white beard listened and tapped his foot. He is the Count. His small granddaughter stood beside the piano and sang *Tipperary* in English. And afterward, when we sat talking about how wonderful it is to be at peace again, there was a rifle shot outside.

The bullet came through the long, curtained window and buried itself in a huge oil landscape. There were more shots, and later a man came to apologize to the Count. There had been some Germans hiding in the park of the estate.

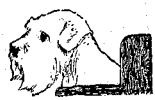
We sank into armchairs in the library later, and our hostess played the piano. While she played, her daughter-in-law talked quietly to me in rusty English, and suddenly I realized that she was telling me the majestic woman at the piano was one of the stations on the Underground.

Our hostess left the piano and sat beside us. She mentioned a small local battle that had been fought on her grounds, and said she thought one of the Germans was still lying out there.

She said she hoped we would excuse her for a while, because she was going to a funeral.

"Who is dead?" I asked.

"Some of our friends," she said.



To HIS DOG, every man is Napoleon; hence the constant popularity of dogs.—ALDOUS HUXLEY

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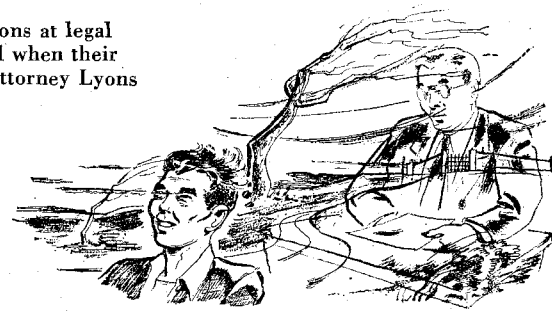
Criminals who think they're lions at legal trickery meet a modern Daniel when their cases are brought to Pardon Attorney Lyons



Pardon Us, Mr. Lyons

by ALAN HYND

A NOTORIOUS criminal named Nick, who had spent his best adult years in various penitentiaries, was arrested for armed robbery in a Midwestern state a few years back. The evidence against Nick was open-and-shut, so he faced not only a stiff sentence for the current crime but service of the unexpired term on a previous sentence in the same state. Added to the robber's troubles was the fact that he had several murderous enemies among the inmates of the penitentiary for which he was headed.

Nick, who had come to have considerable knowledge of the law through years of breaking it, decided on a shrewd move to keep out of the state prison. He confessed to an unsolved Federal crime—a bank job—which he had not committed. Since the Federal offense antedated the state robbery, the Department of Justice was given priority on Nick and he was sent to Alcatraz, grim island fortress in San Francisco Bay.

Alcatraz was exactly where Nick wanted to go. It was located in California and Nick had been told that the golden state had a statute forbidding the extradition of a released prisoner who had been brought across its borders in custody. As Nick had things figured, all he had to do in order to go scot free was to prove that he had not committed the Federal crime. That appeared to be a simple enough procedure since, at the time of the offense, he had been incarcerated in a county jail, a little matter he had neglected to mention on the occasion of his spurious confession.

Nick's application for a pardon, on grounds of innocence, soon reached the desk of Daniel M. Lyons, Pardon Attorney for the Department of Justice. When the FBI checked the prisoner's alibi and found it to be airtight, there was nothing, under the law, that Pardon Attorney Lyons could do except recommend that the criminal be officially absolved of the Federal crime. Since the recommendations of Lyons—a quiet, scholarly Bostonian of 58—are usually followed by the Attorney General and the President, the

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cunning criminal in Alcatraz seemed to be as good as out.

Lyons, confronted by the paradox of a prisoner who was at once innocent and guilty, couldn't shake off the feeling that Nick belonged in a penitentiary. He found the answer to his dilemma in a government statute that permitted Uncle Sam to move a prisoner from one Federal penitentiary to another.

Nick was pardoned all right, but not until he had been moved to a Federal institution in a state where the expected protection was not available to him. The wise guy was met at the gates by a reception committee comprised of officers who took him into custody for the state where, for a while, he had flaunted justice.

Pardon Attorney Lyons—a product of Boston College and Harvard Law School—came to his present post eight years ago following a successful career at the Boston Bar and five years as an assistant district attorney in the Hub. With a keen perception of the nuances of the law, Lyons, aided by his staff, reviews some 12 hundred pardon applications each year, or more than 20 a week.

Most of the applications are turned down, usually because the applicants are obviously undeserving. It is just as important not to pardon an undeserving applicant as it is to pardon a deserving one.

When an application appears to have merit, Lyons asks for reports and recommendations of the investigators who caught the criminal, the United States Attorney who prosecuted him and the judge who sentenced him. Then he considers the human elements involved, after which he passes as calm and dispassionate judgment as is humanly possible on the over-all picture.

In the final analysis, it is Lyons who has to judge whether a criminal will go straight if he is pardoned. Lyons is wrong only seven out of a hundred times. Of each thousand men he has recommended pardons for, only 70 odd have had legal relapses. The President does not often fail to grant a pardon after Lyons has recommended it.

Broadly speaking, pardons fall into three general classifications. They are sometimes granted to shorten the sentences of deserving prisoners who have served at least one-third of their sentences; to convicted men who can prove their innocence, and to persons who have served their terms but who require, in certain states, a formal pardon for the restoration of their civil rights.

The official life of the Pardon Attorney often overlaps his private one. When Lyons reads a newspaper account relating to a kidnapper or some other big-time criminal who is sent away for a Federal offense, he knows that he will probably hear from the man if they both live long enough.

There is nothing in the statutes to prevent a criminal from applying for a pardon on grounds of innocence as soon as he begins his sentence, even if the sentence is a life term. Some of the most malevolent malefactors in the country have become, through long experience, past masters at making pleas for themselves. Almost as soon as they check into prison they get busy on a pardon application blank, obtain-

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able upon request from the warden's office. Some of the most notorious men in Federal prisons are, to hear them tell it, just overgrown boys who love their mothers and who have been victims of a malicious FBI.

PARDON APPLICATIONS from professional innocents are not, as may be supposed, quickly consigned to the scrap-paper drive. A crafty convict motivated by a desire for freedom will often raise unusual legal issues that are settled only after considerable research in the Pardon Attorney's office. There are occasions, too, when patently-guilty men concoct such likely stories that such agencies as the FBI are required to spend days or weeks running them down. Some of the fiction that comes out of Uncle Sam's big houses to the desk of the Pardon Attorney is so ingenious that Lyons is of the opinion that its originators could, with a certain amount of training, make a living writing for the pulp magazines.

Gaston Bullock Means, considered by recognized criminologists as the most resourceful evil-doer of the 20th Century, turned out some of the best fiction ever to issue from Leavenworth. Means, who was in for bilking Evalyn Walsh McLean, the Washington society woman, out of more than 100 thousand dollars in a fraud compounded from the Lindbergh kidnapping case, was, in addition to being a writer, a man of considerable legal experience.

In his various maneuvers to extricate himself from prison, Means attempted to prove his innocence by becoming the author of several legalistic fiction stories, written expressly for the Pardon Attorney, and based on the premise that not he, but five other fellows, had defrauded Mrs. McLean. The difficulty caused by the Means literary output was that his counter-plots involved many prominent persons, including ex-President Hoover, in the Lindbergh kidnapping itself, and some of his imaginings sounded so authentic that it took the FBI months to disprove them.

The greatest number of pardons are issued to persons who have already served their sentences but who wish to have their civil rights restored; the fewest number are granted to those who apply on grounds of innocence, which may be due to the care and thoroughness of Federal criminal procedure.

There have been law-of-average occasions when men of bad character have been sent to Federal penitentiaries for crimes they did not commit. When a pardon is granted to such a man the news quickly reaches the grapevines in the various Federal penitentiaries and guilty men react to the pleasant tidings by sending a flood of pardon applications to Washington.

An elevator boy was once arrested and sent to prison for the theft of several checks from the mail boxes in the apartment house where he was employed. His conviction resulted principally from the testimony of a handwriting expert who said that forged endorsements on the checks were in the handwriting of the boy.

Some time later a professional forger was arrested in the same city, and confessed to a series of crimes, including the theft of the checks

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from the apartment house mail boxes. A second penmanship expert was of the opinion that the professional forger, and not the boy who was in prison, had affixed the forged signatures to the checks. And so the boy was recommended for a pardon. Congress later voted the boy a sum of money as reparation for false incarceration.

LYONS' WORK is not without its humorous touches. In considering the pardon application of a post office burglar, which he subsequently turned down, Lyons came upon a peculiar bit of criminal psychology in the convict's dossier. At the time of his arrest, the burglar had confessed to having broken into more than a score of post offices. He had visited one place twice.

"Why," his questioners had asked him, "did you rob that one post office on two different occasions?"

"Well," the prisoner had replied, "after the first robbery I read in the papers where they had changed postmasters there, so I went back again. I didn't want to play no favorites."

One day recently a woman called on Lyons—a patient and kindly man who is quite accessible in his high-ceilinged office in the Department of Justice Building—and pleaded with him to intercede with the President to get her husband out of prison. As it happened, the woman had come to the wrong place, for her husband had broken the statutes of an eastern state by using a salami knife to carve his initials in a neighbor. The Pardon Attorney listened, however, to the woman's whole story. It developed that she wanted her husband pardoned only long enough to move an automobile from in front of her home. "The car's been there ever since he went away," said the wife, "and the police are pestering me to move it."

"Well," asked Lyons, "why don't *you* move it?"

"I don't," said the woman in all seriousness, "have a driver's license."

A 14-year-old boy, whose father had been in a Federal prison for some years, used to be a periodic visitor at the Pardon Attorney's office. Each time Lyons listened patiently to the sincere plea of the youth that a pardon be recommended for his father, but each time the P.A. found that he could not justifiably make a recommendation because of insufficiency of reason. Then one day the boy came back, bright-eyed with the announcement that at last there was a good reason for a pardon. "My father is needed at home," he said, "to take care of my younger brothers and sisters."

"And where," asked Lyons, "is your mother?"

"She's just been sent to prison," was the astonishing reply.

Criminals who try to use technicalities of the law to their own advantage invariably come off second best in the end. A few years ago, in New York State, Mr. X was found guilty of a Federal violation and when he came up for sentence the judge offered him the choice of one year in a local county jail or a year and a day in a Federal prison. Mr. X realized that he would have to serve his full time in the local jail but that under the law he would be eligible for a parole in

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Federal prison after serving one-third of any sentence in excess of a year. So he chose the year-and-a-day sentence.

Mr. X hadn't been in prison long when he learned, to his dismay, that he was an alien although he had thought himself to be a citizen. He was thus subject to deportation upon the completion of his prison sentence, since the Federal statutes decree that an alien who has been sentenced to a year or more in prison is deportable. After Mr. X discovered that he was deportable he applied for a pardon. All the officials concerned favored it and the President, on hearing his story, granted it. Had Mr. X chosen to serve his time in a local jail his alien status might never have been discovered and he would have escaped deportation.

About the only time Lyons allows emotion to overlap his official duties is when some man he has pardoned pays him a visit to tell him how well things are going. "That," says the Pardon Attorney, "makes up for everything."

Invasion Diary

D-DAY PROVIDED LITTLE HUMOR, but there was one incident worth noting. A large British glider filled with troops was being towed over the channel to France when the tow rope snapped. The glider made a complete turn and continued its glide toward the English coast, making a smooth landing on an R.A.F. field. A sergeant rushed out to investigate the unscheduled landing and was instantly surrounded by the yelling, excited troops pouring out of the glider. Faces blackened and armed to the teeth, they threatened him with their machine guns, shouting, "*Achtung, achtung!* You so and so! Do you surrender?"

"Where in blazes do you think you are?" yelled back the sergeant.

"Blimey," exclaimed one of the "invaders," "this bloke speaks English as well as we do. What part of France is this, chum?"—HERMAN B. FISHER

CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER, whose "Old Bill" drawings were a highlight during the last war, says the most amusing cartoon he has seen during this war is the one entitled *Invasion*.

The drawing depicts an Army officer addressing his men just before setting out on a dangerous invasion mission. "Got everything, men?" asks the officer. "Chewing gum? Chocolate? Peanuts? Spam? Okay, let's go!"

—JAMES HARRIS

DOWNED ON A MISSION over one of the South Sea Islands, an American pilot came face to face with a leering cannibal. The Yank snatched at his gun, but the cannibal made no move. He merely stood studying the aviator from every conceivable angle.

"Why do you stare at me that way?" inquired the airman.

"It's part of my job," returned the cannibal. "I'm the food inspector!"

—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

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Game Book Section:

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Answers 124

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Going Our Way?

JUST AS A mariner uses his compass to guide him at sea, your "sense" of direction will serve as your guide in this quiz. Each of the phrases below should suggest as an answer a phrase that contains one of the following words—north, south, east, west. In some instances the "direction" word appears in the answer not as a single word but as a part of a compound, such as "eastbound."

For instance, given the phrase "A well-known Kodak manufacturer," by associating with it the clue word "east," the answer "Eastman" would be suggested. Count two points for each correct answer. 70 is fair; 80, good; and 90 or above, excellent. Turn to page 124 for the answers.

1. The aurora borealis
2. The manager of the St. Louis Cardinals
3. Home of the United States Military Academy
4. Horace Greeley's advice
5. It is bounded on the west by Kentucky and Ohio
6. The Spring holiday on which new clothes are in order
7. A famous burial spot in London
8. Equestrian police organization
9. Kipling's line preceding "And never the twain shall meet"
10. A popular historical novel by Kenneth Roberts
11. A well-known electrical appliance manufacturing house
12. What the far South in the United States is called
13. Home of Smith College
14. The islands first discovered by Columbus
15. The first shots of the Civil War were fired off its coast
16. Shelley's best-known ode
17. A recent war picture by Lillian Hellman
18. University in Evanston, Ill.
19. The "Come up and see me sometime" actress
20. Anne Lindbergh's popular novel
21. Where the Boer War was fought
22. Home of the U. of Notre Dame
23. The line preceding "Down Mexico way" in the song
24. Poem of Hilaire Belloc's
25. The waters into which Steve Brodie made his famous dive
26. An outspoken columnist who writes on governmental affairs
27. From where Paul Revere was signaled to begin his ride
28. Former English poet-laureate
29. Where Thomas Edison had his laboratories
30. Famous 19th century "tear-jerker" by Mrs. Henry Wood
31. The locale for many of Dorothy Lamour's movies
32. Bounded on the north by Virginia
33. Remarque's famous novel about the first World War
34. The Siegfried Line
35. A left-handed pitcher

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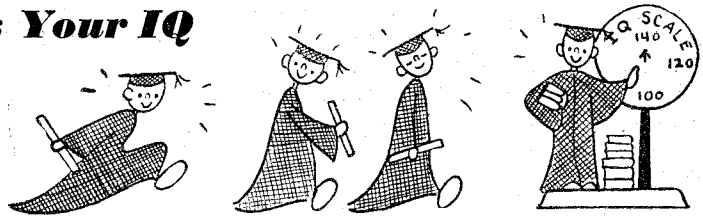
36. An exciting historical novel by Charles Kingsley
37. The pole over which Byrd first flew (He flew over both of them)
38. Essential ingredient in brewing
39. The performance that usually follows the regular circus
40. The "Coyote State"
41. Popular song about the wind
42. Speedy communication service
43. Movie starring Robert Donat
44. Popular Les Brown recording
45. Women's Masonic organization
46. Chicago excursion boat which met tragedy
47. Song about the sun and moon
48. Eighteenth century painter
49. Novel by Norman Douglas
50. Radio serial about a married couple

Here's Your IQ



ALL THE WORDS corresponding to the following definitions contain the letters I and Q as indicated. The idea is for you to fill in the remaining letters. Give yourself four points for each correct answer. A passing score is 64; 80 is good and 88 or over is very good. Answers are on page 124.

1. Out of the ordinary . . . . . _ _ I Q _ _
2. Not often . . . . . I _ _ _ _ Q _ _ _ _
3. Slanting . . . . . _ _ _ I Q _ _
4. To ask . . . . . I _ Q _ _ _ _
5. Propriety of behavior . . . . . _ _ I Q _ _ _ _ _
6. Alcoholic beverage . . . . . _ I Q _ _ _
7. Off-color . . . . . _ I _ Q _ _
8. An ancient relic . . . . . _ _ _ I Q _ _
9. Coroner's investigation . . . . . I _ Q _ _ _ _
10. Person's body structure . . . . . _ _ _ _ I Q _ _
11. To deprive because of unfitness . . . . . _ I _ Q _ _ _ _ _ _
12. A device for arresting bleeding . . . . . _ _ _ _ _ I Q _ _ _
13. Give up . . . . . _ _ _ I _ Q _ _ _ _
14. Pungent or sharp . . . . . _ I Q _ _ _ _
15. Method of performance . . . . . _ _ _ _ _ I Q _ _
16. An official message . . . . . _ _ _ _ _ _ I Q _ _
17. Edgar Bergen's profession . . . . . _ _ _ _ _ I _ _ Q _ _ _ _
18. In a fluid state . . . . . _ I Q _ _ _
19. Curious . . . . . I _ Q _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
20. Nearness . . . . . _ _ _ _ I _ Q _ _ _ _
21. Clannish group of people . . . . . _ _ I Q _ _
22. Not important . . . . . I _ _ _ _ _ _ Q _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
23. Monologue . . . . . _ _ _ I _ _ Q _ _
24. Black candy flavoring . . . . . _ I Q _ _ _ _ _ _
25. Ornamental work on cloth . . . . . _ _ _ _ I Q _ _

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Slangbuster Quiz

HOW MUCH SLANG are you hep to? Here is an unusual quiz on slang terms. Below is a set of 50 definitions of common, colorful slang words. Each definition is followed by two suggested slang words, only one of which is correct. Most of you will be interested or amused, but how many of you will be able to come up with a honey of a score? Count two points for every correct answer. A score of 60 is peachy, 70 is swell, 80 is dandy, 90 is spiffy and 100 is plenty okay.

Answers are on page 124.

1. *An awkward person*
   (*a*) betty
   (*b*) lobster
2. *A lawyer*
   (*a*) splicer
   (*b*) mouthpiece
3. *An entertainment*
   (*a*) blow-out
   (*b*) flash
4. *To deceive*
   (*a*) bamboozle
   (*b*) swipe
5. *To die*
   (*a*) grub
   (*b*) croak
6. *A loan*
   (*a*) touch
   (*b*) hunk
7. *To overcharge*
   (*a*) soak
   (*b*) spiel
8. *A drug fiend*
   (*a*) tart
   (*b*) snowbird
9. *To share*
   (*a*) collar
   (*b*) whack
10. *A filibuster*
    (*a*) windbag
    (*b*) sap
11. *A spree*
    (*a*) lush
    (*b*) toot
12. *A cigar*
    (*a*) masher
    (*b*) smoke
13. *Money*
    (*a*) brass
    (*b*) paste
14. *A cheat*
    (*a*) gyp
    (*b*) piker
15. *A surgeon*
    (*a*) pile
    (*b*) sawbones
16. *A blockhead*
    (*a*) skate
    (*b*) chump
17. *Abusive talk*
    (*a*) applesauce
    (*b*) lip
18. *To fascinate*
    (*a*) slug
    (*b*) kill
19. *Legs*
    (*a*) pins
    (*b*) gallery gods
20. *A handkerchief*
    (*a*) wipe
    (*b*) tear

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21. *A drink*
(*a*) quencher
(*b*) cud
22. *A great many*
(*a*) card
(*b*) slew
23. *Nervous*
(*a*) rocky
(*b*) soapy
24. *Dice*
(*a*) dukes
(*b*) ivories
25. *A quick hard blow*
(*a*) snap
(*b*) wallop
26. *Satisfactory*
(*a*) tidy
(*b*) fetching
27. *To talk foolishly*
(*a*) mill
(*b*) yap
28. *A pistol*
(*a*) barker
(*b*) horn
29. *An eye*
(*a*) fix
(*b*) glim
30. *A face*
(*a*) lamp
(*b*) mug
31. *To tire*
(*a*) sour
(*b*) queer
32. *The ribs*
(*a*) dogs
(*b*) slats
33. *A news beat*
(*a*) scram
(*b*) scoop
34. *A detective*
(*a*) ticker
(*b*) spotter
35. *A fellow*
(*a*) bloke
(*b*) foozle
36. *Honest*
(*a*) tight
(*b*) straight
37. *A clenched fist*
(*a*) blind-pig
(*b*) bunch of fives
38. *A social parasite*
(*a*) fathead
(*b*) lounge lizard
39. *To decamp*
(*a*) plug
(*b*) absquatulate
40. *A decisive blow*
(*a*) scrapper
(*b*) sockdolager
41. *Cool impudence*
(*a*) gall
(*b*) neckweed
42. *To hang*
(*a*) scrag
(*b*) bounce
43. *A planned theft*
(*a*) plant
(*b*) bigwig
44. *Insolence*
(*a*) cheek
(*b*) bender
45. *A rascal*
(*a*) kick
(*b*) kite
46. *Food*
(*a*) chuck
(*b*) buck
47. *A nose*
(*a*) bugle
(*b*) ham
48. *Sweets and pastry*
(*a*) tuck
(*b*) dumps
49. *To poke fun*
(*a*) fire
(*b*) rib
50. *Comrade*
(*a*) grind
(*b*) cully

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Answers . . .

Going Our Way?

1. The Northern Lights
2. Billy Southworth
3. West Point, N.Y.
4. "Go West, young man . . ."
5. West Virginia
6. Easter
7. Westminster Abbey
8. The Northwest Mounted
9. "East is East and West is West"
10. *Northwest Passage*
11. Westinghouse
12. The Deep South
13. Northampton, Mass.
14. The West Indies
15. South Carolina
16. *Ode to the West Wind*
17. *North Star*
18. Northwestern
19. Mae West
20. *North to the Orient*
21. South Africa
22. South Bend, Ind.
23. "South of the border"
24. *The South Country*
25. East River
26. Westbrook Pegler
27. The Old North Church
28. Robert Southey
29. West Orange, N. J.
30. *East Lynne*
31. The South Seas
32. North Carolina
33. *All Quiet on the Western Front*
34. The West Wall
35. A southpaw
36. *Westward Ho!*
37. The North Pole
38. yeast
39. The Wild West Show
40. South Dakota
41. *West Wind*
42. Western Union
43. *The Ghost Goes West*
44. *Southern Fried*
45. Eastern Star
46. The Eastland
47. *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*
48. Benjamin West
49. *South Wind*
50. *Mr. and Mrs. North*

Here's Your IQ

1. unIQue
2. InfreQuent
3. oblIQue
4. InQuire
5. etIQuette
6. lIQuor
7. rIsQué
8. antIQue
9. InQuest
10. physIQue
11. dIsQualify
12. tournIQuet
13. relInQuish
14. pIQuant
15. technIQue
16. communIQué
17. ventrIloQuism
18. lIQuid
19. InQuisitive
20. propInQuity
21. clIQue
22. InconseQuential
23. solIloQuy
24. lIQuorice
25. applIQué

Slangbuster Quiz

1. (*b*)
2. (*b*)
3. (*a*)
4. (*a*)
5. (*b*)
6. (*a*)
7. (*a*)
8. (*b*)
9. (*b*)
10. (*a*)
11. (*b*)
12. (*b*)
13. (*a*)
14. (*a*)
15. (*b*)
16. (*b*)
17. (*b*)
18. (*b*)
19. (*a*)
20. (*a*)
21. (*a*)
22. (*b*)
23. (*a*)
24. (*b*)
25. (*b*)
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28. (*a*)
29. (*b*)
30. (*b*)
31. (*a*)
32. (*b*)
33. (*b*)
34. (*b*)
35. (*a*)
36. (*b*)
37. (*b*)
38. (*b*)
39. (*b*)
40. (*b*)
41. (*a*)
42. (*a*)
43. (*a*)
44. (*a*)
45. (*b*)
46. (*a*)
47. (*a*)
48. (*a*)
49. (*b*)
50. (*b*)

Photographs by Constance Mittler of Graphic House →

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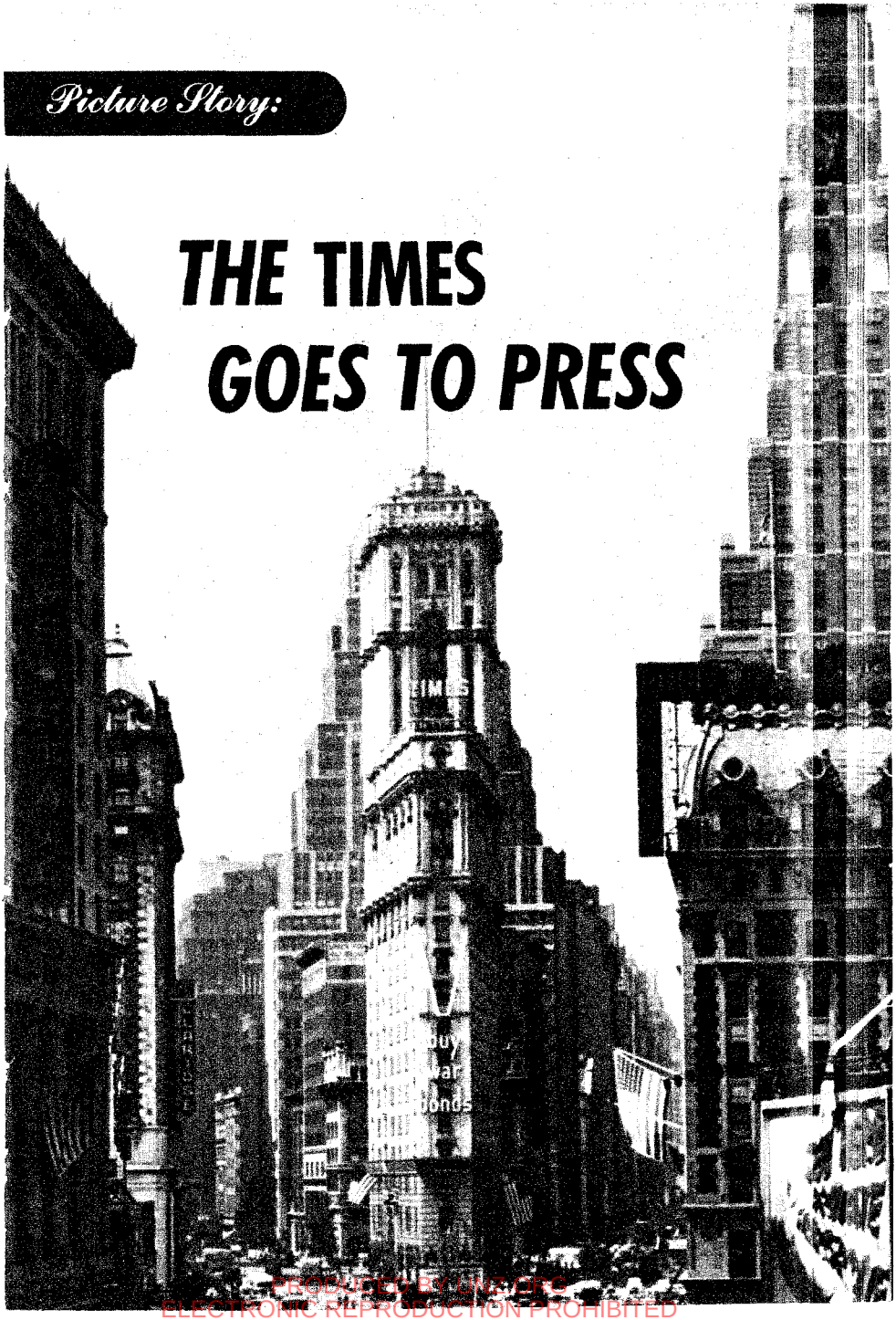
Picture Story:

THE TIMES GOES TO PRESS



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The TIMES *Goes to Press*

BETWEEN SUCH landmarks in journalism as the New York *Times* and the Roman *Acta Diurna* (official announcements inscribed on wooden tablets and hung in the marketplace) stretch almost two dozen centuries of adventure and earnest effort in getting out the news. Cheap paper, the printing press and popular education have made this precious commodity available to virtually everyone. But it remained for the American Constitution to guarantee freedom of the press.

This freedom to print the truth is a right to be treasured and vigilantly guarded . . . and one of its very great contemporary champions is the New York *Times*, whose fair and reliable reporting—objective as it is humanly possible to be—is a legend of modern American journalism. Its stature as the paper with the world's most extensive coverage of the news can be credited to Adolph S. Ochs, who took the *Times* over in 1896 and built it up from bankruptcy into the great news organ it is today. Its daily circulation of 440,086 is not the nation's largest by a long shot, but it reaches thinking people the country over who like their news straight, complete, and without distortion.

JAPANESE CAB NET MEETS IN EMERGENCY SESSION WIT
The New York Times.
BRITAIN AND FRANCE IN WAR AT 6 A
HITLER WON'T HALT ATTACK ON
CHAMBERLAIN CALLS EMPIRE

1. *"All the News That's Fit to Print"—Ochs' creed—is still the Times' byword. Traditionally conservative, it issues "extras" only for events of world-wide import.*

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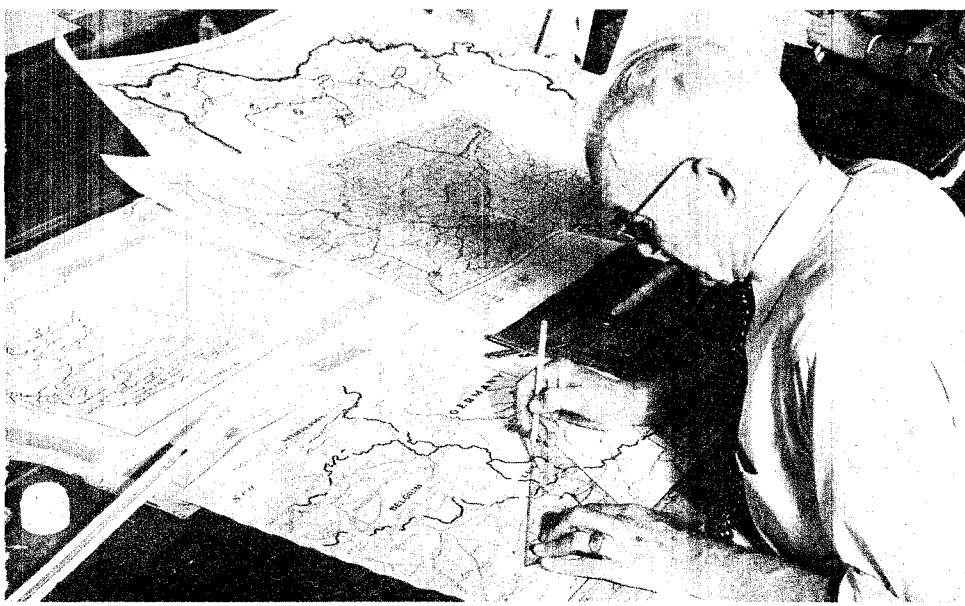
2. *Wireless and radio now leap oceans—a far cry indeed from Indian smoke signals of pioneer days. War and foreign news reach the Times with miraculous speed over transatlantic telephone . . .*



3. *and expert map-makers trace the daily progress of armies and shifting battle lines.*

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4. *Across this desk pours foreign, domestic, sports, and local news, making the take in wordage over 1,000,000 words. And all of it must be read and cut to fit tomorrow's edition. But the written word is only part of the news today.*

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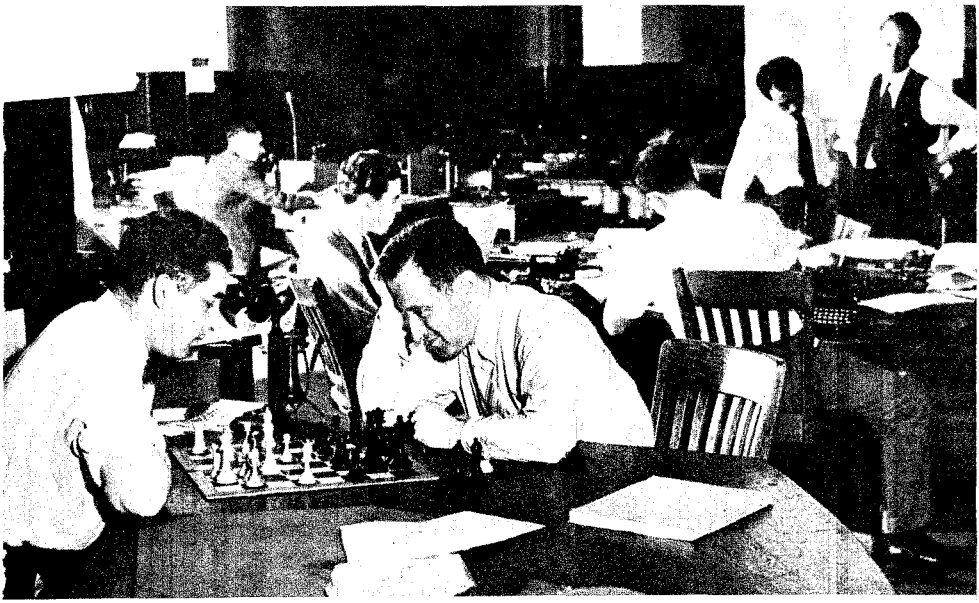
5. *Photographs play a graphic role in recreating events. The Times still uses them more sparingly than most newspapers. On D-day, cameramen accompanied our troops—and wire-photo flashed the look of an invasion to American newspapers.*



6. *Since the days of town criers people have demanded more and more news of their neighbors and communities. Now the Times, like every paper, maintains a staff of reporters ready on a moment's notice to cover everything from fires to weddings.*

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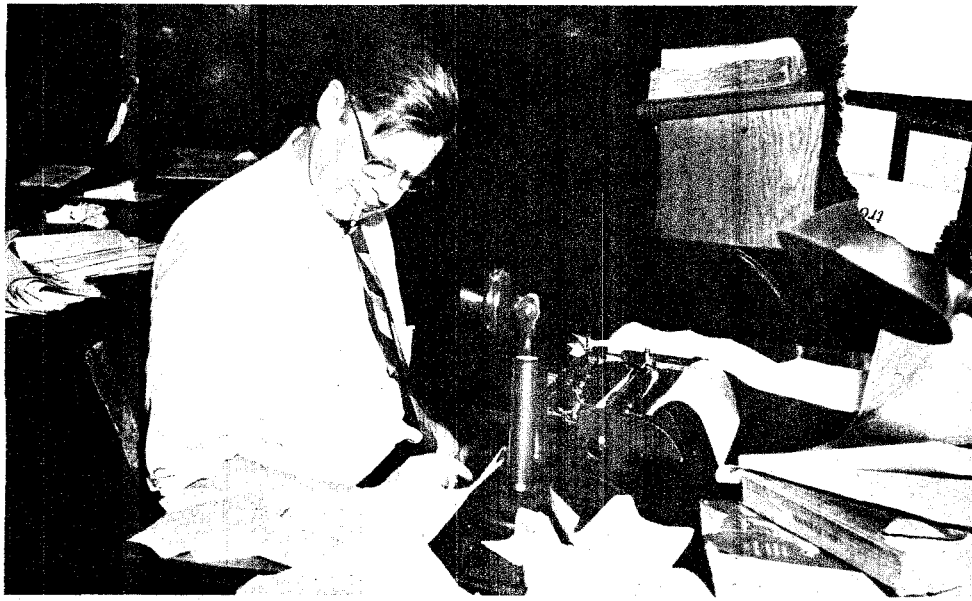
7. *Reporters are specialists—in crime, politics, sports—and they gather the news by patient legwork. The Times man on the police beat checks headquarters' daily record. Most of it is just routine—but there may be a lead to a good story.*



8. *When time is short, stories are phoned back to the office where rewrite men whip them into shape. News always outruns available space, and the night managing editor must judicially decide just how long a story should run—and on what page.*

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9. *Headliners on the staff—Anne O'Hare McCormick, one of the Times roving writers in Europe . . . Arthur Krock, Chief Correspondent of their Washington Bureau.*

10. *In the New York office, the newspaper's policy is set by its publisher, Arthur Hays Sulzberger. Through conferences with his editorial chiefs, he maintains the Times' tradition of straight, unglamorized news presentation.*

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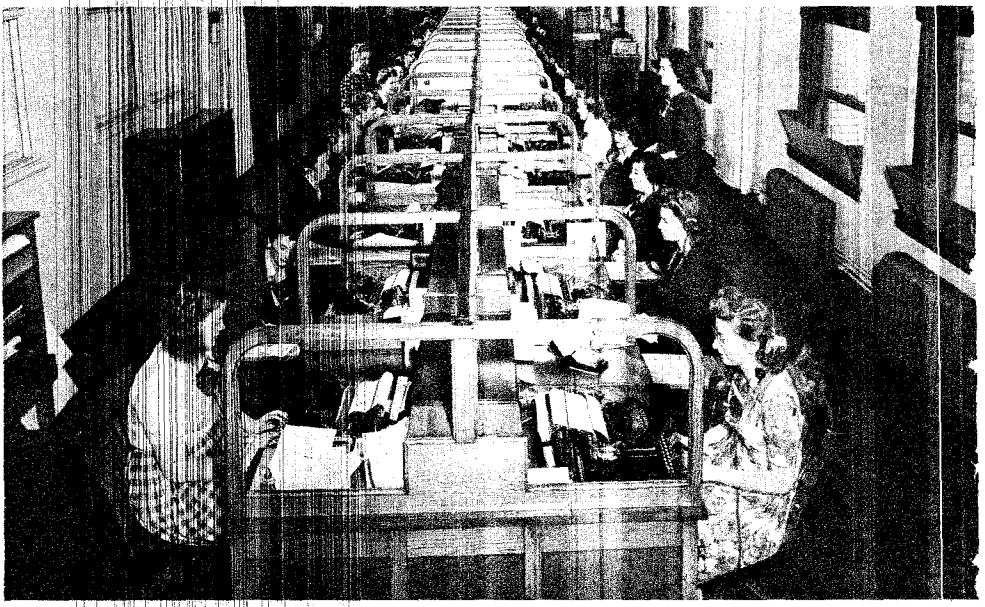
11. *Telephone wires are the arteries of a big city newspaper. Through the busy switchboards passes all the complex flow of activity that gets the paper out.*



12. *The Classified Dept. receives approximately 600,000 calls yearly and prints over one million individual ads. Faced by paper curtailment, the Times, like most good newspapers, cut advertising—rather than the news.*

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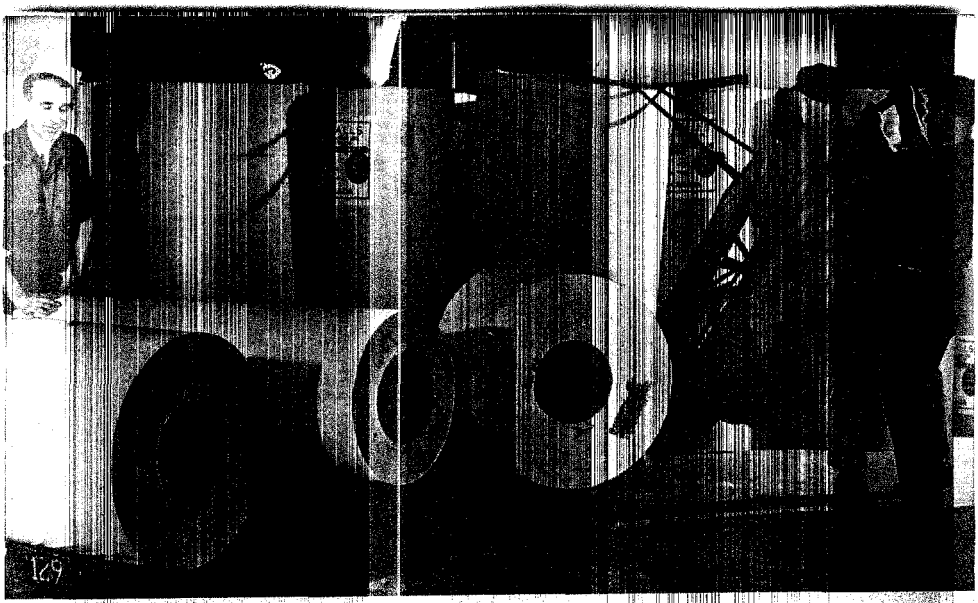
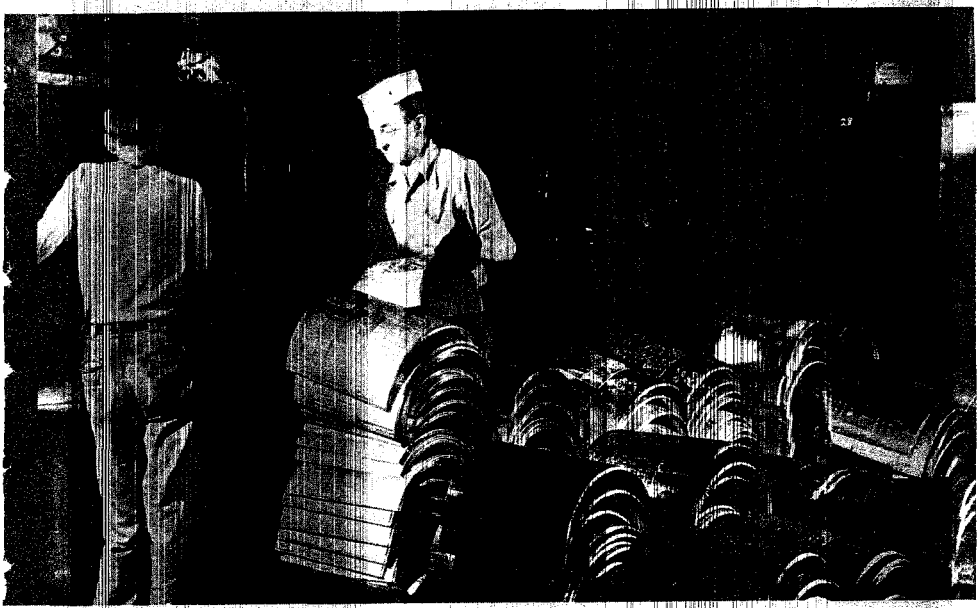


13. *Despite drastic cuts in the supply of newsprint, American papers still bulk larger than journals anywhere else in the world. In just one night the Times uses 130 tons of paper . . . 3,400 pounds of ink.*



14. *Yesterday's news is thrown out—literally. Plates are melted down to supply hot metal for the huge machines which can cast four full-page plates a minute—of tomorrow's news.*

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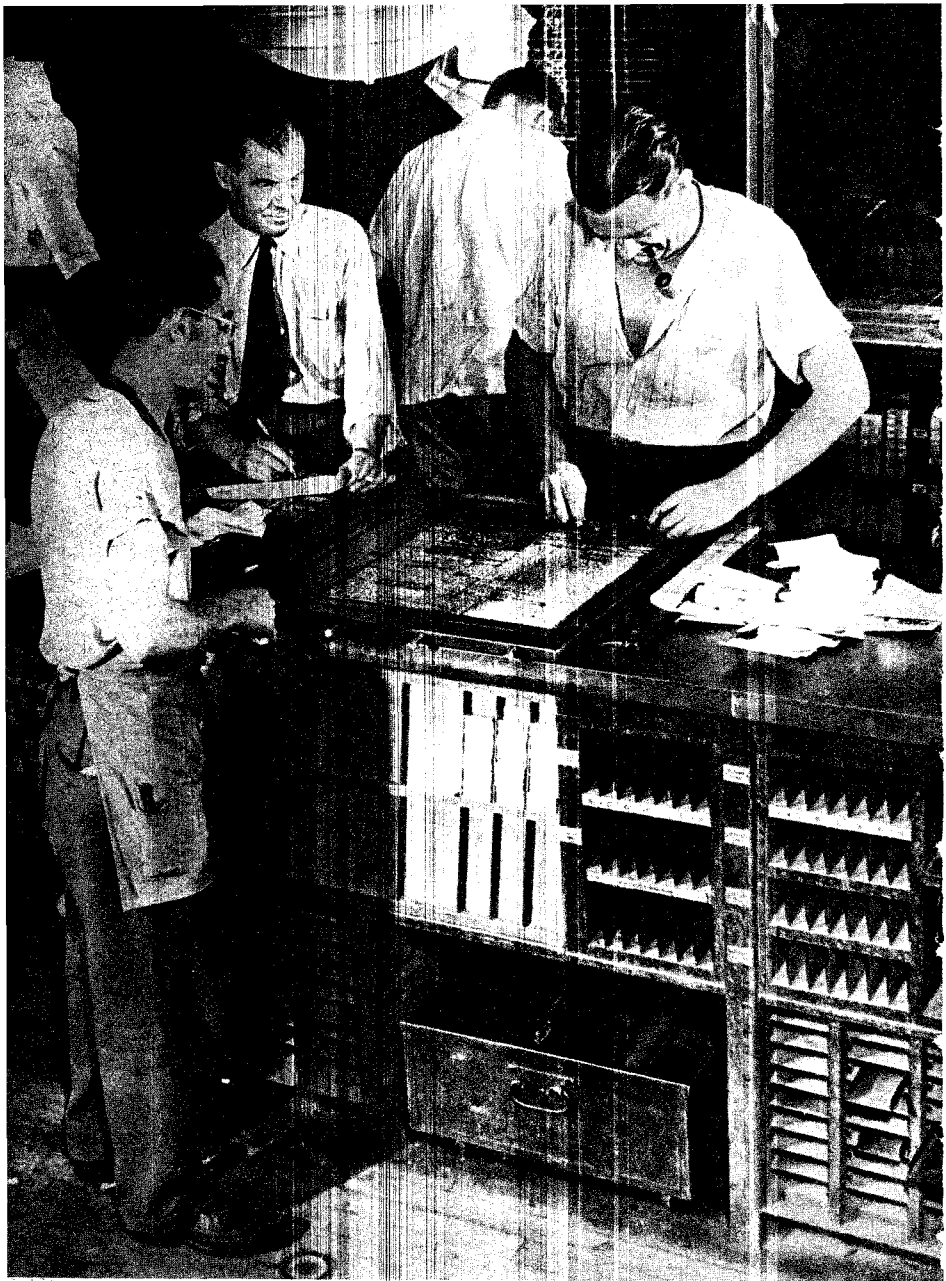

15. *Meanwhile, in the composing room, the race against the deadline goes on. As copy arrives, it is set in type, proofread, and inserted in its proper page form. Page 1 is held until the very last minute, just in case a big news break comes along.*

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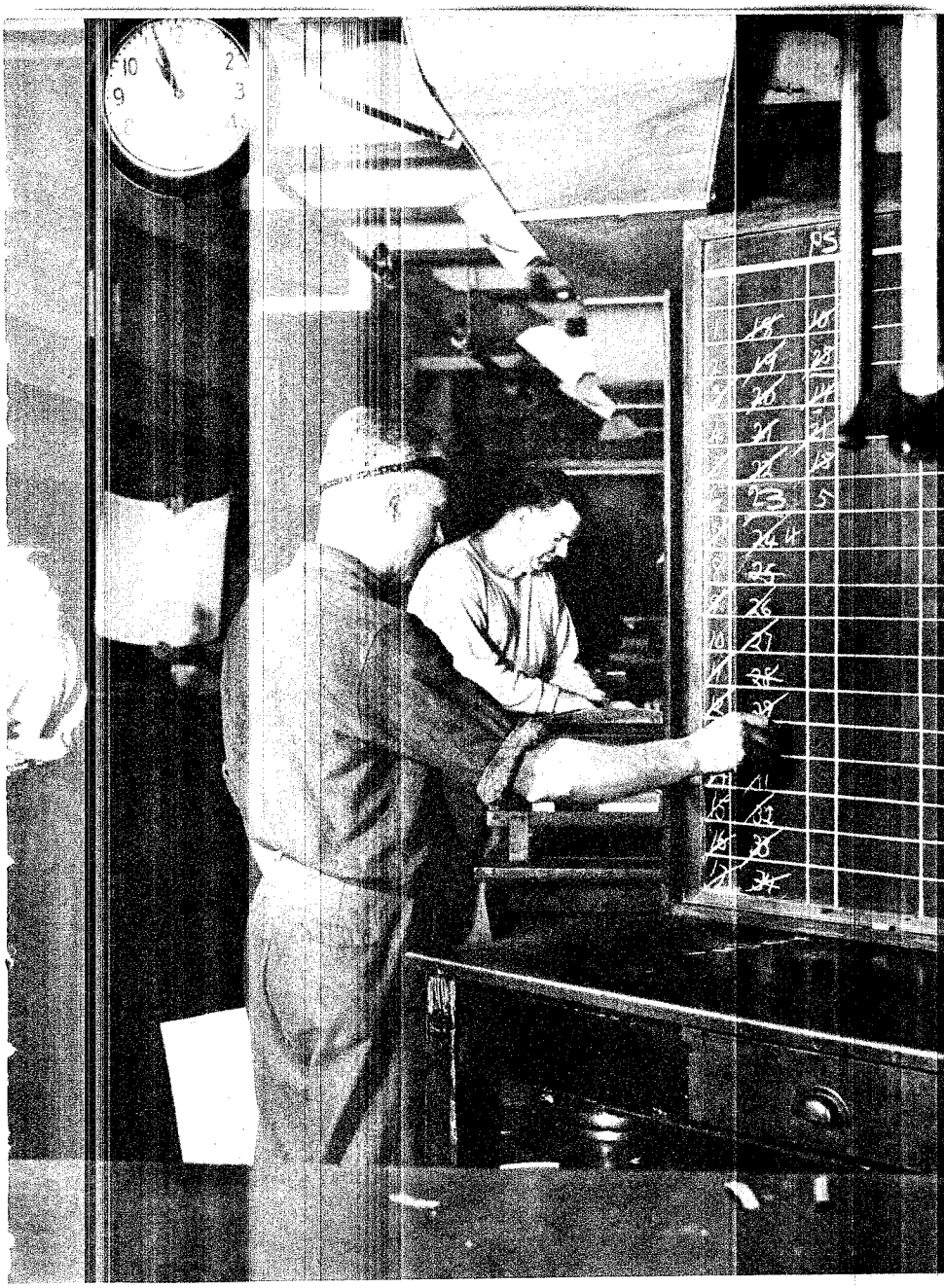

16. Five minutes to go! And seven pages still not in.

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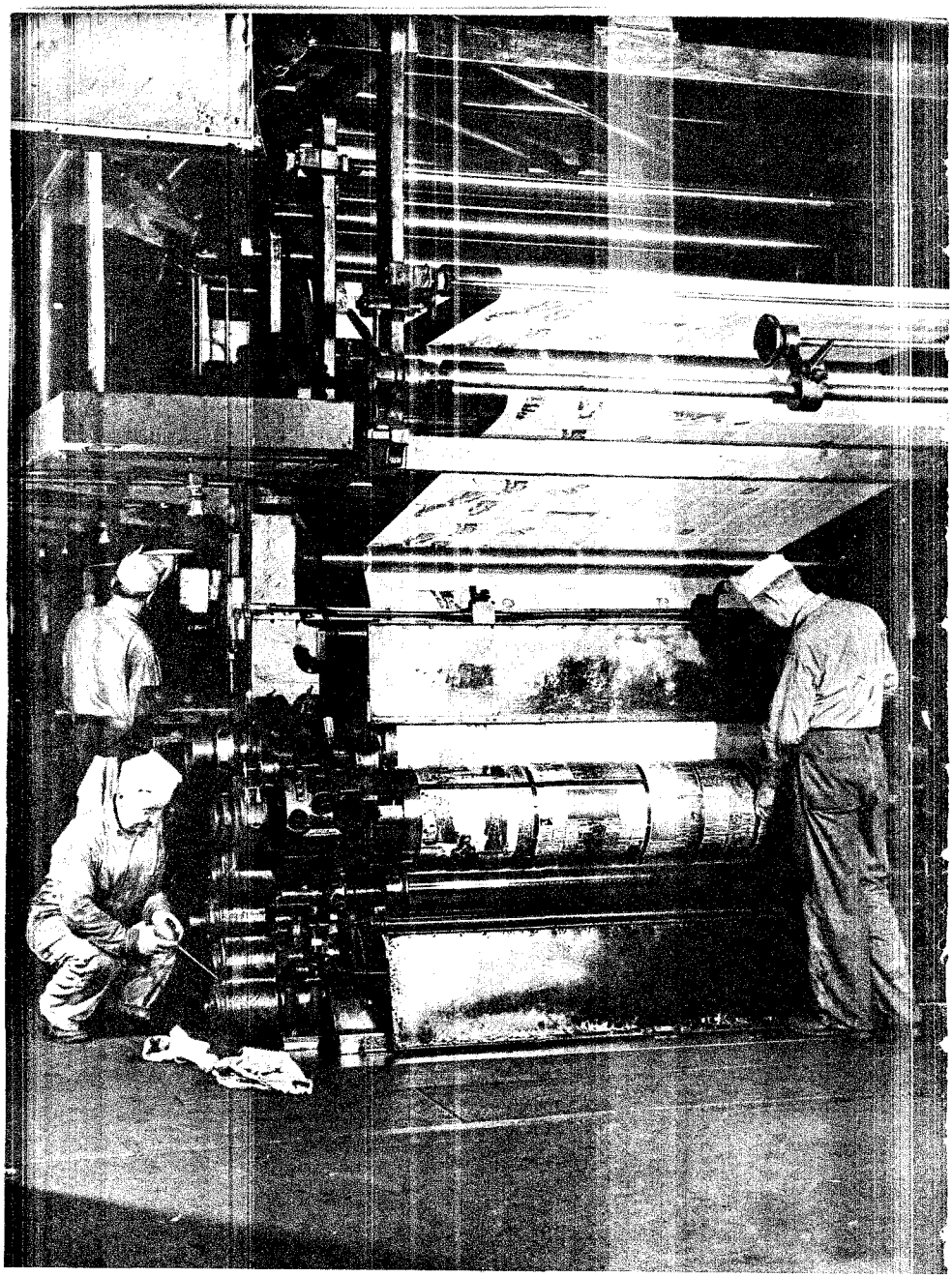

17. *The presses roll . . . 45,000 copies an hour . . . the fruit of many hours' labor by many men in gathering, editing, and printing the news. As the deep roar and rumble spreads through the building, editors and reporters relax—until the next edition.*

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18. *Completed papers pour off the presses—cut, assembled, and folded. Pressmen check the first copies to be sure all pages are in proper sequence. Automatic counters push every twenty-fifth paper out a little . . .*

19. *. . . so workers in the mail room can quickly seize the right number for a bundle.*

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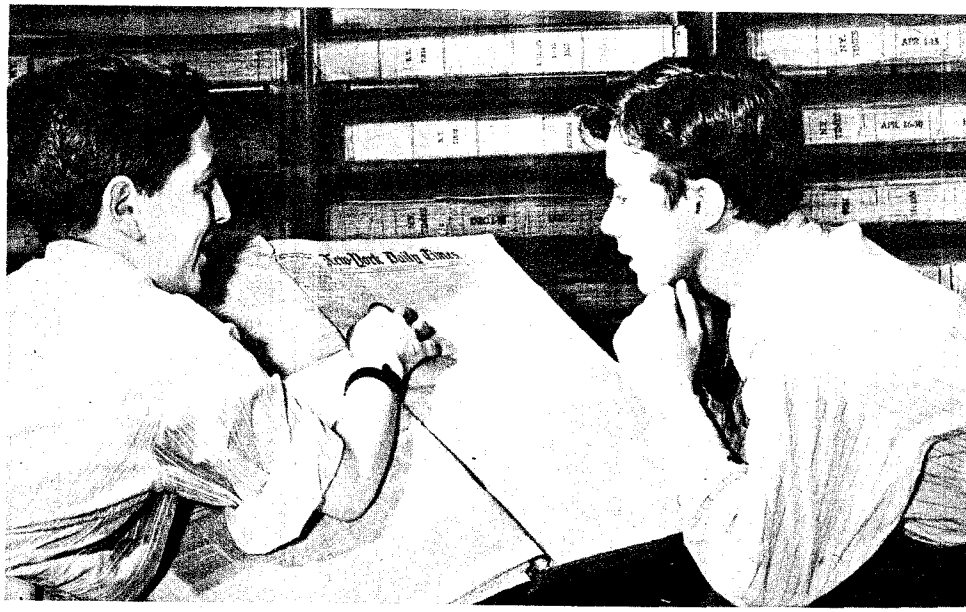
20. *Back copies of newspapers take lots of room in files when bound the old way. Now whole editions can be photographed on microfilm.*



21. *Copy boys look over the first issues of the Times—dated 1851. In the tradition of the American free press, the Times stands by its belief—"to give the news impartially, without fear or favor, regardless of any party, sect, or interest involved."*

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Even the experts would falter at the questions from a congressman's mailbag

I Open a Congressman's Mail

by A Congressman's Secretary

As a congressman's secretary, my major chore is to open and sort the daily mail. What I read there is a continuing revelation of things important to someone else.

From a demand for a larger quota of peanut butter to a booklet on the care and feeding of lovebirds, requests pour into a congressman's office almost as fast as the votes that put him there. One correspondent seeks an amendment to the federal constitution. Another wants a new artificial leg. A father asks why his soldier son has not been promoted, or a wife complains that her allotment check has not arrived.

Of all our requests, perhaps the most curious came from old Jake Tinglet. I knew Jake well—though under another name—and I knew his penchant for reading which inspired him to write:

> Dear Congressman:
>
> I hear that when a senator or congressman dies you deliver orations about him, and that these orations are printed at government expense in a black book. Now I wish you would send me any or all of these books you can spare.
>
> P.S. I like to read about dead congressmen.

There are—thank heaven—men and women who go from grammar school to the grave without once writing their representative in Washington. But the two per cent who do make the holding of a federal office a lesson in humility blended with humor.

Under the impression that a congressman always has plenty of money—whether from public or private sources—countless constituents dispatch urgent pleas. Some even bolster their petition with copies of their personal budgets. Not so one woman who wrote that she wanted one hundred dollars immediately with which to take her children to a family reunion.

Another optimist addressed several congressmen, asking each of them to lend him 50 dollars and in addition to contact 19 colleagues for 50 dollars each, the total to go to the constituent. The result was scarcely enough to arouse interest from the income tax collectors.

Outnumbering requests for money are those for information. Compared with a congressman's office staff, the Quiz Kids have it easy. One constituent asks about American foreign relations; another is curious about salaries paid associate justices of the Supreme Court; a third wants to know the specifications for rayon hosiery. I have had to answer, or refer, questions about the Beveridge Plan, the Atlantic Charter and the correct way to slaughter a goat. There is even one case of a mother of 11 youngsters asking her congressman how to keep from having a twelfth.

Occasionally a letter writer per-

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forms a real public service. There was Henry Cobham, for example, who bought for his Victory garden one of the wheelbarrows which the government had disposed of following the completion of a construction project. Angered with what he found, Henry wrote:

> Someone did not use very good judgment in selling equipment as good as this for junk. In order to classify them as junk, somebody took picks and cut holes, probably one inch in diameter, right in the middle of the steel pans. If this practice prevails throughout the country, we can see why the government is continually running out of money.

Knowing Henry's reputation for shrewdness and integrity, I consulted the congressman and went to work. An investigation took place and the mutilation ceased.

What stirs up a series of vigorous protests is not always known. One morning a letter came which began with disconcerting abruptness: "Sir: Can you do your own laundry, or is it necessary to have a maid to do it for you?" Soon another arrived commanding heatedly: "For goodness sake, let the laundries alone. Everything else has been mangled so let them mangle." A third announced: "I am willing to give up everything in the world to help win the war, but not having my flatwork ironed isn't going to help."

All these were based on the false assumption that the congressman knew what the trouble was. At last someone included a clipping:

> Washington — Helpy-selfy restaurants and we-wash only laundries appear likely to be the government's next guinea pigs in the experiments to simplify civilian services.

The source of this troubling announcement was never uncovered.

The ways of answering this deluge of mail are as numerous as a congressman's headaches. But perhaps the most unusual was employed by a former representative from the Middle West who had no patience with freak requests. Receiving one such letter, he would seize a rubber stamp, affix it and return the letter to the writer. The rubber stamp's message was, "HELL NO!"

Actually the attention devoted to the congressional mailbag depends on three things—the congressman, the letter and the district. Some members give a great deal of time to their mail. Others entrust it to secretaries and devote themselves to legislative duties. Some districts tolerate a sharp reply, whereas others view it as an invitation to vote a change at Washington. But it is safe to say that in no office is mail from the congressman's home district ignored.

It is heady wine to a former county seat lawyer to find himself legislating for 130 million people or an ex-school teacher to be juggling billions in appropriations, and mail from home is the sobering tonic.

Ancient Rome had a slave to administer it. He stayed beside every returning conqueror, and as the triumphal procession passed and the crowds cheered, he would whisper, "Remember — you are only a man!"

Today Jake Tinglet's congressional obituaries and Henry Cobham's rap about wheelbarrows are doing the Roman slave's job.

It's the democratic way—and it works.

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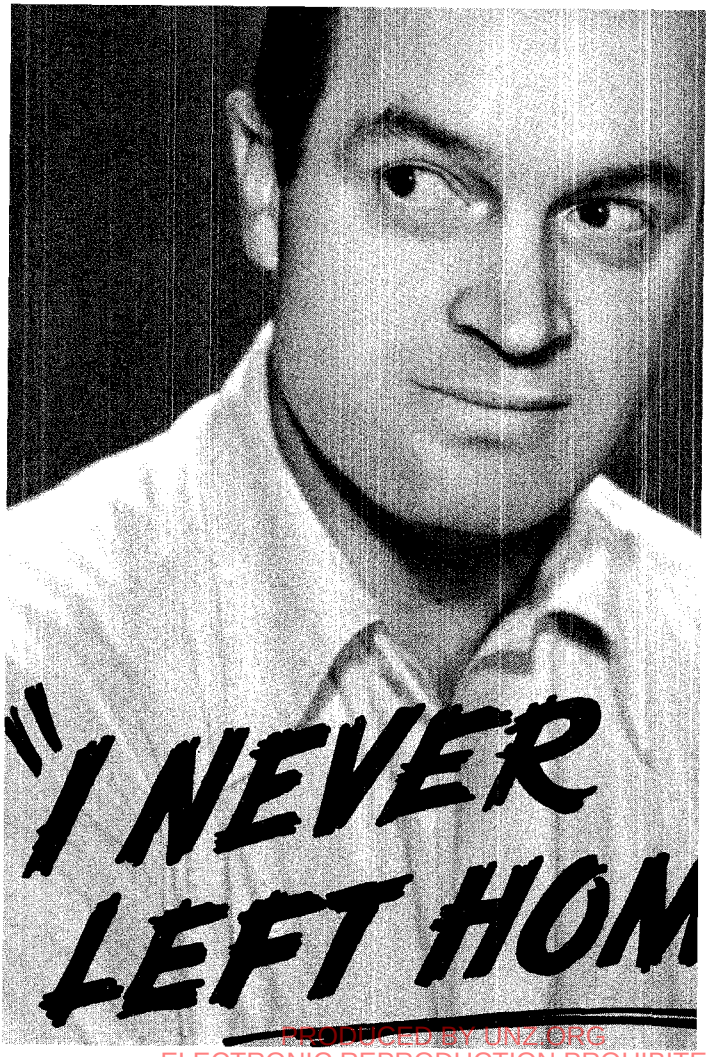

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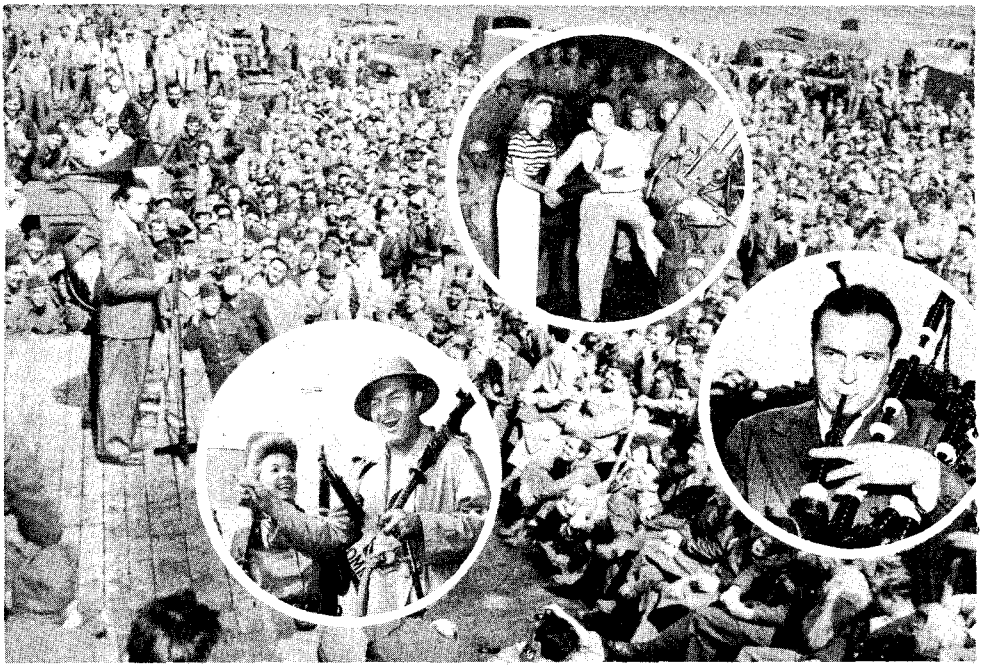

I Never Left Home

I SAW YOUR SONS and your husbands, your brothers and your sweethearts. I saw how they worked, played, fought, and lived. I saw some of them die. I saw more courage, more good humor in the face of discomfort, more love in an era of hate, and more devotion to duty than could exist under tyranny.

I saw American minds, American skill, and American strength breaking the backbone of evil.

And then I came home to find people still living and thinking the way I lived and thought before I was given a look at sacrifice.

On the continent of Europe, in the air above that continent, and over Africa, India, Asia, and the islands of the Pacific, American blood is buying a lifetime option on the freedom we were all born to.

And I came back to find people exulting over the thousand-plane raids over Germany . . . and saying how wonderful they are! Those people never watched the face of a pilot as he read a bulletin board and saw his buddy marked up missing. Those thousand-plane raids are wonderful only because of the courage and spirit of the men who make them possible.

Until a lot more of us realize what our men have gone through in planes and tanks, in landing barges and on foot in the jungle, desert, and on the beaches, it's going to be tough to talk to the men coming back. And in the case of those who aren't doing all they should, it's going to be tougher to look them in the eye.

I didn't see very much. And God

Condensed from the book published at $1.00 and $2.00 by Simon and Schuster, New York; copyright, 1944, by Bob Hope

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knows I didn't do any fighting. But I had a worm's eye view of what war is.

Dying is sometimes easier than living through it.

But dying is always harder than what we at home are asked to do. We can't give until it hurts, because it doesn't hurt to give money. It doesn't make us bleed a bit to buy bonds.

Yet those men I saw in England and Africa and Sicily, those men who have flown the flak-filled skies over Germany and given their blood and their sight and their limbs—those men who really give till it hurts—they also buy bonds

We at home would understand all this better if every one of us could go through a few hospital wards, stop at a few emergency dressing stations, pray for our own courage in operating rooms as we watched twelve and eighteen teams of steel-fingered surgeons perform miracles of science on men who had performed miracles of courage.

These men in hospitals couldn't be subjected to the indignity of organized tours through the wards. They've given enough. But if there were some way for more people to see the outer fringes of war as I did, we would need less urging, exhorting, and driving to buy bonds. Less? We wouldn't need any.

But this is not a book about the serious side of war. That isn't my field. All I want you to know is that I did see your sons and your daughters in the uniforms of the United States of America . . . fighting for the United States of America.

I could ask for no more.

ONE AFTERNOON in Bizerte I heard a great big tank driver from Texas ask another soldier, "What's all this crowd for? What's going on?"

His buddy said, "Bob Hope's going to do a show for us."

The first guy said, "You mean Bob Hope followed us all the way to Bizerte? I volunteered to serve my country, but damn it, this is ridiculous. I hear he even follows casualties right into the hospitals."

His buddy said, "Don't forget Frances Langford's here too."

The Texas guy said, "That's what I mean. Who needs Hope?"

But I'd heard enough. He couldn't knock me. I walked right up to him and said, "Listen, soldier, maybe you don't like me. But I've played so many camps in the States, the U.S.O. thought it was time I came over here to try to boost the morale."

"What can you do to boost the morale of the guys over here?" Tex asked.

"Nothing!" I said. "But just knowing I'm over here in Africa makes the G.I.'s in the States feel safe for awhile."

After that Tex kind of softened up, and there was the usual formality about my autograph. But I finally made him take it.

After over three years of broadcasting from camps and military installations, I've got the uniformed forces pretty well confused. They don't know what they're getting more of . . . beans or corn.

That first evening in Bizerte was as pretty an evening as I've ever seen. There was absolutely nothing to disturb my peace of mind except

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the anti-aircraft gun I was leaning against. But then as long as the gun wasn't kicking, why should I?

We were sitting on the roof of the Hotel Transatlantique overlooking Bizerte. That was hard to do, because our airmen hadn't overlooked Bizerte.

Whenever a lot of strangers move in all at once it causes a neighborhood to run down. So the Italians and Germans decided to leave Bizerte flat. To show you how cooperative we are, our Twelfth Air Force flattened it for them.

This was spectacular, but it made it rough on the entertainers who moved into Bizerte after the troops. A guy with a good supply of Scotch tape could have come into town and sold his entire supply to Frances Langford, Tony Romano, Jack Pepper, and a few staff officers who were anxious to paste together their hotel rooms. It was a nice hotel, though. All the rooms were outside. In fact, some of them were outside the city limits. There was a sign in the lobby saying, "Keep your door locked at all times. It holds up the walls." But I liked it, because in case of emergency I could reach my arm through the wall and wake up the whole unit. Sometimes I even got my arm back.

I was glad Frances and Tony and Jack and I had gotten in at least one show for the men around Bizerte. I was glad that we'd laid a few of our own eggs before Jerry came over with his.

Thinking it over, we hadn't done anything different than we'd done before. I still don't know what there was about that first show that made the Germans come over.

Suddenly a few tracer bullets came close, and the MP hollered, "Get out and get under something."

For the first time in my life I wished I was a gopher. I could hardly lift my feet. This was partly fear and partly because the whole time I was in Africa I wore G.I. shoes. I think they saved my puppies. They could have saved all of me. Those G.I. brogans are really foxholes with laces.

In Africa I learned why those hunks of mosquito netting they hang over beds are called mosquito bars. Thousands of mosquitoes out on the town sneaked in . . . and I was the bar. It would have taken the Christmas issue of *Esquire* to stun those insects. I'm sure the Christmas *Esquire* would have done it, because it's always full of stunning stuff.

Every time I'd swat a mosquito, a great big red lump would appear, and, of course, what I was worried about was malaria. Apparently I'm immune. Not one of those mosquitoes got it from me.

Who was I to be kicking? The Army was doing everything in the world to protect me. While just across a narrow neck of water to

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the north a bunch of guys I'd played for when they were in training at the California-Arizona Desert Training Centers were facing death on the beaches, in the olive groves and the vineyards of Sicily. I wondered if I'd ever get there.

I also wondered why I'd ever left home. I thought of all the trouble I'd gone to. The endless days of waiting around New York with nothing to do but the monotony of going to the theatre . . . eating fine food . . . sitting around "21" . . . and sleeping on inner-coil mattresses.

WE ARRIVED in Tunis, and who do I find doing a dispatching job for the Air Transport Command but Lieutenant Bruce Cabot. And bang! I'm back in Hollywood.

On Sunday, we were all invited out to Major General Jimmy Doolittle's place. He really made us feel at home. Soon as we arrived he opened up a bottle of brandy Olsen and Johnson had just sent him. He even gave us some. And when it comes to the comedy business, the General can sure hold his own.

In Africa they're even more secretive than in England. Remember that picture called *Africa Speaks?* It doesn't. If you ask a soldier a question, he turns away. You begin to feel like a commercial for Lifebuoy Soap. I said to one soldier, "How many men around Tunis?" He said, "Oh, somewhere between . . . maybe more, maybe a few less."

I said, "How many planes are dispersed in this area?"

He said, "More and more."

I said, "Are they mostly fighters or bombers?"

He said, "Definitely."

Then he took my arm and said, "I've got to put you in the stockade."

I said, "Why?"

He said, "You know too much."

We did a show for a P-38 Fighter Group just outside Tunis. It was at this base that Captain Bud Ross (I understand he's now a major) took me up in a P-38. They're made for only one person, so I kind of rode piggy-back. Those things really travel. Just for fun I decided to spit down at the ground. Ross should have told me we were flying upside down.

He went into a dive so steep the instruments couldn't record our speed. It's the only dive I was ever anxious to get out of. On top of that he started stunting with me, but we got our signals crossed. Ross did an inside turn while my stomach was doing an outside loop. Things didn't seem to be going right after that. I've done enough flying to know when a pilot's in trouble. I didn't want to show my nervousness, but I couldn't help saying, "Do you mind if I bite my nails?" Ross said, "No! Go right ahead. Anything to make you stop biting mine."

It was right after that he made a forced landing. I forced him.

The rations situation sometimes got pretty rugged around Tunis until I found that one of my neighbors in the Hotel Transatlantique was a mess sergeant. I've played enough service spots to know those guys are good friends to have. So we got acquainted.

I beefed to him about not being able to get any fresh milk. There

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was some sort of embargo on milk, and I like a glass of milk before going to sleep. He said, "I can get you all you want."

"Get it, boy," I said, "and my regards to the cow."

That evening the Sarge showed up with a quart.

"This tastes kind of funny. What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing," he said. "It's the best goat's milk in the world."

Goat's milk is a taste you have to acquire. But once you do, you're all set. You feel great! It's loaded with vitamins. After a couple of glasses of goat's milk you feel like going out and running a race for Crosby.

It seemed no matter where we went or whom we played for, someone turned up from home. We went out to play for about seven thousand Tank Corps men. Those Tankers are a rugged bunch of boys. I said to a guy named Canon from Kentucky, "It gets pretty warm inside one of those kettles out on the desert, doesn't it?" He just smiled and the steam came pouring out of his ears.

But they got out of their tanks to watch the show. Of course I sang *Tanks for the Memory*, and they booed me to the echo. Then the echo did some booing on its own. It was a beautiful sight the way those men looked, all stacked up the side of a hill. As we started the show I recognized a kid right down in front that I used to see all the time in Hollywood. He was the last person I expected to find in Africa. He was a kid who always used to be hanging around whatever studio I was working in, always wanting to get in, always asking for tickets. I used to have to brush him out of the way to get in anywhere.

I waved to him and hollered, "Hiya! Glad to see you. How are you?"

He just smiled and said, "I got in here by myself."

It was his moment of triumph, and he was entitled to it.

That turned out to be a "great" show. I told my first two jokes and the mike went dead. I tried to yell the gags, but that never works. So Jack and Tony and Frances and I dragged out a few of our dances and pantomime stuff. Then they got ready to drag us out. We laid a sort of Denver sandwich.

Those Tank guys were nice to us. Even though the show went a little sour they let us eat with them. We ate with the enlisted men. What food they had! And I don't mean what quantities, I also mean what quality. And do they grab for it. I couldn't understand why they didn't give the boys napkins.

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After one meal with them I found out they ate so fast the suction took the fuzz right off them. I saw one soldier eating with his fingers. I said, "Didn't they give you a knife and fork?"

"Yes," he answered, "and they were delicious."

After lunch they took me for a ride in one of their iron-covered jeeps with muscles. I should have ridden before lunch. Now I know what an ice cube feels like in a cocktail shaker.

I asked the guys if it was always so hot around Tunis. I was thinking how our jokes had laid fried eggs . . . over easy and basted. They told me it was usually hotter, and always so dry that when a private and an officer met, they had to oil each other's elbows before they could salute.

Naturally, there were plenty of hospitals around Tunis, and we played as many as they would let us into. We generally handled hospitals by putting on an outside show for everybody who could make it. This sometimes ran as high as a thousand people, sometimes as low as two hundred. Then we'd go through the wards for the kids who couldn't get out and put on an eight or ten minute show, sing a few songs and talk to the guys about home or anything they wanted to talk about. Sometimes I'd start things off by coming up to some kid in bed and saying, "Did you see our show or were you sick before?"

In one ward we saw a guy in a complete parka made out of plaster. That flier was in one of the biggest casts since they tore down the old Hippodrome. The cast covered his head and body right down to his waist.

John Steinbeck wrote, "Probably the most difficult, the most tearing thing of all is to be funny in a hospital." In a way he's right. But, on the other hand, it's much harder not to be.

Those guys aren't looking for tears or sympathy. They had a job to do, and they did it. It was a tough job. But they did do it.

What right would I have coming in on a bunch of men who had successfully carried out their mission, to meet the enemy and hold him, and not be able to carry out mine—the job of passing out a few snickers.

And it really isn't laughs they want so much. It's just someone to talk to about something that's closest to their hearts. Nurses and doctors haven't time to listen. Writing letters is tough to do sometimes because they really haven't anything they're willing to say. Their buddies have their own things to talk about and make lousy listeners.

I come along, they know my kisser, they know most of my jokes. So I don't have to bother with those. I just tell them, "Yeah. I've been to St. Paul. Great town." That's all I have to say. They take it from there. Believe me, I've learned one wonderful thing, talking to men in hospitals. I've learned how to listen. That's a knack not many guys in show business ever acquire. And I've also learned how to get myself topped.

Maybe you don't know it, but a comedian who allows himself to be topped without trying to fight back

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would be a gone comic. Or maybe you don't know what "being topped" means. That's when someone says something funny to you and you don't try to top it by something you think is funnier.

For example, a guy says to me, "Flying over here from England it was so foggy that even the sea gulls were flying on instruments."

The topper might be, "Think that's something? When I came over even the instruments were flying on instruments."

Whether or not that's very funny isn't the point. It's the technique of the topper. That guy in the all-over plaster cast topped me . . . and of all people to be topped by, a guy who's plastered.

In the first place he had topped me in courage before I opened my kisser. But ask yourself what you'd say to a living mummy, even though you know he's going to be well and walk around again someday, when you also know what he's gone through and you doubt if you could have taken it.

For me to talk to that man at all took more than courage. It took downright gall. Fortunately, you don't stop to think of all those things when you're touring the wards. I just got a gander at this guy and said, "How do you get a razor in there?"

Nice crack, huh?

He didn't mind. I guess he smiled, if I could have seen it. Because what he said was, "I've had my close shave, Bob."

There may be a topper to that. But who wants it?

Before we moved on down to Bizerte, we ran out to see General Doolittle again. He was very cordial. As we entered the room he jumped up and said, "Glad to see you, Mr. Benny!"

I said, "I didn't think you'd remember me, General Spaatz."

I thought we'd skirt the coast from Tunis to Bizerte. But it seems that hunk of North African coast features marshes. So we went inland and skirted the marshes or something. Whatever it was we skirted, believe me, that was one skirt I could have gotten along better without.

We did a show in Bizerte for about ten thousand guys. They picked out a nice spot for it, too. In an orchard over an ammunition dump. But the show went over great and we all felt marvelous. All we looked forward to was a little relaxation and a good night's sleep. So right after the show we headed for the Hotel Transatlantique in Bizerte. I wish I could tell you my reaction when I saw that hotel. I wish I could remember if I had a reaction.

But, really, we'd become used to battered-down things, and Bizerte was really battered down. I went to my room, looked through the walls for awhile at the moon on Lake Bizerte, and then went up on the roof for a little relaxation. Which brings you right to the point where you came in, if you started at the beginning of this chalk-talk where I get upset by Stukas and lost in contemplation of mosquitoes. Just take my word for it, it was a bad night.

The next morning, Captain Cullen and I had a consultation about getting a place a little farther out

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of town . . . a little back from the harbor where the bombers wouldn't come "peepin' into where I'm sleepin'." We then talked it over with Captain Bates, the Special Service officer in Bizerte, and he said, "Why, Colonel Blesse wants you to come up to the Fifty-sixth Evacuation Hospital and stay."

A hospital sounded good to me. They have beds there. And nurses. Captain Bates said it was about three miles up in the hills and that made it sound even better. So we moved up to the hospital.

The first thing we found out was that around Bizerte an American woman was even more of a novelty than around Tunis. There was one little village where about three thousand soldiers were stationed. There were two girls in the town. They both looked like Mrs. Frankenstein, but they had more dates than Hedy Lamarr. On Saturday nights the guys had to synchronize their watches. To make things fair the girls split the guys between them and gave each one a date. One soldier was worried. He was afraid he'd be shipped out before May 12, 1948. No kidding, I walked into one camp with Frances Langford hanging from my arm. When the rush was over, my arm was hanging from Frances Langford. The respect Frances got from thousands of men was inspiring. They didn't respect me.

Naturally, this sort of thing is flattering to a woman. Frances was so flattered by the reception at one air base, she gave them one of her Nylon stockings to use as a windsock. In twenty minutes the field was crowded with seventy-five Navy planes, six P-38s, two Sunderland Bombers from the RAF Coastal Command, and a jeep that flew in on instruments from Cairo.

The day wound up at a big base hospital about twenty miles from Bizerte. There we met a major who was a friend of Abel Green of *Variety*. We were pretty bushed from the noisy, but "safe" raid of the night before. It had kept us awake . . . it, and all the other things. So, for the first time on our entire trip we hesitated when they asked us if we'd go through the wards. Not only were we tired, but we wanted to get back through Bizerte and up to the hospital where we were living before any raids started.

We held a meeting and decided we'd better play the wards even though it made us a little late getting home. That delay may have saved our lives. We played three wards, and going through them slowed us up about forty minutes.

We did our usual stuff going from bed to bed, shaking hands with the guys, and asking them how things were. One lad pressed a little chain bracelet into my hand and whispered he wanted me to have it and keep it. I have it. And I'm keeping it. It's swell. He made it himself, and it's one of my most cherished possessions.

I cherish it not only because he gave it to me, but because it will always be a reminder that no matter how tired you are, if there's a little more to do . . . do it. That bracelet is my memento of the extra forty minutes we spent in hospital wards. That extra forty minutes made it possible for us to watch

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bombs dropping on Bizerte rather than feel them dropping on Bizerte.

About twelve miles out of town the raid started. We got out of our car and watched it. They were laying it on Bizerte pretty heavy. I've never heard such noise. Every once in a while we'd see one of the big German planes burst into flames and come plunging down. All of a sudden the Jerries started running in on Bizerte right over our heads. It began to get pretty hot. Tony got under the car and Pepper scrambled into an ambulance. The kid who was driving the rig said, "Gee, wait till I write home and tell them I had Bob Hope in my ambulance." Jack was afraid to tell him he wasn't Hope. The kid might have felt bad, or been embarrassed or something, or thrown him out.

The MP who was with us said if we heard a whining noise to hit the ditch. A few minutes later we heard a light whistle and he hollered, "There it is!" I don't know what I thought I was doing, but instead of dropping where I was, I did a sort of deceptive spin as if I were a quarterback turning to hand the ball to my left half. I topped the routine with a complete pirouette the like of which had not been seen since they put Nijinsky away. I then dove. Even with all my fancy stuff I still beat Frances to the ditch.

A couple of seconds later the Sergeant said, "Okay. Come on out." I couldn't move. I thought I'd been hit. It was a sprained ligament caused by my fantastic tactics before hitting the ditch.

By a sort of stop-go method we finally reached the hospital. They brought in 114 casualties that night.

Colonel Blesse told me to come down to the receiving ward, as it was pretty bad and there might be something I could do. Captain McCauley was examining cases and assigning them to wards as they were carried in. All they'd had was first aid and they were sensational . . . both the doctors and the patients. The doctors were diagnosing injuries so quickly and certainly, sending one case to the shock ward, another to X-ray, another to the operating room. And the men! Some of them were terribly hurt. But there wasn't a crack out of anyone. Those who could talk at all thanked me when I lit a cigarette for them.

I watched them running a steel needle sort of machine that detects where a man has metal in him. They also had a fluoroscope they'd maneuver over a man's arm and it would show if anything was in him. And I saw a little Singer sewing machine they use to sew up wounds.

Then a guy pulled aside a curtain and there were seven teams of doctors and nurses, two of each, all operating at once. What a picture! Sometimes even now, for no reason that I know of, I shut my eyes and see that scene: the glaring lights, those surgeons working so surely, the nurses helping them and other nurses running back and forth with the litter of an operating assembly line. It sounds terrible. It looked pretty grim. But lives were being saved by those men. Every one of those surgeons looked at least twelve feet tall to me.

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While all this was going on, one of the doctors noticed I was limping. I told him about my standing-sitting-standing, one-and-a-half Gaynor with a back twist into a ditch. Nevertheless, he insisted on examining my leg. It turned out I not only had a Charley horse, I also had scratched my knee. The doctor wanted me to have a dressing put on it. I told him I thought there was more important work to do, but he insisted.

I noticed the guy they detailed to bandage me up seemed a little nervous.

"How'd you get in here?" I asked.

"Drafted."

"No, I mean here in the Medical Corps."

"Drafted."

"Were you an interne?"

"Nope."

"Were you a medical student?"

"Nope."

"Well then, how did they happen to put you in the Medical Corps?"

"Screening test."

"How could that be? How could a screening test put a guy in the Medical Corps if he never had anything to do with medicine?"

"They asked me to write down who I worked for last. I put down 'Dr. Pepper' . . . and here I am."

He put on a nice bandage. But on the wrong leg.

The next day we continued doing shows around the Bizerte area. A lot of people have kidded me for doing jokes on the air where one lung says something to the other lung. I suppose they're right. It's silly. Obviously it couldn't happen. And jokes when they're that outlandish really aren't funny . . . they say. That's why I want you to believe me when I tell you it got so hot one August afternoon near Bizerte that when I took a deep breath one lung said to the other, "I don't know about you, Gregory, but I'm going out to buy some Unguentine."

The Bomber base we were playing was the only place in the world I've ever seen soldiers saluting each other just to keep themselves cooled off.

They were the Ninety-seventh Bomber Group. I was about five minutes into my monologue when a guy jumps up and hollers, "Hey, Bob, remember me?"

Why guys were always interrupting me, I don't know. Nobody ever said a word while Frances was working. They just stood there and drooled. What respect they gave that gal!

But to get back to this interruption, I hollered back at the kid, "Who are you? I can't see you very well. The sun's in my eyes."

"I'm Smiley, the caddy from Hillcrest," he hollered back, "and

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I see you're still using that excuse about the sun being in your eyes."

"How do you like it here, Smiley?" I shouted.

"Man, am I in a sand trap," he hollered back. The thing began to develop into quite a routine.

I said, "Do I owe you anything?"

He said, "Naw, you were always a good loop."

"Well, I like golf," I said.

"If you like it so much why haven't you ever learned to play it?" he came back.

After the show Smiley took us around a little. We saw a bunch of guys amusing themselves by chasing kangaroo rats all over the desert. The man who caught the biggest one got a prize. One guy hollered, "I win." He was holding Tony Romano.

THE NEXT morning we did our show for the personnel and patients of the Fifty-sixth Evacuation Hospital, which was where we lived. After seeing all the grim work of the past couple of days I figured we'd lay an ostrich egg. But we went right into the thing as if nothing had happened, and they were a great audience.

We were doing our usual routine, but somehow or other I couldn't escape what I'd seen around the hospital and I got into a long thing about how wonderful the doctors and nurses acted. I was going great, really trying to express how magnificent I thought the medical people were. Then from way in the back a kid in a wheel chair hollered, "How about the patients?"

Naturally, he was right. No group of men is ever going to top in spirit and courage the kids from the streets of American cities, from American farms and factories, Sunday school rooms, poolrooms, shipping rooms and business offices. Their ability to take it really rocked German soldiers back on their heels.

What American youth had that nobody in Germany thought to mention was independence, pride and self-confidence. Those three things were winning for us every place I went in the summer of 1943.

That afternoon we heard again on the German radio that they were going to blast Bizerte right out of Africa. And Captain Cullen arrived with the news that he'd found a spot in Mateur where Hal Block and I could go to work on a broadcast to take place from Algiers. It was Colonel Raymond Smith's modern apartment.

We could have gotten a lot of work done but for two things.

Colonel Smith was a sensational host. And a modern apartment in the middle of Mateur was too comfortable. We hit the sack fairly late. The Colonel told us reveille was off as far as we were concerned. The next morning Colonel Smith gave us a breakfast that featured

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bacon . . . real bacon and eggs . . . real eggs. I asked him where he got the eggs. He said, "What do you think I have these eagles on my shoulders for?"

That opened up a whole routine. The lieutenants and captains have all the liquor because they have all the bars. The majors have most time off because they have the leaves. The colonels have the eagles to supply their eggs. And the generals have the stars. Looking it over, it's easy to see why there are more lieutenants and captains than anything.

It was at the Bizerte Naval Base that we got the first scuttlebutt about the coming invasion of continental Italy. "Scuttlebutt," that's Navy slang for gossip. Nobody seems to know how the word "scuttlebutt" got started unless somebody saw Crosby from the rear . . . although Crosby from the rear is definitely not rumor: that is solid fact. (NOTE TO COMPOSITOR. Please leave the "c" in that last word even though you've seen Crosby from the rear.)

After our three-week break-in date in North Africa we were ready for the big time. They had a B-17 ready to take us to Sicily.

I'LL NEVER forget our flight across the Mediterranean to Sicily. It was a beautiful, clear day, and for a little while they let me fly the Fortress. And I handled it like a veteran, the crew told me as they climbed into their parachutes and prepared to bail out. But those pilots sure are brave. And ours was a little short guy who'd been on about fifty missions. He was only about five feet tall, but he was a giant in a B-17.

And those navigators! Imagine hitting a little island in the middle of a big body of water. I can't even find the soap in the bathtub. But a navigator can find anything. He just takes out some maps, shoots the sun, draws a circle on his map, trisects the circle, figures the number of degrees in each angle against his compass reading, cuts the cards, and before you know it he's located the only blonde in town.

I was really worried on that trip to Sicily. It was the way the waist gunner kept scanning the sky. The gunner kept looking slowly around and then looking slowly back again. "If there's any trouble," I said, "I've handled a 50-mm. machine gun. I'll man a gun."

The sergeant said, "Thanks! But who we gonna get to man you?"

Three days after Messina fell, we'd landed and were driving into Palermo to do a show for the men who'd been hurt helping to restore Sicily to the Italians.

But, as we drove into Palermo, it didn't look much like Sicily to us. The countryside could have been around San Bernardino or Santa Barbara, California, depending on whether you were looking toward the hills or the ocean. And the road was jammed solid both ways with the American Army going to and from Messina. As they rolled by, we'd lean out and wave and holler to them. The soldiers would holler back and then, a couple of seconds later, they'd do the biggest kind of Hollywood take. The whole American Army in Sicily had suddenly turned into a few hundred thousand

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Edward Everett Hortons. After they recognized us we could hear our names echoing down the line of vehicles.

Pretty soon it seemed to me that our names were being hollered all over. All I could hear was, "It's Frances Langford! Frances Langford! Frances Langford!" I kept sticking my head out farther and farther until one guy passed in a truck and screamed, "It's Bob Hope. Let me out, it's Bob Hope! I've got to get to talk to Bob Hope!"

He was my tailor way back in B.H. (That's not Beverly Hills, that's Before Hershey.)

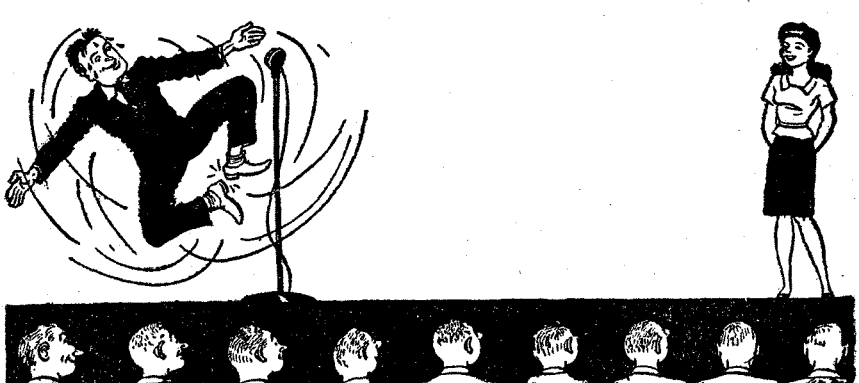
No kidding, though, it was terribly exciting. It was like a successful surprise party, and I don't know which parties were the most surprised, the soldiers at seeing us or ourselves at realizing where we were. Mike Cullen told us that within twenty-four hours every person on the island of Sicily knew we were there.

After lunch we played a large hospital. It was probably a converted school. To show you how you run into people, though, as we were walking into the hospital I met Colonel Hopping, who had been technical director for David Butler on our picture, *Caught in the Draft.*

At the hospital in Palermo I again had that wonderful realization of how marvelous all our guys are. Each time I worked a hospital I had that indescribable feeling about them . . . and what they gave me. It seemed to me that emotional upsurge had to wear off. It didn't.

No, there's something those guys give you when you face them; their spirit reaches out and grabs you. In Palermo, as we were going through the wards one kid said, "Gee, Bob, do you think you ought to be here? You're taking an awful chance."

I wonder why they kept saying things like that to me. None of them ever told Frances she shouldn't be there. Nobody ever complained that she was getting too close. I must ask a psychologist why the men seemed so much more anxious to talk to her than to me. The reason why I want to ask a psychologist is because the only person I've mentioned this to told



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me I'd better talk to a psychologist.

We also did a show at the Palermo Ball Park. It had been a soccer field where the Sicilians went to get their kicks. There were about sixteen thousand guys jammed into that park. When I came on and did my monologue they were just so excited not a sound came out of them. Then I introduced Tony and Jack and they cheered like mad. When I brought Langford on those sixteen thousand guys whistled as one man and blew me right off the platform.

Sunday morning I got up bright and early, because I was anxious to get my teeth into the Palermo funnies. Next thing I knew we were playing for nineteen thousand men in a gully forty miles out of town. They were terraced up the hillside under that Sicilian sun. Apparently the entire division had hijacked a vineyard. And there were nineteen thousand rugged, sun-tanned citizens, each with a helmet of grapes and a rifle on his knee. I wasn't afraid they'd throw the grapes. But how they looked at Frances! That was the only place we played where the MP's wore rubber gloves and went around pushing men's eyes back in.

It was also the only show we did under an aerial umbrella. The whole time we were working they kept a half a dozen P-38s circling around us. It not only gives you a feeling of security, but a feeling your jokes aren't being heard. You have to use different timing when a fighter plane dives on every point. I kept wondering if we were being short waved to the pilots.

Our next stop was clear back through Palermo and twenty-five miles in the other direction where we played for General Gaffe's Second Armored Division. They were all motorized, and those guys could make anything run. They certainly did a job on the Germans. The men in that outfit never think of asking for replacements. If they're short of transportation they just open a can of Spam, eat the contents, and make the can into a jeep. And brave! You've probably heard about the men who walked across Niagara Falls on a rope. Every one of those tank men fought halfway across Sicily on a tread.

We also did two shows between Palma and Licata. One for the men of the Ninth Division and the other for Terry Allen's First Infantry. Those were the guys who fought their way across Africa to Tunis. Pretty tough guys.

I met General Allen and he's proud of his men and their record. And his men loved him. They told me a guy might jump into a foxhole with you and it would be General Allen. Didn't know Generals got that close, eh?

I found that the nearer we got to the front the closer became the association of officers and men. Under fire, they're all men! General Allen's just generally proud, too, of how solid the United States Infantryman can be. He had me meet one guy who'd stopped half a dozen tanks and his hands were all burned. "From the barrel of the gun?" I asked. The guy looked astonished, and then he looked questioningly at General Allen. "Does he think we use guns, sir?"

You should have seen the pack

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that guy was carrying. They have to take everything they own with them. He showed me what was in his roll. There was a blanket, a raincoat, a shelter half, extra shoes, emergency rations, first-aid stuff, camera, photographs, letters, and an MP he'd won in a crap game in Gafsa.

But, let's face it, the infantry is really getting old-fashioned. There's practically nothing left for them to do. After the planes get through their job, and the tanks get through their job, and the artillery has done its job, about the only thing left for the infantry is to step in and do all the fighting.

It got so hot in Sicily we thought we'd be more comfortable if we did our show in shorts. Frances was the first to try it. Her singing was the most enjoyable those guys ever laid eyes on. What an inspiration a pair of Hollywood legs were to those men! A few days later, Italy surrendered.

THE CLOUDS were hanging pretty low over Manhattan as we came in. And it was a tremendous thrill to break through the overcast and see the New York skyline and that grand old gal standing there in the harbor carrying the same torch that those half million men we had played for and talked to in Europe were carrying . . . the Torch of Liberty.

What she stands for is what they're battling for . . . and they know it. When they come back they expect to see the same old girl in the harbor and the same old girl in the station waiting for them.

The war has been a great and good education to a couple of million men. They're learned history and made history. They've learned geography and practically remade it. And they've become articulate. The number of books being written about this war, while it's going on, must help to keep history on the level for a change.

A lot of normally selfish kids who used to think only of themselves are now in there fighting with their buddies. Men are now writing letters that indicate thought far deeper and more important than the apparent subject matter of the letters. There is one such letter that I'd like to close the book with. I think you'll see why when you read it. It was written by Lieutenant John D. Saint, Jr., to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Saint of South Claiborne Avenue, New Orleans:

Dear Mom and Dad,

My third social function since I left Fort Sam Houston was a huge success. On this occasion, Bob Hope, Frances Langford, Jack Pepper, and Tony Romano put on a show for us that we'll never forget. It was not officially announced, that I know of, but the word spread like wildfire, "Bob Hope is in town." When I arrived there was a tremendous mob. More than any football game I ever saw . . .

Bob came on the grandstand dressed as a man on the street, baggy trousers, an ordinary coat, and an open-neck collar. Nothing fancy at all. His nose was really sunburnt and caught the brunt of a lot of his own jokes. He started his patter and all of us laughed until tears were just streaming down.

Then he brought out Jack Pepper and Tony Romano, a real artist who could put more into a guitar and get

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more out of it than any man I've ever seen. And all of a sudden Bob said, "Here's Frances Langford!" There was a din you would not believe. It was good to see a clean, neat American girl who spoke our language and thought like we do. She sang and she sang from the bottom of her heart. It could not have been otherwise. The songs were mixed with patter between Hope and her, clever and funny as you can imagine. We thought it was all over and Bob Hope asked her back to sing *Embraceable You.* Every one of those thousands of men then went home to their wives and sweethearts. It was almost more than a man could stand. That was inspired singing that touched every flea-bitten roughneck in the crowd. There was not a sound and there was not a movement. And every man took it for what it was worth, not from the standpoint of Frances Langford but from the standpoint of what it meant to him in his memories. She will never know what she did for us. We have been deprived of home, of our loved ones, and civilization for a long time, I could not have been closer to Mary had she been right there holding my hand. I was surprised to look up and see Walter Sexauer on my right rather than Mary. It was a rude awakening. And it was doubly hard to come to the realization that we are still in Sicily, that there is a war going on, and there's not a darned thing we can do about it. I really think the survival of the world is certain, due to man's ability to reconstruct in his mind those things which are pleasant and dear to him. It is a fine lesson to learn but we have to learn it over and over again to keep the degree of appreciation in tune with the value of those things we love.

Yes, this war's making our young men think. And for one letter, chosen more or less at random from the thousands that came in, any man or woman is paid hundreds of thousands of times for anything he or she may have sacrificed or suffered for those guys.

It's fantastic. You do just a little for them, in comparison to what they're doing and risking for you, and you receive thousands of letters thanking you. *They* thank *you!*

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of CORONET, published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1944. State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a duly authorized notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Alfred Smart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of CORONET, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editors, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, David A. Smart; Editors, Bernard Geis and Harris Shevelson; Managing Editor, Arnold Gingrich; Business Manager, Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, 2. That the owner is: ESQUIRE, INC.; Stockholders: Alfred R. Pastel, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Edgar G. Richards, 1259 Devon Avenue, Los Angeles, California; Florence Richards, 1259 Devon Avenue, Los Angeles, California; Alfred Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; David A. Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; John Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Louis Smart, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Sue Smart Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Joan Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Richard Elden Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Vera Elden, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; Helen Mary Rowe Gingrich Trust, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; City National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago, Trust under Trust Account with David A. Smart; dated October 6, 1942, known as Trust Number 22335, Trust Department, 208 S. La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1944. Alfred Smart, Business Manager (SEAL) Anna Van Diggelen. (My commission expires January 22, 1946).

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October Round Table Roundup

By taking the affirmative stand in the Case for Mercy Killing, Reverend Clinton C. Cox roused a stinging rejoinder from 70 per cent of the Round Table participants. The 30 per cent minority agreed with the Chicago pastor that there should be some program to eliminate the imbecile child from a life which has no meaning for him.

On the dissenters' side, the greatest number of letters asserted that to take a human life is against the Divine Will. The Fifth Commandment was repeatedly quoted.

Protesting mercy killings on the basis that science may yet conquer imbecility, this excerpt from an Army sergeant's letter is typical of many: "Hasn't medical science proved itself capable by successfully conquering seemingly impossible obstacles in gallant and painstaking research and experimentation? Why, then, should we take an emotional and pessimistic attitude by even thinking that mercy killing is a way out. It would only tend to eradicate the need for unrelenting research!"

Those who sided with Reverend Cox adhered closely to his logic. "We have accepted the staggering loss of life of men who were mentally and physically normal because we felt it essential to safeguard a nation's welfare," concluded the representative opinion of a Philadelphia woman. "Isn't it equally essential to safeguard a family's welfare, particularly when the loss is just of *existence*, not of life? The imbecile child can never enjoy life, and his plight will inevitably destroy any real happiness for his parents."

WINNERS IN THE CORONET ROUND TABLE FOR OCTOBER

For the best answers to "Is There a Case for Mercy Killing?" first prize of $100 has been awarded to Helen E. Husband of Denver, Colo.; second prize of $50 to Mrs. Charlotte Allen of Brooklyn, N.Y.; third prize of $25 to Sergeant James W. Doolos, Louisville, Ky.; five prizes of $5 each to Richard C. Hilton, Cleveland, Ohio; Sylvia Grill, New York, N.Y.; Irene Eldridge, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. W. Colquitt, Charlotte, N.C.; and Private David W. Simpkin, Ontario, Canada.

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Gems from the Coronet Story Teller

♛ Charles Haffke was a young Western Union messenger from Omaha, Nebraska, who decided to join the Navy and see the world.

In 1898, he was on Dewey's flagship when Manila was taken. After he had served out his enlistment, he disembarked at the Philippines and became a court stenographer. There he met many native chiefs.

The chiefs from Ilocano Island were especially impressed by his sagacity and friendliness. And when the entire royal family of Ilocano was wiped out by cholera, they asked Haffke to be their king.

Now Charles was a practical man. He gave the matter due consideration and dictated the following terms: every person on the island must be taxed a dollar a year. With this money he promised to buy farm machinery. In return, he asked for one-twentieth of all profits. Legal papers were drawn up accordingly, and Haffke was crowned Carlos the First, King of Ilocanos.

A year of great activity passed. The natives were pleased at the progress they made under their new king. But Carlos was lonely and homesick. He thought of a girl he'd left behind in Omaha, and at last announced that he planned to revisit his homeland, America.

But when he returned to Omaha, he found that his girl wasn't interested in becoming a queen in the Philippines. King Carlos had a difficult decision to make. But at last he decided to settle down in Omaha and become plain Charles Haffke, Nebraska lawyer, another regent to give up his throne for the woman he loved.

♛ In 1695, Alexander Selkirk, an impetuous Scotch lad, and his friend Dampier signed up with a privateering expedition to the South Seas. It wasn't long before Selkirk was embroiled in an argument with the captain, who threatened to put the boy off the ship unless he mended his ways. Alexander paid scant heed. He even dared the captain to abandon him, and the skipper accepted the challenge. Giving the boy a few necessities, he set him ashore at Juan Fernando Island, off the coast of South America.

As the vessel disappeared, Selkirk's defiance collapsed, for he was stranded on an island near which no ship of trade ever came. For four years, he struggled to stay alive. Loneliness was driving him to desperation, and he had long given up hope of being rescued when one day a ship hove into sight. It had come to pick him up!

Aboard the privateer *Duke* was his old buddy Dampier, who had not forgotten him. Now came the strangest part of Selkirk's story. His arrival in London was triumphant, and he soon became famous. He gave his story to the author, Daniel

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(*Continued from inside back cover*)

Defoe, and shortly there appeared the account of a castaway on a desert island, a book destined to become a classic.

It was Alexander Selkirk's story, better known as *Robinson Crusoe*.

♛ On April 13, 1844, newsboys rushed down the New York streets calling "Extra! Extra!" and flourishing copies of the New York *Sun*. Great black headlines screamed, "Eight People Cross the Atlantic by Air." This was 60 years before the airplane made its first successful flight!

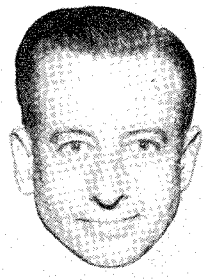
All New York buzzed with news of the exploit. Eight persons, including Sir Everard Bringhurst, two celebrated aeronauts and Harrison Ainsworth, the English novelist, had crossed the Atlantic in eight days in a balloon. Despite the terrific gales and intense cold suffered by the travelers, they stated to the press that they believed a regular air service across the Atlantic could be established.

The public clamored for more details of the daring Englishmen from the Southern newspaperman who had interviewed them upon their arrival in Charleston. But the aeronauts were not to be found.

After persistent questioning, the correspondent finally admitted that the story was a bluff, a trip that had taken place only in his fertile imagination. This reporter, perpetrator of one of the greatest hoaxes on the American public, was Edgar Allan Poe.

For five minutes filled with action, drama, suspense, mystery . . . for a story with a surprise ending every time . . . you can't beat the Coronet Story Teller. Tune in Monday through Friday at 9:55 p.m. E.W.T. on the Blue Network!

Between These Covers

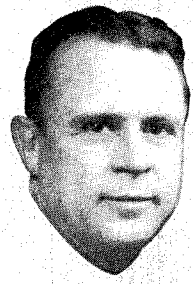


Eric A. Johnston

As President of t U.S. Chamber Commerce and ex-Marine, Er Johnston has sa job advice to offe returning GI's our prize featur *The Way Home*.

Margaret Culkin Banning

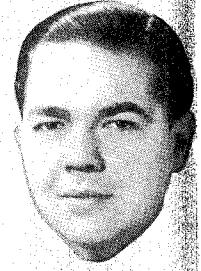
Margaret Culkin Banning has two children and 20 successful books to her credit. Hers is a message for the wives of returning servicemen.



Major General Walter Weible

Maj. Gen. Wal Weible, Director the Army Servi Forces Military Training Program contributes advic on how to conver military specialist back into civilians.

Marvin Mueller



Marvin Mueller can spin a yarn which really packs a wallop. Five nights a week, for five minutes, he presides on the Blue Network as the Coronet Story Teller.

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